Collier's
TEN CENTS
SEPTEMBER 8, 1945

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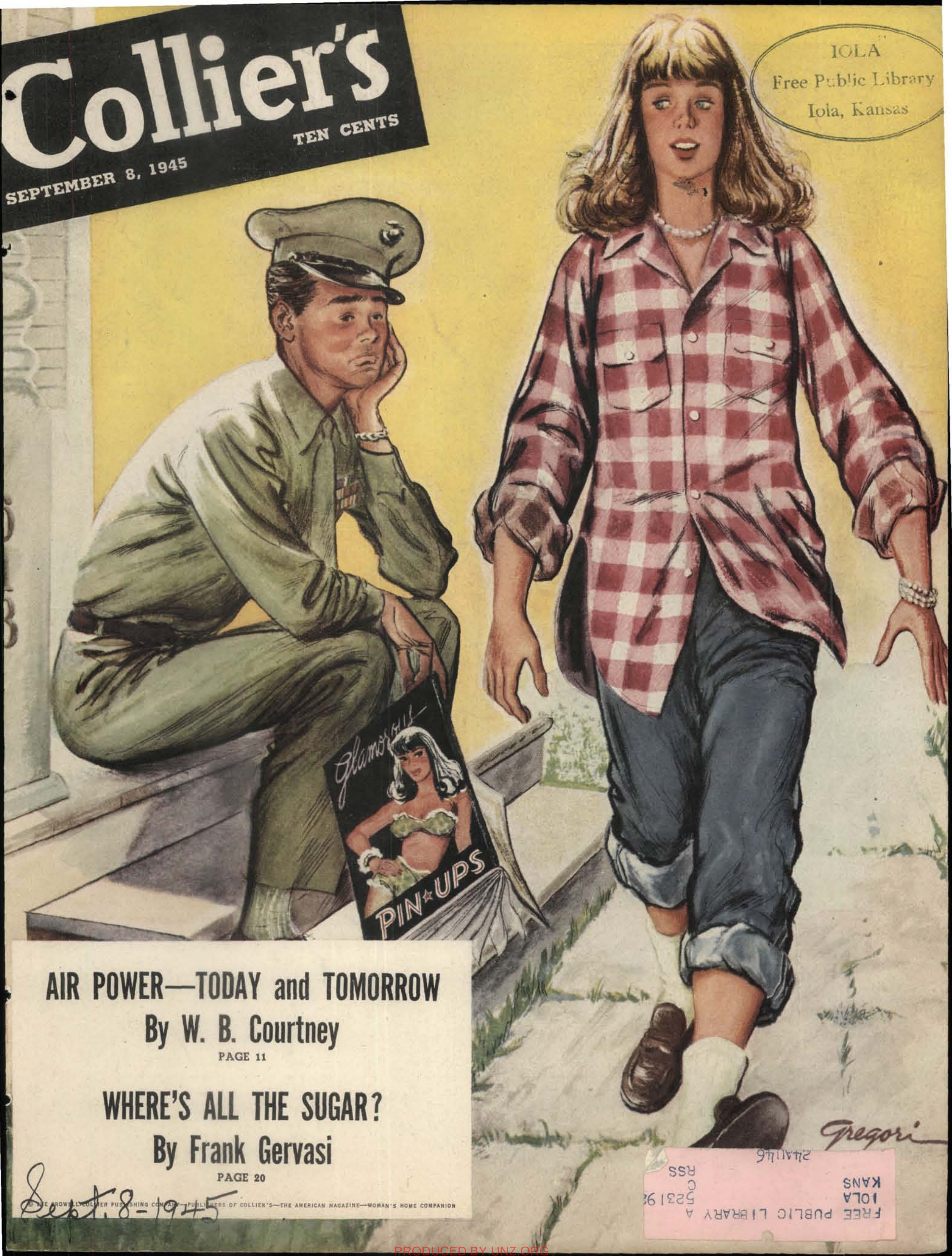

AIR POWER—TODAY and TOMORROW
By W. B. Courtney
PAGE 11

WHERE'S ALL THE SUGAR?
By Frank Gervasi
PAGE 20

Sept. 8-1945

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APRICOT DESSERT
CHOPPED BEETS
Duraglas
Duraglas

Glass PROTECTS your family's fruits, vegetables. And baby's food can be heated and refrigerated right in the jar.

Guardian of his health . . . the Duraglas Jar!

PROTECTION—that's what these truthful, clear, Duraglas jars mean to your baby, when you buy his foods in them. And the same sparkling glass protects the fruits and vegetables you buy for all your family. How convenient to be able to refrigerate what's left right in the original container. It's helpful, too, that you can see, before you buy, what you're getting.

There are a thousand and one other things you buy for which Duraglas containers provide ideal, economical protection. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

Duraglas CONTAINERS THAT GIVE A LIFT TO LIVING
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

How about a job in 1967?

Why a job in 1967?

Simply because the young man has been taking a look at statistics and has decided he can get ahead faster if he has a college education. He figures he'll be ready to be a lot of help to some good organization by 1967.

Pretty confident about his education?

Of course.

He and his Dad had a talk about it. Then Dad called in his John Hancock agent who worked out a plan. That plan is the secret of the young man's confidence. It guarantees his education.

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This educational plan is only one of the many practical plans which have come out of the eighty years of experience of the John Hancock Company in fitting life insurance to the needs of many policyholders. Your John Hancock agent will be glad to help you to decide which one is best suited to your needs.

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MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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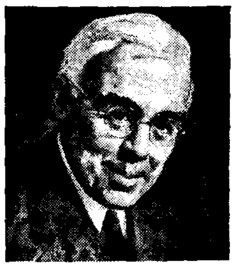
On the Receiving End

BY PAUL PEREGRINE



MR. PEREGRINE, whose column appears in this space from time to time, was for 20 years a radio dealer. He calls 'em as he sees 'em.

YOU WILL EXCUSE me if I'm a little positive about it but, after all, I know what the man said because I was standing right beside him. We were at Saratoga. The year was '41.

With the field rounding the last turn in the Travers' Stakes, *Whirlaway* was far behind.

Then it happened . . . He started to "pour it on," slamming down the home stretch . . . The man (who had bet on another horse) said, "Oh brother". . . And then, once again, with real awe in his voice, "Oh brother, *look at that horse smother his field!*"

What the man didn't know was that, eleven years before, *Whirlaway's* sire, *Blenheim II* had won the English Derby of 1930 with the same kind of "smothering" stretch rush at Epsom Downs . . . that his dam was *Dustwhirl*, by *Sweep* out of *Ormonda* and that those magic words "by *Sweep*" appear also in the pedigree of *War Admiral*, famous son of *Man o' War* . . . In other words, the man, who was an experienced bettor, had forgotten to remember that—

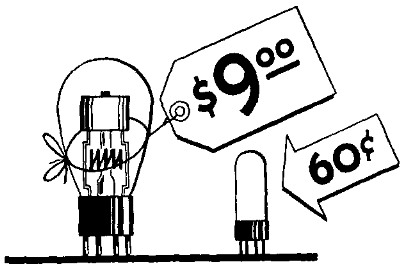
"There's Something in Heredity . . ."

P. S. *Whirlaway* won—going away at the finish. He won the Kentucky Derby that year, too!

YOU'LL WIN too, when it comes to buying a postwar radio or television set, if you'll remember those four words, "there's something in heredity." Where else, combined in one set, will you find the twenty-five year *engineering* heritage of RCA and the forty-seven year *musical* heritage of Victor?

FOR INSTANCE—take this for an example of engineering in the public interest . . . I remember back in 1923 when I was a radio dealer, a typical RCA tube used to sell for $9.00 . . . *Today* an equivalent RCA Electron Tube sells for 60 cents—*and it's a better tube than the nine dollar one!* Yes sir—

"There's Something in Heredity . . ."



AS FOR ME, look for this column right here beside "*this week's*" Table of Contents in the Oct. 6th issue of Collier's . . . I'll have a true story for you about a Fox Terrier thirty-nine years old. Yes, thirty-nine years old. I'm not fooling! . . . In the meantime—

Yours for Better Listenin'
Paul Peregrine

Collier's

FOR SEPTEMBER 8, 1945

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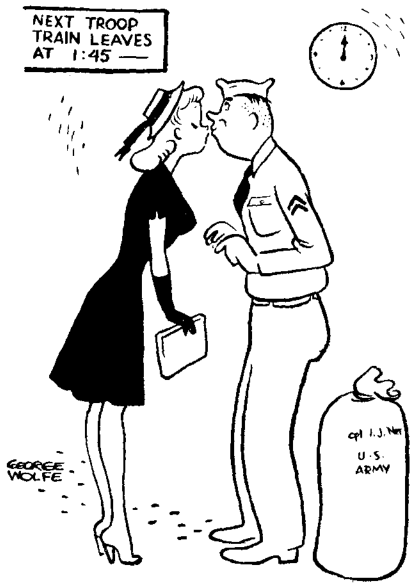
any week

OUR secretary told us the other morning that she'd gone to the railroad station with ten other girls who were seeing their boy friends off to the Army. Her own lad has been in the Army so long that she thinks he must be a pretty big stockholder by now. Well, all the girls were kissing the boys for the eighth or ninth farewell when a woebegone corporal, a stranger, sidled into the rodeo and said brokenheartedly to her, "My girl friend didn't show up." Our secretary tried a bit of sisterly solace, saying that doubtless the girl friend was sick, or had been held up or something. He shook his head dolefully. Then the gates opened and the rush to the train began. There was a hint of tears in the corporal's eyes as he said to our secretary: "Say, would you—would you, well, sorta mind if I kissed you? She didn't come down and I—well . . ." So our secretary kissed him vigorously. The gates closed. The corporal was wandering off toward another gate and another farewelling. "See here, you," said our secretary, with a glint of suspicion in her eye, "I thought you told me . . ." He grinned, winked, and said: "Ah, Button, I ain't leaving for two, three weeks yet. Some fun, hey?"



NEXT TROOP TRAIN LEAVES AT 1:45 —
GEORGE WOLFE
cpl I. J. Ne
U.S. ARMY

A GENTLEMAN who starts conservatively by calling us a Communist rat challenges us to combat. He will, he says, fight us "fist and skull or knives and guns." Of course, it's much too warm for us to be doing anything like that and we'd be glad to notify him, but he gives no address and adds a postscript: "Please do not mention my name." Also he neglects to say what he's mad about. "Just say I am American and come on out and fight,

(*Continued on page 69*)

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This engineering triumph—another FIRST by Remington Rand—is a secretary's dream for operating comfort...and an executive's ideal for top typing efficiency and economy. For *THE NEW REMINGTON* —always swift, smooth, and sensitive—is now almost totally quiet. Its new Type Bar Silencer softens the stinging slap of type against paper...its carriage travel has been hushed to a whisper...its entire mechanism is muted. Remington Rand research scientists, long-time leaders in typewriter development, and with experience enriched by precision manufacture for war, have engineered QUIET right into the machine! This latest Remington Rand FIRST is one more in the long series responsible for a famous fact: *"More Remingtons have been bought than any other make."* See about the new **quiet** REMINGTON. Call your nearby Remington Rand office or representative today.

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THE FIRST NAME IN TYPEWRITERS
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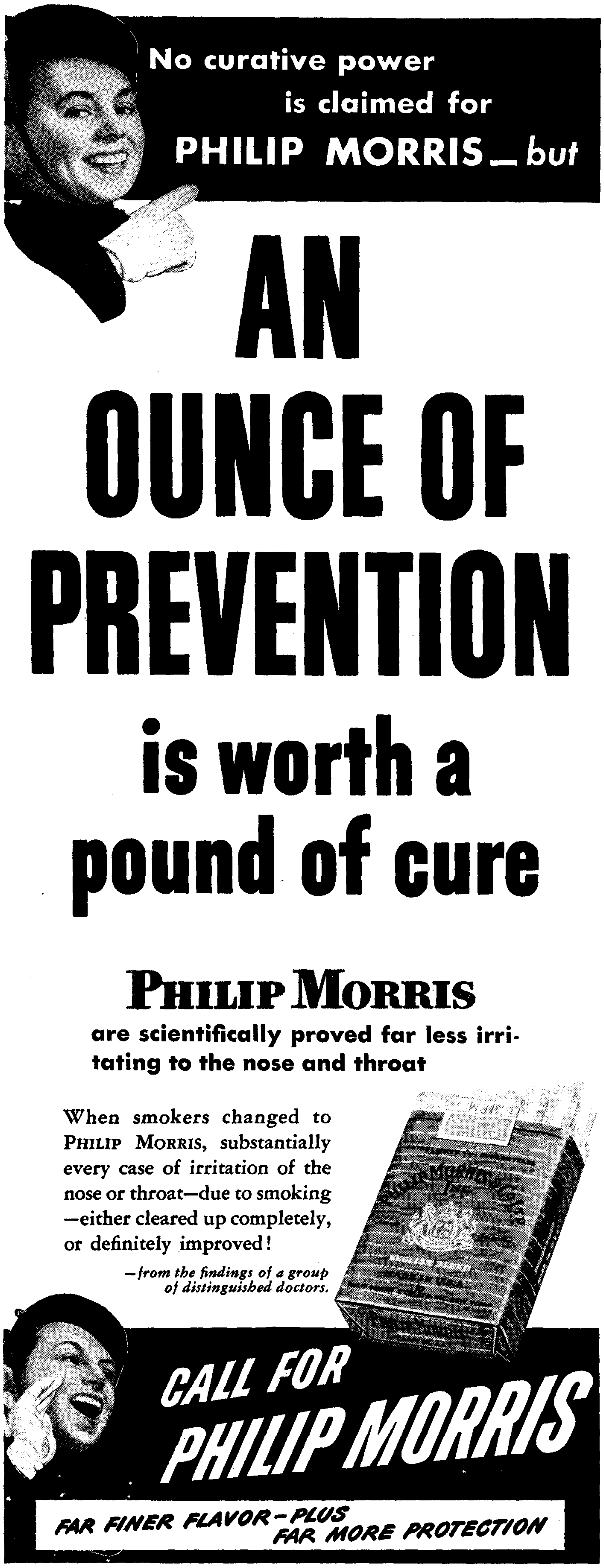
MORE WAR BONDS



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AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is worth a pound of cure

PHILIP MORRIS
are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

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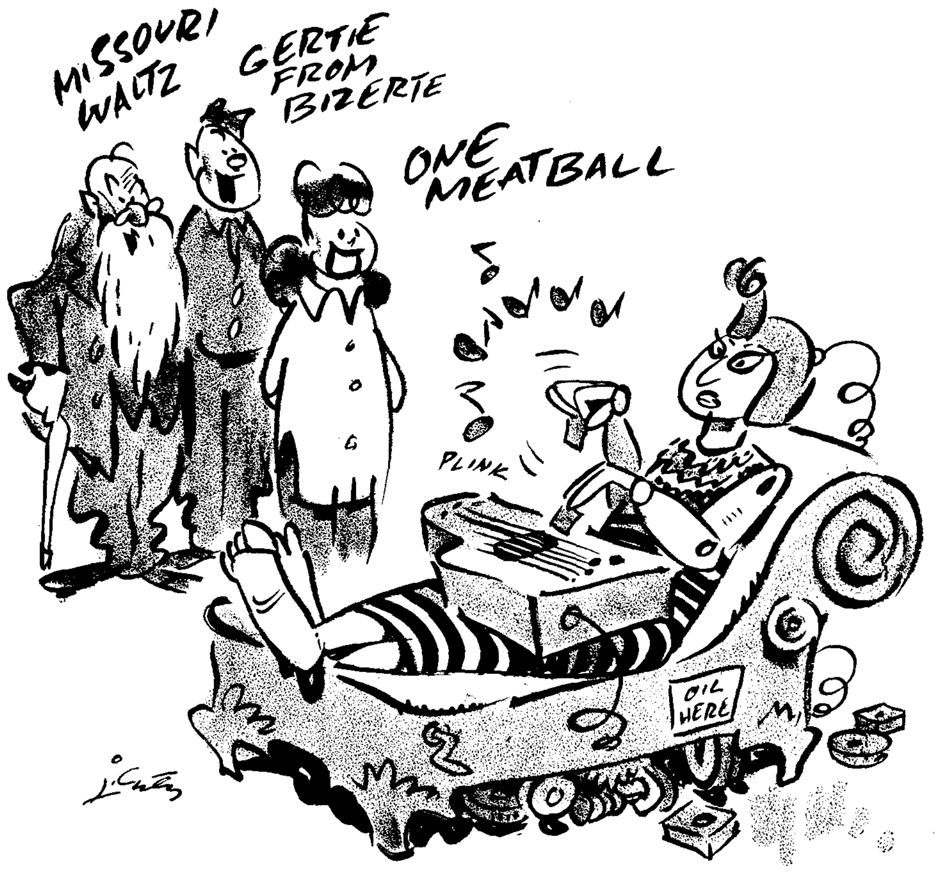

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Probably the most incredible robot ever made in this country is a life-sized figure of the Egyptian goddess Isis, a recent invention of Dr. Cecil Nixon of San Francisco. Isis reclines on a couch containing her mechanism which is comprised of 370 electromagnets, 1,187 wheels, 2,233 sections of wire and a score of other secret gadgets. With a pick on one finger of each hand, for plucking the strings of the zither on her lap, the lady plays any one of 3,000 tunes requested of her by any person within 12 feet, her machinery being set in motion by the vibrations of the human voice.

Among the accessories offered our earliest motorists was an ammonia gun, featured by Packard in 1902, which was used to discourage dogs whose chief delight was to take nips at passing tires.

Although the popularity of the Passion Play has been declining since the 16th century, this drama about Christ has been presented in recent years by at least 25 companies—nine in South America, seven in Germany, five in Mexico, one each in Belgium, France and the United States, and one company consisting entirely of natives on Hivaoa, an island in the South Pacific.

At the military rate of exchange, the currencies of seven important European countries are, on the average, 41 per cent lower today than they were in 1938—the devaluations ranging from 18 per cent for Norwegian kroner to 81 per cent for Italian lire.

The greatest commotion ever caused by a new type of dancing resulted from the introduction of the waltz into English society in 1812. It is believed to have been a development of the *Landler,* an Austrian peasant dance, and it was first presented at the Paris opera in 1793. Being the first ballroom dance in which the partners embraced each other, it met with a storm of protest from those conventional Britons who were shocked by such "intimacy" in public. But this opposition died four years later, after the waltz had been danced by Emperor Alexander I of Russia at Almack's, a London club; and since, it has become the most popular dance in history.

The first women to be appointed Cabinet members in England and the United States were both placed in charge of the same executive branch of their governments, Margaret Bondfield having been chosen the British Minister of Labor in 1929 and Francis Perkins our Secretary of Labor in 1933.

Sometimes a stroke of lightning consists of as many as 22 discharges which follow the same path and strike the same spot in such quick succession that they appear to be a single flash.

The oddest finger ring in a New York collection is one that contains a sharp, curved blade one inch long. A century ago, this "murder ring" was made for the owner of a large Mexican ranch who used it to slash unruly employees and others who aroused his fiery temper.

Two of the most widely misused war words are "zoom" and "commando." Aviators never "zoom down," as zoom means upward flight; and a commando is not one soldier, but a British military unit of about 600 men.

In an experiment on unhatched chickens made a short time ago a small bud on the side of an embryo, which was only a few days old and still without definite form, was removed and placed in a separate dish to grow by itself. In due course, the bit of jelly grew into a complete leg, with muscles, bones and joints, proving that after a certain stage the development of such organs is independent of the body as a whole.

As far as known, no giant redwood tree of California or Oregon has ever died a natural death. . . . For more than 50 years, one half of all the international ice-skating champions have been Norwegians. . . . Human skin can be stretched, according to plastic surgeons, as much as 43 per cent. . . . One third of the developed area of the average city in the United States is occupied by streets and alleys.

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Conventional Radio — lacks color and richness. Something is missing.

Lovely **MARY MARTIN,** star of radio, stage and screen.

FM Radio by General Electric — you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty, virtually free from static, fading and station interference.

Mary Martin—even more sparkling in natural color tone on a great new radio

THERE'S thrilling new magic in Mary Martin's voice when you hear her on the coming General Electric FM radio. Its glorious "natural color" tone recreates all the glamour of her captivating personality.

Never Before—This Natural Color Tone

♪ This revolutionary General Electric radio reveals in all their rare beauty the rich tones and overtones—many of them unheard on the radios of today—that give to every voice and instrument its own distinctive musical character. It's like seeing a picture in full color compared with mere black and white.

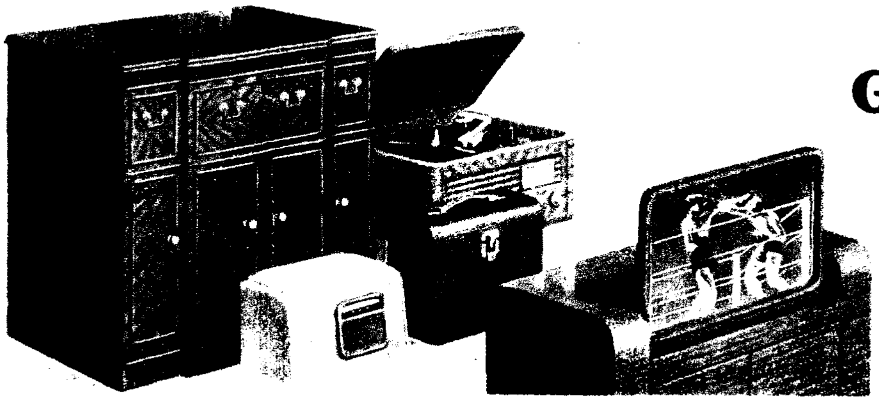
Never Before—Such Flawless Reception

♪ When you listen on this amazing new radio, reception will be incredibly free from fading or station interference. Static will never drown out its matchless purity of tone. Gone at last are all barriers between you and the artists. Space itself seems to vanish as you listen, entranced, to programs so vivid, so real, it seems that the artists themselves stand within the very room.

Everything in Radio and Television

♪ As soon as war needs permit, your General Electric dealer will feature this newest kind of radio as well as conventional radios, radio-phonographs with an amazing new system of tone reproduction, the revolutionary new self-charging portable, and the latest developments in home television receivers.

Hear the G-E radio programs: *"The World Today" news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p.m., EWT, CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p.m., EWT, NBC. "The G-E House Party," Monday through Friday, 4 p.m., EWT, CBS.*



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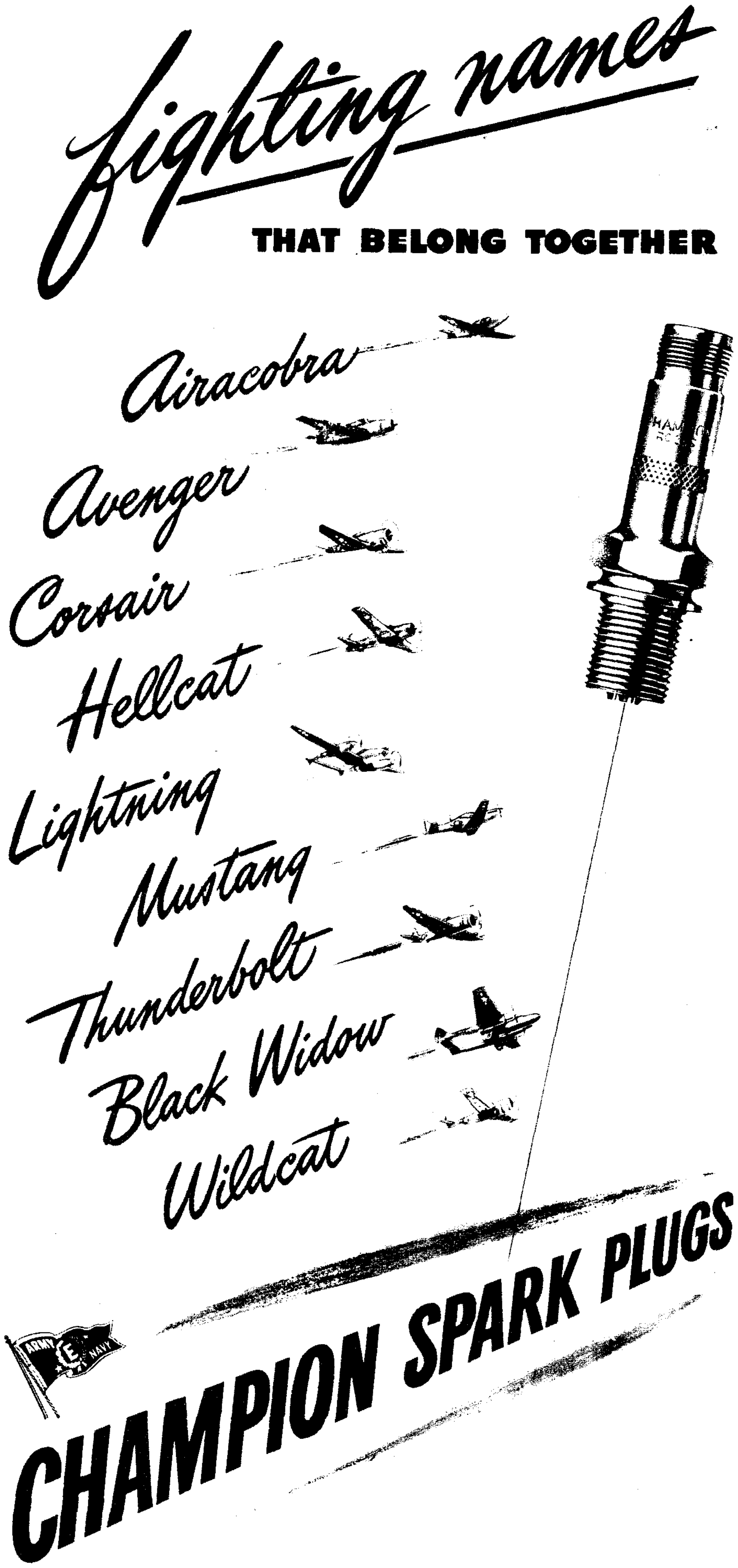
LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

RADIOS



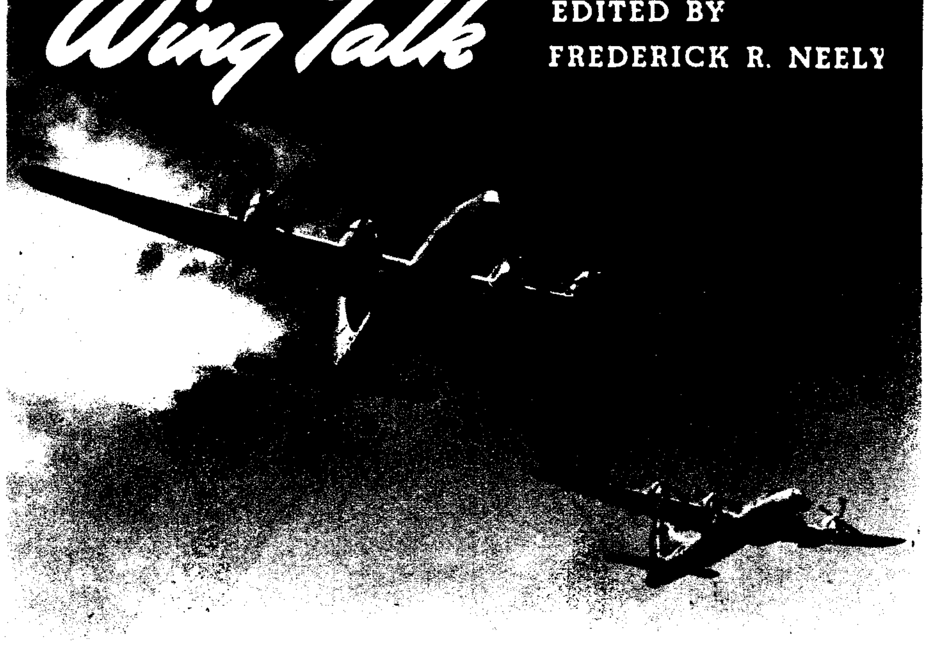
"Airacobra, Avenger, Corsair, Hellcat, Lightning, Mustang, Thunderbolt, Black Widow, Wildcat"—these and other equally descriptive fighting names were the scourge of the vaunted Luftwaffe—have all but cleared Jap-infested skies. There's one more name common to all of them that just naturally belongs with such a world's champion team—CHAMPION Spark Plugs.

The Champion Spark Plugs you buy for your car are blood brothers to these aircraft Champions. Naturally they insure an extra measure of performance and dependability in every engine.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY



VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORP.

America's new long-range heavy bomber, Consolidated-Vultee's B-32, made its first raid on Japan recently. In the air it resembles the famed B-29

WITH the announcement that America's newest heavy bomber—Consolidated-Vultee's B-32—had made its combat debut in General George C. Kenney's Far Eastern Air Forces, came two natural questions. The first one: Why do we need long-range bombers now that we're operating so much closer to Japan? The answer to that is simple: While the B-24s and B-17s are capable of eliminating Japanese cities—as they did German cities—from bases comparatively close to them, the long-range B-29s and B-32s can carry greater bomb loads from these same bases not only because they are bigger airplanes but because, for every gallon of gasoline not necessary for a mission such planes can lug six extra pounds of incendiaries or high explosive bombs.

Second inevitable question: How does the B-32 compare with Boeing's famous B-29? The general notion, until recently, was that the B-32 would be even larger than the B-29. Both ships use the same power plants—four double-row 18-cylinder Wright Cyclone engines of 2,200 horsepower each—but the B-32's wingspread of 135 feet is about six feet less than that of the B-29; its length of 83 feet is 15 feet shorter than the B-29's. Its tail, however, sweeps some 5 feet higher. At maximum load the B-32 weighs 60 tons and the B-29, seventy. Although these sister ships look pretty much the same in flight, the most noticeable difference between them on the ground is in the nose. When viewed in profile the nose of a B-29 is bullet-shaped; the nose of a B-32 reminds you of a growling police dog.

But when you climb into a B-32 you find little to compare with a Superfortress. A short ladder takes you into the B-32's bomb bay where you step onto a narrow catwalk connecting two cabins. This catwalk resembles a miniature, horizontal gangplank complete with guide ropes.

Unlike the Superfortress, the B-32 has no pressurized cabins with their connecting tunnel, and no central fire control. Pressurization means crew comfort on long missions at high altitudes, but the tactical use of the B-32 calls for lower altitudes except for a few minutes over the target. Central fire control automatically computes a great deal of firing data for the gunners, but the current feeling seems to be that individual gunners make for greater accuracy. Elimination of this equipment from the B-32 experimental model cut about a ton and a half of weight from the ship. Another weight-saver, amounting to 1,000 pounds, is the use of aged and stretched aluminum alloy in the wings.

Two unusual, though long-tested, features are incorporated in this newest Jap exterminator. One is the use of reverse-thrust, or reversible-pitch, propellers on the two inboard engines when landing. The pilot—or plane commander, as he is called—pushes a couple of buttons just as the ship touches the ground and the 16-foot Curtiss blades make a 180° turn in their sockets.

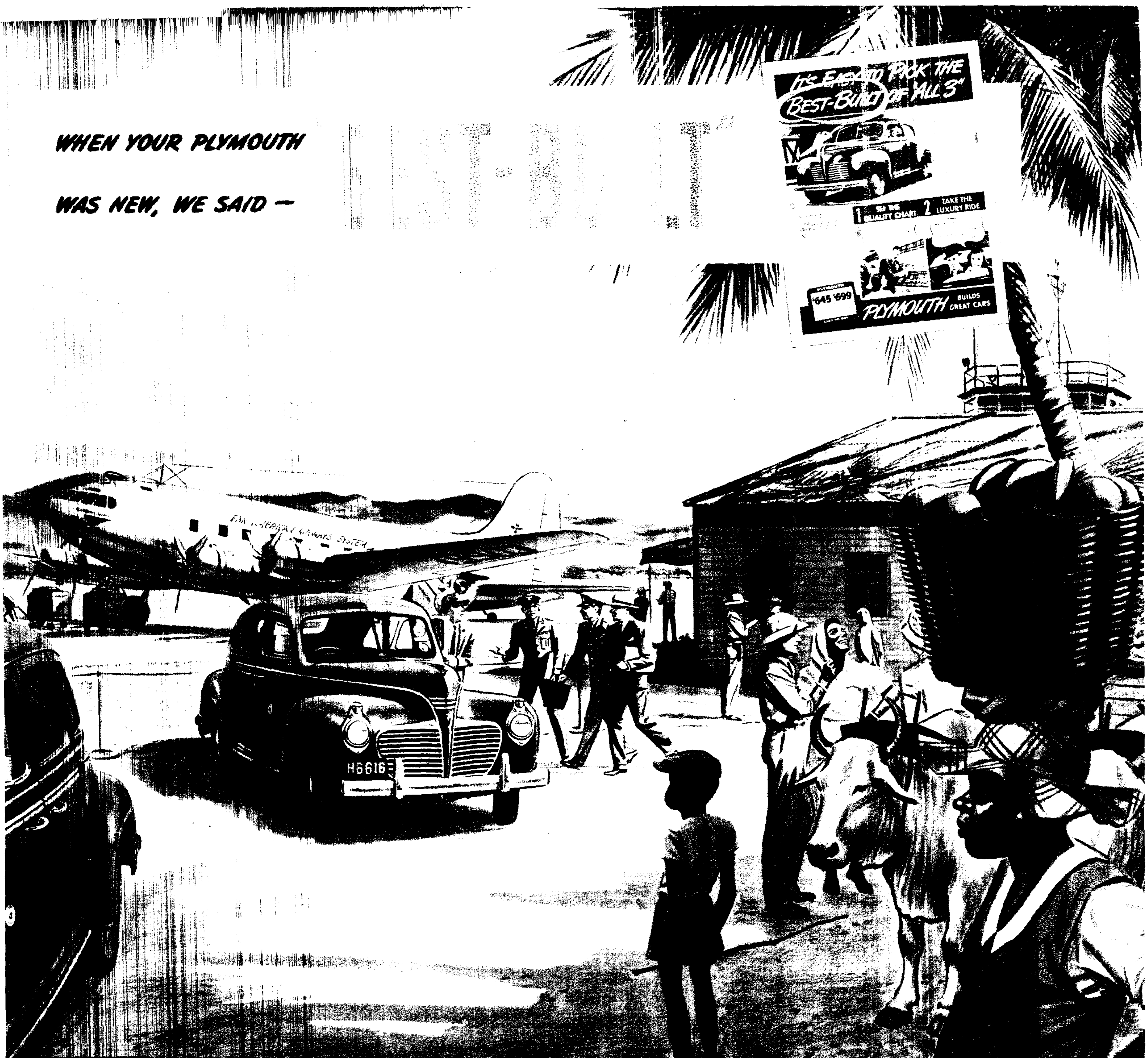
As the two outboard engines continue to function normally, the inboard engines are speeded up until their props push against the air with a fluttering roar. The effect is that of reversing the screws of a boat as it glides toward a dock. This operation enables the B-32 to make emergency landings on shorter or wet or icy runways; it saves brakes and tires, and it increases maneuverability on the ground. The idea isn't new, but the B-32 is the first production multi-engine land plane to make use of it as standard equipment. Incidentally, one of the buttons activating this feature is inconveniently located so the plane commander won't accidentally reverse the props while in full flight—an act which would undoubtedly cause the bail-out bell to ring.

The other feature is automatic synchronization of the engines by a device developed by Curtiss and used for five years on Convair's Coronado four-engined flying boats. The zum-zum-zum-zum you hear in some planes means one engine is turning up more revolutions per minute than another. The difference causes vibration and lowered efficiency. The B-32's propellers all revolve at a constant speed, thanks to an automatic change of pitch produced by a gadget so intricate you could spend a month taking it apart. The engines blend in a perfect monotone and the commander is saved the effort of continually synchronizing them manually.

This airplane took form early in 1943 at Convair's San Diego plant. In all, three experimental models were built. The first was equipped primarily for engine performance tests; the second was a combat prototype. Experience gained from flights of the first two models helped shape the design of the third, which became the work horse of the flight research and development program. All models were twin-tailed, a familiar characteristic of Convair's B-24 Liberator. Later, when experiments with the third model at Fort Worth showed a single tail gave greater stability and maneuverability, the present massive empennage was adopted. The bomber is now in limited production at Convair's Fort Worth plant.

The B-32 began life under the popular name of Dominator which was dreamed up by the manufacturers and approved by the Army and Navy plane-naming committee. But at the San Francisco Conference some touchy people thought this was not in keeping with our national policy which calls for not dominating anything, so the State Department suggested the name be changed. When Terminator was advanced as an alternate, some Air Forces cutups said this could easily be shortened to Termite, so at this writing our newest bomber is just plain Bee thirty-two. . . . G. W.

WHEN YOUR PLYMOUTH WAS NEW, WE SAID —



It's Easy to Pick the Best-Built of All 3
1 See the Quality Chart
2 Take the Luxury Ride
$645 $699
PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS
PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM
H6616

Here's what J. Gaston de Gannes, Trinidad taxi fleet operator, says about that now:

Taxi service in the tropics is a real test for any car. A dry season of five months, a wet season of seven months, and a salt breeze always blowing. That's Trinidad—healthful for humans, tough on cars. But our Plymouths keep right on going. We meet the Pan American Clippers at the airport—a 34-mile round trip from Port of Spain—and we've never had to let any one down. That's because our Plymouths never let us down . . . *and some of them have traveled over 100,000 miles in this important service."*

Plymouth policy is to build cars that will do much more than would be asked in ordinary operation. That's why assorted Plymouth models are standing up under punishing taxi use from Port of Spain to Philadelphia . . . Cleveland to Bombay.

As part of this policy, car testing has been carried far beyond the laboratory and the artificial proving ground. Every Plymouth model has been proved and improved under the most exacting *actual conditions.*

So the Plymouths built before the war are meeting the challenge of unusual demands while Plymouth factories continue with war production. Given good care by Plymouth's nation-wide dealer organization, they're the proof of the unchanging policy which assures you of great new Plymouths tomorrow.

New Thursday Night Program! The Music of Andre Kostelanetz with the most popular stars of the musical world, Thursdays, CBS, 9 P.M., EWT.

• TRUE YESTERDAY—

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

• IN TRUST FOR TOMORROW

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION

★BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"Yes Sir! General Tire Quality"
The
GENERAL
TIRE

KRAFT SYSTEM RECAPPING

Only method that balances recaps like new tires...MORE MILEAGE...NO SHIMMY

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Akron, O., General Tire Service, Inc.
Alpena, Mich., Richards & Hodapp
Alton, Ill., Alton Tire Sales Co.
Anderson, S. C., Watt's Service Station
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Ashland, Ky., Wurts Brothers
Atlanta, Ga., General Tire Service Co.
Baltimore, Md., O'Toole General Tire Co.
Batavia, N. Y., Seacord & Slocum, Inc.
Battle Creek, Mich., Bill Wood's Auto Serv.
Bellefontaine, O., Logan Tire Co.
Benton Harbor, Mich., Benson Tire Service
Bethlehem, Pa., J. Dorfman Tire Co.
Binghamton, N. Y., Tom Lawler General Tires, Inc.
Birmingham, Ala., Drennen General Tire Co.
Boston, Mass., General Tire Co.
Bradford, Pa., Motor Inn Filling Station
Bridgeport, Conn., Bridgeport Gen. Tire Co.
Bronx, N. Y., Bronx General Tire Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Kings County Gen. Tires, Inc.
Brookville, Pa., Auto Service Station
Buffalo, N. Y., Parshall-Dowdall Gen. Tires
Butler, Pa., Ray Andre
Butte, Mont., Knievel Tire Service
Camden, N. J., Camden Storage Battery Co.
Canton, O., Sampson General Tire Co.
Cedar Rapids, Ia., Allen Motor Co.
Chambersburg, Pa., William R. Wilder
Charleston, W. Va., J. E. Ratliff, Inc.
Charlotte, N. C., Myers Tire Co.
Chicago, Ill., Dunne General Tire Co.
Chico, Calif., Jones Auto Service
Chillicothe, O., Art Howson's Tire Service
Cincinnati, O., Sohngen & Bischoff
Clarksburg, W. Va., Shell Super Service
Cleveland, O., Shea General Tire Co.
Columbus, O., Maize General Tire Co., Inc.
Colorado Springs, Col., Dostal-Howard Tire Co.
Corpus Christi, Tex., Dickenson General Tire Service
Cortland, N. Y., Tallmadge Tire Service
Crawfordsville, Ind., Dice Tire Service
Dallas, Tex., Dal-Tex Auto Supply
Danielson, Conn., Danielson Oil Co., Inc.
Danville, Va., Barker Tire Co.
Dayton, O., Knapp General Tire Service, Inc.
Deadwood, S. D., Eddie's Tire & Glass Serv.
Denver, Colo., Joe Kavanaugh, Inc.
Des Moines, Ia., Iles-McKinney & Wolf
Detroit, Mich., General Tire Service
Elizabeth, N. J., Abbott-Wright Tire & Treading Co., Inc.
Elkins, W. Va., General Tire & Battery Co.
Elmira, N. Y., McKinnon General Tire Co.
Elyria, O., The General Tire Service
Erie Pa., Chaffee Tire Co.
Eureka, Calif., James S. Cloney
Fargo, N. D., Haggart's Service, Inc.
Flint, Mich., Flint General Tire Co.
Fond du Lac, Wisc., Hayward Tire Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Sagstetter General Tire Co.
Ft. Worth, Tex., General Tire Service
Franklin, Pa., Brownie's General Tire Service
Fremont, O., Yarger Tire & Battery Co.
Gilroy, Calif., Romeo's Tire Shop
Glens Falls, N. Y., Hoag's Tire Service
Goldsboro, N. C., Prince Tire Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich., Bill Elder
Greensburg, Pa., A. L. McClintock
Greensboro, N. C., General Tire Service
Greenville, S. C., Hunter Service Station
Hartford, Conn., The Auto Tire Co., Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa., V. D. Leisure Co.
Hornell, N. Y., Hornell General Tire Service
Houston, Tex., General Tire Sales Co.
Huntsville, Ala., Huntsville Tire Co.
Hutchinson, Kans., Glenn Sheets General Tire & Battery
Indianapolis, Ind., General Tire Co.
Jackson, Mich., General Tire & Treading, Inc.
Jackson, Miss., Gear Tire & Service, Inc.
Jacksonville, Fla., Pruitt Tire Co., Ltd.
Jersey City, N. J., McGuinness General Tire Co., Inc.
Johnstown, Pa., The Del Boring Tire Service
Kalamazoo, Mich., Otto Kihm Tire Co.
Kalispell, Mont., Kalispell Tire Service
Kansas City, Mo., McDowell Tire Co.
Kingsport, Tenn., Young's Tire Service
Knoxville, Tenn., General Tire Sales Co.
Lawrence, Mass., Albert E. Schlott
Lebanon, Tenn., McDowell Tire Co.
Lexington, Ky., Lexington Gen. Tire Co.
Lima, O., W. A. Pflaum
Long Beach, Calif., Richardson Tire Co.
Long Island City, N. Y., Astoria Tire Co.
Longview, Tex., McCann Tire Service
Los Angeles, Calif., Rude & Fuller
Louisville, Ky., Hurry-Up Broadway
Lynchburg, Va., The Lynchburg Garage
Madison, Wisc., Monona Tire Company, Inc.
Marietta, O., The Tire Shop
McAllen, Tex., General Tire Sales Co.
Meadville, Pa., Warren C. Smith Motors
Memphis, Tenn., Steepleton General Tire Co.
Miami, Fla., General Tire Co. of Miami
Milwaukee, Wis., General Tire Service, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn., The General Tire Co.
Mobile, Ala., Delaney Specialty Co.
Montevideo, Minn., Anderson's Super Serv.
Montgomery, Ala., Reynolds and Grant
Mt. Pleasant, Mich., 'Bill' Murray's Tire Serv.
Mount Vernon, N. Y., Austin-Bliss General Tire Co., Inc.
Muncie, Ind., Clark's Service Co., Inc.
Nashville, Tenn., General Tire Co.
Newark, N. J., McCarthy & Sharkey
Newark, N. Y., McDougall's Service Garage
Newburg, N. Y., Harvey Brothers
Newcastle, Ind., Henry County Tire Store
New Haven, Conn., Gerry Stevens, Inc.
New London, Conn., Tire Service Co.
New Orleans, La., Jimmie Hanemann Tire Service, Inc.
New York City, N. Y., The New York General Tire Co.
Niagara Falls, N. Y., Kelly-Horak General Tire Co., Inc.
Norfolk, Va., Joynes Tire Co.
Norwich, Conn., A. J. Senft & Son
Ocala, Fla., Jack Tucker's Service
Oklahoma City, Okla., General Tires
Olean, N. Y., W. L. Sullivan & Co.
Oneonta, N. Y., Kniffen Tire Service
Orlando, Fla., Orange Buick Co.
Paducah, Ky., Paducah Tire & Battery Co.
Painesville, O., Hach's Auto Service
Panama City, Fla., Central Tire Service
Parkersburg, W. Va., Mahone Tire Service
Paterson, N. J., Brustlin Bros.
Peoria, Ill., Godel-Howland
Philadelphia, Pa., Carnell & Bradburn
Piqua, O., McShane Tire Sales
Pittsburgh, Pa., Campbell General Tire Co.
Portland, Ore., Commercial Tire Co., Inc.
Pontiac, Mich., Pontiac General Tire Co.
Providence, R. I., General Tire Service, Inc.
Pueblo, Colo., E. E. Chrisman
Queens Village, N. Y., Breitfeller Sales, Inc.
Richmond, Va., Marlowe Tire Co.
Riverside, Calif., Gen. Tire Co. of Riverside
Rochester, N. Y., Scanlon-Lewis General Tires, Inc.
Sacramento, Calif., Earl C. Reed
Salem, Ore., State Tire Co.
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Salt Lake City, Utah, H. Spencer Brown, Inc.
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San Jose, Calif., Stuart General Tires, Inc.
Saranac Lake, N. Y., Adirondack Tire Serv.
Seattle, Wash., General Tire Co.
Sharon, Pa., John B. Lewis
Sheboygan, Wis., Grasse Bros. Oil Co.
Sioux City, Iowa, O'Keefe General Tire Co.
Sonora, Calif., J. S. West & Co.
South Bend, Ind., The Singer General Tire Co.
Steubenville, O., Shaffer's General Tires, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo., General Tire Co. of St. Louis
Syracuse, N. Y., Syracuse General Tire Corp.
Terre Haute, Ind., General Tire Sales & Serv.
Toledo, O., Richard General Tire Co.
Traverse City, Mich., Doug. Linder Tire Co.
Troy, N.Y., Williams Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.
Tucson, Ariz., General Tire Service
Tulsa, Okla., Murphy Tire Co., Inc.
Uniontown, Pa., Steiner Service Co.
Utica, N. Y., Aitken General Tire Co., Inc.
Vancouver, Wash., McNab's Service
Waltham, Mass., Roy Johnston's Tire Shop
Washington, D. C., Croker General Tire Co.
Waterbury, Conn., Motor Tire Service, Inc.
Watertown, N. Y., Holton & Teghtmeyer, Inc.
Watsonville, Calif., Watsonville Tire Co.
West Orange, N. J., Lackawanna General Tire Co.
Wichita, Kans., Boone-Scotty Gen. Tires, Inc.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa., McCarthy Tire Service
Wilmington, Del., C. W. Hazel
Winona, Minn., Kalmes Tire Service
Worcester, Mass., Bowker-Hamblin-Malmquist, Inc.
York, Pa., Huber Tire Co.
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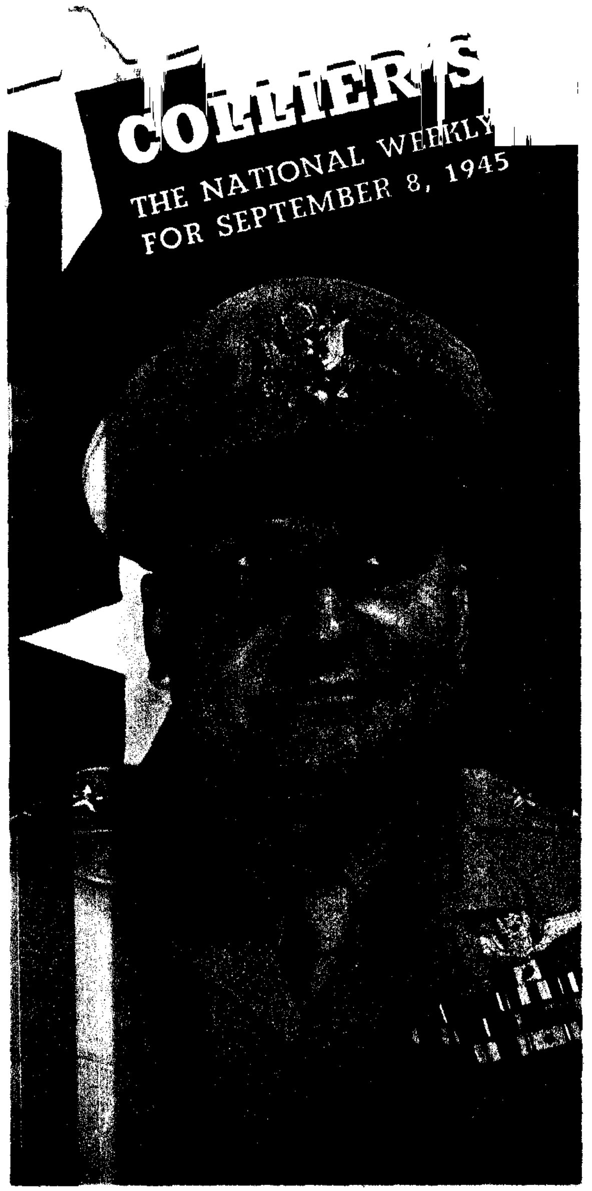
FOR SEPTEMBER 8, 1945



BOB LEAVITT

General Ira Eaker, the man who fought for daylight precision bombing and shortened a war

JOE DEARING

The British believed in night area saturation bombing. We bombed in daylight. Here is what the Krupp tank and locomotive works near Cassel looked like after daylight precision work by General Eaker's boys. It's rubble

AIR POWER—TODAY AND TOMORROW

Free Public Library
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BY W. B. COURTNEY

The Germans came within an eyelash of winning the war through air power. The whys and hows of it are "must" reading for all Americans who do not want to face a third World War. First of two parts

RADIOED FROM PARIS

AIR POWER caused the war in Europe. Air power won the war in Europe. Air power makes the next war—if not inevitable—at least a dangerous probability. As the smoke of combat and the even denser fog of censorship and propaganda rise and eddy and blow away from the broken face of the Continent, there are three main facts that can now be discerned lying there, solid and whole and terrible in their significance, like some miraculously intact columns found amid ancient ruins.

From them we can at last reconstruct the story of what happened over here and why—just as an archaeologist can, from fragments, rebuild a classic temple in all its details and historic meanings.

It is well for you to look quickly and hard and with intense thoughtfulness, because the future peace and security of the United States, *at present* the greatest air power on earth, vitally demand your understanding of what air power is and what it has done. The greatest potential for universal good, the airplane has, in evil hands, caused such horror that Orville Wright not long ago declared to a group of our aviation leaders his regret for having invented it.

Yet the airplane itself has already diminished into a small part of the complete expression of modern air power. It has become nothing more than the most practicably advanced means of transportation available for air power. In the light of events that can now be told, and technical discoveries that can now be discussed, the airplane did not end the war in Europe as it began it—the most *spectacular* means of transportation of air power.

I think you will be able to draw interesting conclusions after we have picked our way among the rubble heaps of Europe. Charred and rocked as they were, the Japs assuredly did not see all that could have hit them from the air. When General Arnold promised Japan utter destruction, he had many things in mind, including the lessons and secrets of Europe.

Militarism Needed a Weapon

This is how air power caused the war: Thirteen years ago in Moscow—before Hitler ruled Germany—Voroshiloff told me that, in his opinion, Germany would presently start another war, confident that she could win "after study and correction of the mistakes she had made in the last war. War is a business with those people." This prophecy, however, and others like it, was not made good until a new factor came into the deal. Modern Germany was a politico-militarist corporation. Before it could do war business again it needed a brand-new tool.

Germany lost World War I for several reasons. The aggregate strength—in every factor, including manpower, economics and geography—of the coalition against her; the British naval blockade; the flabbiness of her politics and home-front discipline when the going became tough. Versailles, if anything, increased the odds of the war potential against Germany—in men, food and material. Even such largesse as the British granted to her, as of a thirty-five per cent naval strength, the corruption of the League of Nations into a sort of international Tammany Hall and the swinish paths of Italy and Spain, did not sufficiently alter those odds in Germany's favor. The Reich simply did not have the stuff ever to win a land and sea war against the old combine.

Yet, in spite of this, Germany struck again, 20 years after Versailles and six years after Hitler's accession. Why? The answer is now indisputably confirmed by the testimony of beaten German military leaders and by common hindsight. Her decision to try once more was based on a realization that a new dimension—a third dimension—had entered warfare, upsetting and nullifying the old balance of power.

Vertical envelopment had reached a scale equal to, or surpassing, flank envelopments and frontal assaults on the ground. Germany forged the first great weapon of this new third military dimension. It was the Luftwaffe. It was the tool she needed to do business again.

Germany put most of her confidence into this weapon—most but not quite all. That was her original mistake. It was a typical German mistake and a "classic" German mistake.

It is a military axiom that most nations prepare for the next war by doing what they should have done before the last war. The Maginot Line, for example, would have been a determining asset in 1914. In 1939, it was just a dead snake along the eastern boundaries of France, poisonous only to those who put their trust in it.

An Admitted Lack of Air Faith

The Siegfried Line, on the other hand, was a concession to orthodoxy that gave a clue to Germany's lack of complete air faith. The Germans had their heads in the clouds but kept a foot in the mud and thus shackled their military opportunity to disastrous tradition.

The Germans, while first to exploit air power, were not the first to grasp its significance. Billy Mitchell and his coterie in the United States were the pioneers of real air-power thinking. Trenchard in England was of the same school of thought. Douhet, the much quoted Italian, permitted his awed imagination to outrun practicality.

The closest students of America's Mitchell were the Germans, who calmly adopted his views—even to underground building—for it was Mitchell who originally pointed out the irony that the higher man soars into the air, the deeper he must dig underground for protection.

In preparing for war through air power, the Germans took advantage of the between-wars situation elsewhere. England had made Trenchard a lord and forgotten him, then continued to build in small quantities the best outmoded equipment. French aviation was mired in political scandals. Russia was an unknown factor—and still is so far as a "balanced" air force is concerned.

Italy fluttered a papier-mâché air corps before Mussolini's gullible eyes and stole its funds behind his back. We all said: "Oh, the Japs can't fly. They have no sense of balance—" not remembering the Nip juggling acts which used to feature vaudeville shows. The United States won commercial air leadership but lacked a national program and policy of military air power and research.

Meanwhile, in the midst of all this, Hitler unbuttoned the Reich's purse to the Luftwaffe and marshaled the top brains of German science behind it. Almost suddenly, it seemed in those six crucial years, he had air power—and the rest of the big nations sat around like doves fascinated by a cobra.

The amazing value and exploits of that German Air Force, and how dreadfully close it came to achieving full victory by its power alone, must never be forgotten by Americans—especially in the days of the interdepartmental squabbles and economy waves that are bound to come in Washington after final peace.

Trump Card in a War of Nerves

Before a shot was fired, that German Air Force had scared Italy into the Axis, inspired Japan, won Spain for Franco, throttled Hungary, gobbled Austria, dominated the conferences of Munich and Godesberg and further reduced the coalition odds against Germany by seizing Czechoslovakia and eliminating her first-rate army of nearly 750,000 men from the Allied credit ledger. Thus Hitler's air power cut his European enemies down to his size, wiping out many of their geographical, political, social and manpower advantages. By air power, and by air power alone, he scored vital touchdowns before the kickoff.

Now consider how quickly he ran up more points after the game began. Blitzkrieg was neither more nor less than tactical air power spearheading fast motorized ground forces. It netted Poland, Norway, the Low Countries, the Balkans, and made the decisive break-through at Sedan into France and tossed Britain out of Europe in the swiftest major campaigns of military record. The screaming dive bomber became a word of household terror. Resources—Germany's traditional military weakness—ceased to be a problem as air power pushed Germany's frontiers hundreds of miles in all directions and swept the wealth of Europe into her orbit of control.

The German Air Force welded the whole of Europe into one German-controlled industrial empire. It ruled the Mediterranean to a degree that made England ship around South Africa. It broke the British naval blockade. Indeed, co-operating with submarines, it almost succeeded in blockading England itself beyond help.

German raiders and merchantmen sailed from Baltic and Biscayan ports to distant lands and moved between Mediterranean ports under the cover of land-based planes. The German Air Force made the Murmansk route a death run. It secured for Hitler's war machine the ores of Norway and Sweden, the bauxite of Yugoslavia, the oil of Rumania, the food of Denmark and the Ukraine. It gained him all the natural resources and critical materials he needed to disregard the outer-world boycott and continue the war indefinitely.

The German Air Force brilliantly took Hitler to the limit of his immediate plan of aggression, and his armies moved up beneath its cover, in many instances with little more to do than occupy. His air power practically conquered all of Europe by persuasion, fear or force. Look again at a map of the flood tide of his aggression—from Norway to the Caucasus, from Biscay and the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Finland, from the English Channel to the Adriatic, the Agean and the Black Sea. It is still terrifying to contemplate.

His air power drew that map. But it failed to hold the conquests it had made, and his armies eventually had to fight against the old unbeatable odds. It failed because of Hitler's original air mistake. Lacking faith, he made the German Air Force an auxiliary of the German army. Not understanding air power fully, he had built an air force of army *co-operation*—which is tactical air power. He had not built an air force of *co-ordination*—which is strategical air power.

This distinction between the two kinds of air power—and the necessity of having both kinds—is basic. He tried to make the one kind serve for both and bought disaster. He had both bombers and fighters and although he kept changing their proportions, as late as 1942 he still had a competent bombardment force. But bombers do not of themselves make a strategic air force. Plans and concepts do. His air power was a weapon of political as well as military aggression, framed around co-operation with his rampaging army and not around a true perception of the manifold over-all values of combat air power. Moreover, by withholding real independence from the Luftwaffe, he crippled its partnership in his war machine so that, as we can now see, German air science, industry and military thinking were never wholly in step. Science ran ahead and the other two could not keep up.

You may count exactly six critical moments at which lack of balanced air power, and belief in its full development, failed to give Germany the air superiority that would have cinched matters for her army. Just a little more air power, and proper air power, at each of these points, and this story would have been far different.

Foremost, of course, was the Battle of Britain—and I include the rout from Dunkirk—which first revealed the immaturity of German air power and the hesitancy of its thinking and leadership. Second was Malta. Third was the final drive on Alexandria and Cairo. Fourth, fifth and sixth were the campaigns of Moscow, Leningrad and Stalingrad. Strategic air knowledge and ability in those battles, co-ordinated with tactical air and surface pressure, would have been just too much for what strength the Allies could then muster.

Germany's Short-Term Investment

Obviously, however, and quite aside from her mistakes and misconceptions in its use, Germany's possession of superior air power, leading her to believe that she held the differential between defeat in the first World War and victory in the second World War, caused her to start a conflict in 1939. The potentialities of her new dimensional tool were so immense that even the short-view investment she had made in it took her within an eyelash of winning. Any honest airman or other military leader over here will tell you that. All of them heaved a bigger sigh of relief than you did on V-E Day.

This brings us then to our second premise, how air power won the war.

In that last stubborn eyelash which the German version of air power could not quite grasp, new hairs had begun to sprout in 1942. And the sturdiest of these were a little band of American military aviation veterans, the American commercial aviation business and the United States home-front aviation industry. The second and third factors can be illuminated forthwith. The world network of the Air Transport Command was entirely predicated on the experience of our commercial airlines and largely administered, staffed and operated by personnel drawn from them. Without the Air Transport Command, the spacious air wars we have fought would not have been feasible. With it, our globally flung Air Forces have been tied into one gigantic enterprise.

As to our home-front aviation industry, from its reservoir of brains, skill, imagination and peacetime building came the ability to expand to production levels that literally overwhelmed German determination and recuperative faculties. When, in its last year, the war degenerated into a rat race between American industry and German industriousness—between our speed in knocking down and theirs in repairing, dispersing, rebuilding and improvising—Hartford, Paterson, Detroit, Seattle, Santa Monica, San Diego and the many other plane-building centers ran too fast for them.

Moreover, the home-front industry's solid background provided a guide for organization of the vital Air Service Command, or combat zone aviation industry.

But the glamor lay elsewhere. As always in war it lay at the firing line. Here gathered the small flock of hard-bitten, graying, veteran Yank war birds—the Doolittles, Spaatzes, Eakers, Knerrs, Andersons, Breretons and the rest—with their scores of thousands of eager fledglings.

Back in the third year of the war two fundamentally different moral, intellectual and technical expressions of air power met head on in Europe's blood-flecked skies. What happened can now be fully told.

We came at a time when German air power was at its arrogant zenith. We came pitifully weak. On the first American mission there were only twelve Forts, led by Commanding General Eaker himself. But we came with a certitude of inherent strength abounding. We came with a full-blown image of air power. We came with a clear notion of strategical air power as necessary to destroy the ability of German industry to support the war, plus a firm belief in the equal importance of tactical air power to impede the actual combat operations of the Germans and to screen and help those of our own ground forces. We came with a fixed idea that it was not so much how many tons of bombs you dropped as where you dropped them.

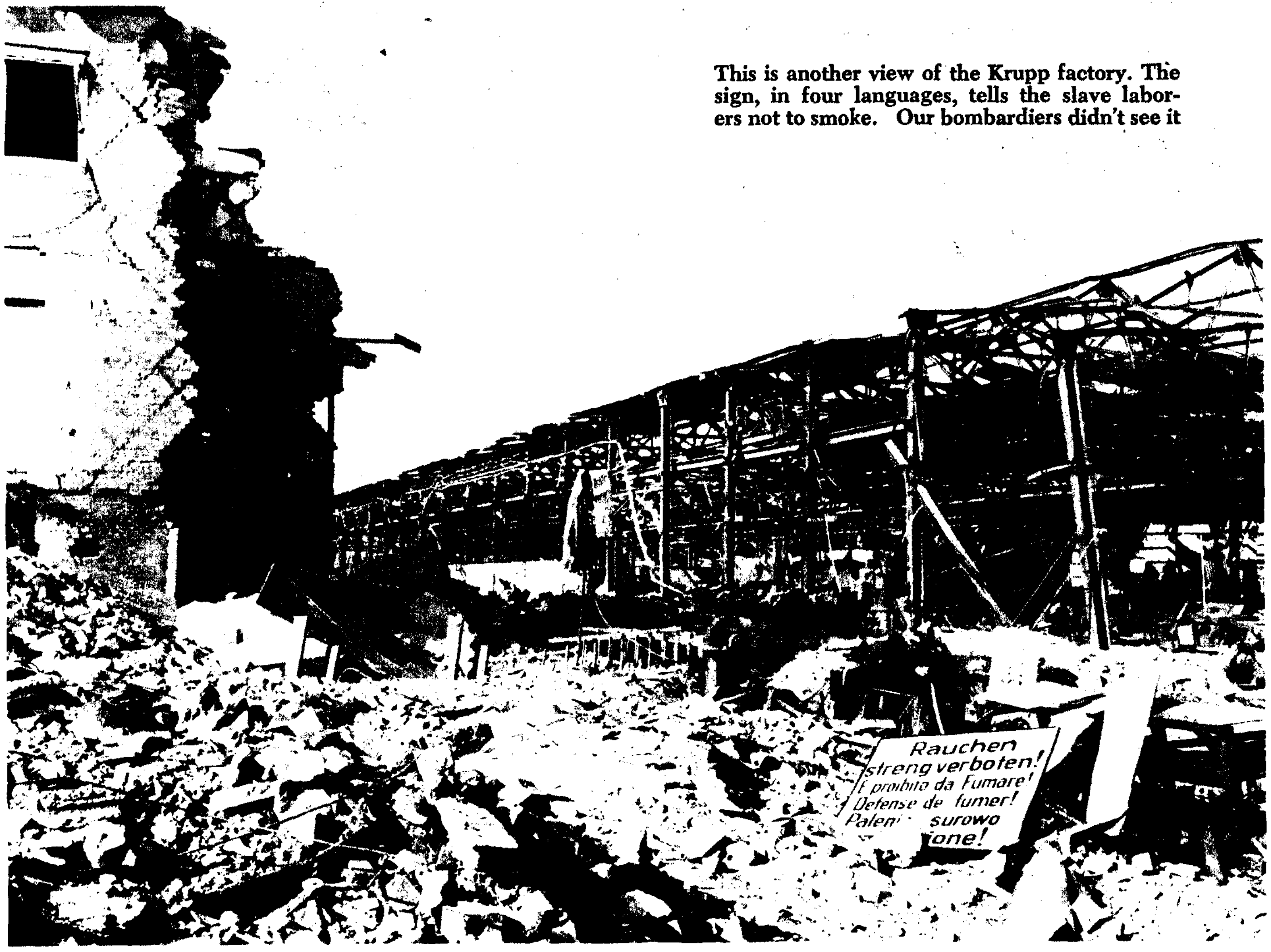
With Faith, Hope—and a Prayer

This, of course, meant adherence to the American faith in daylight precision bombing. This faith—and the equipment for it, the Flying Fortresses and later the Liberators—stemmed from the old "hemisphere defense" plan of the Air Corps. That plan had been shaped for the continental defense of the United States and the preservation of the Monroe Doctrine in the no-more-entanglements-in-foreign-wars days of the twenties and early thirties.

It envisaged heavy bombers, capable of flying without fighter escort, to meet possible enemy invasion fleets hundreds of miles offshore or enemy forces marshaling in seized bases in South America, with bomb sights and trained bombardiers capable of hitting the small targets thus presented, with planes sufficiently armed, equipped and maneuverable to fight off enemy interceptors.

A war in Europe to our airmen simply meant, then, German factories instead of ships—bigger and stationary targets. But there would be one emphatic difference. Flak and fighter defenses would be thicker and more efficient over land than over an invasion fleet. The American heavy-bomber men knew they had to have enough faith in their accuracy, their tactics and their concentrated

(Continued on page 37)



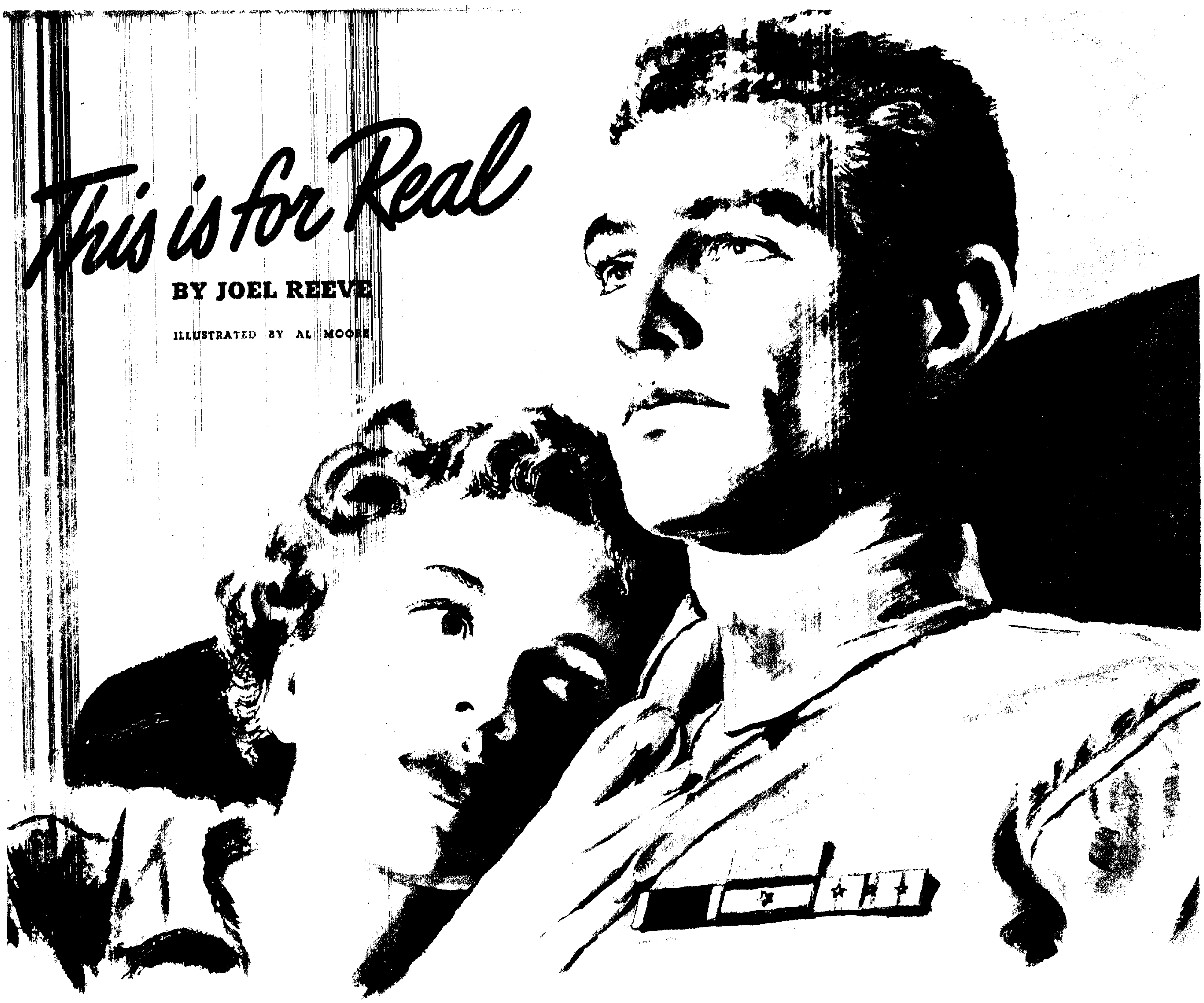
This is another view of the Krupp factory. The sign, in four languages, tells the slave laborers not to smoke. Our bombardiers didn't see it

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

This is for Real

BY JOEL REEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE



"Talk's no good," said Gunner. "How right you are," Conny whispered, amazed to find his shoulder so comfortable

Conny and Gunner thought they had to unsnarl their war-complicated problems separately, but when they ran into a very immediate emotional crisis, they found two hearts to be better guides than one

THE train was crowded, but the coach seats were reserved and when the Marine came down the aisle Conny knew that he would be her companion all the way. It would be just her luck. She did not want him to know that she looked at him, but she saw plainly enough the red hair under the cap, the freckles adorning florid, solid flesh, the bulge of muscle beneath the blouse. She drooped lower on the cushions and stared out of the window. It was her rotten luck again. She would have preferred an old woman for the intimacy of the long journey.

He compared his ticket with the number on the seat. He put a bag on the rack above them and sat down. He remained rigid, staring ahead, without removing his cap. She could feel cold immobility in him. It was somehow oppressive.

She stole another glance, reproving herself fiercely for being coy. He turned and faced her squarely, his green eyes hard with some memory. She had clipped her hair upon joining up and she had kept it that way. It curled darkly on her head and she had vowed that she would always wear it thus in memory of her love. . . . The Marine's gaze dropped from her face to the gold Wasp insignia to which she still clung.

He said without expression, "Hello, buzz-girl."

She said, "Not any longer, not for quite a while."

"They gave you a dirty deal," he nodded.

"You don't know anything about it."

"Okay," he said. "I don't know anything about anything."

He was retiring into his memory and it did not seem good to her. She said, "The heck with it. I'm not feeling sorry for myself. . . . Or maybe I am, but the heck with it."

"Okay," he said. "I'm Gunner MacFadyen."

"Oh, yes," she said. "The hero."

His green eyes showed fire for just a moment. "They were all heroes. If that's what you want to call them. They died, anyway, most of them."

She said, "They at least had a chance to do something, to fulfill something. . . ." *Oh, shut up, Conny! Shut UP!*

"Sure," he said, and his voice was very kindly. "You're hung over. How about a drink?"

"There's no club car," she reminded him listlessly.

He reached down the bag. It was heavy but he handled it as though it contained feathers. She remembered then that he had been a prize fighter or football player or both. He became a great Marine, they said. He had held an outpost all one night with another Marine and in the morning the other fellow was dead and so were a hundred and thirty Japs and MacFadyen was alive alongside a hot machine gun. They had sent him home and now he was going to be adored in New York, she supposed. Florida sun had only scorched him. He was not a lad to acquire a tan, this sandy fellow, and he was unhappy about something.

HE DREW a bottle from the bag and said, "They gave me this, but I'm not drinking now. Go and do something to it."

She said, "Scotch! It cannot be!"

"Drink it. Drink one to the Wasps that were," he said. "And knock one off to Jack Handley."

"Handley? Was he—was he the other Marine?"

"No," said Gunner gravely. "He's the middle champ."

That had something to do with the prize fighting or whatever, she supposed. She went to the ladies' room. Last night she had been out with a pilot she knew in the Bomber Command and she had imbibed too freely again. It was a bad thing, drinking with buzz boys, rehashing old flights, going here and there, not caring how she looked, not caring about anything ever since the Wasp was ended and she had been stripped of her uniform, of that beautiful, exciting life of regularly flying those sleek, gorgeous P-51s. . . .

The Scotch was good. It restored her. She drew a pocket comb through her hair. The curls went right back and crinkled on her scalp. She needed a shampoo. She needed a facial. She needed a complete overhauling. She recapped the bottle and carried it back to the Marine.

He said, "Leave it where you can get at it."

"You're all right. I'm sorry I called you a hero," she said.

"Okay," he said, "you can forget that."

But she did not want to talk, not even to this big, nice Marine. They had told her that she could go on flying—at times—as a civilian contracting with the government for special ferrying jobs. But it could never be the same for her—in a way it was worse than not flying at all—for it meant counting desperately on occasional calls from some Army

(Continued on page 28)

WARRIORS' PARADISE

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

G.I.s who fought and won the battle of Europe get 7 days each on the fabulous Riviera. They think it's "out of this world." So will you

RADIOED FROM THE RIVIERA

LOUIS SZEZUREK yawns and looks at his watch. It is nearly six A.M. Cannes is quiet now except for the soft lapping of the surf on the beach in front of the Martinez Hotel. Louis Szezurek is the concierge of the Martinez, the night clerk who puts the hotel to bed and watches over it while it sleeps. He walks to the door and looks up the coast toward Nice. The sun is rising. In a moment, it will spill over the horizon and flood the bay with light. To the west the moon, tired and pale now, is fading beyond the bulky hills.

Louis hears a familiar sound that comes from the depths of the hotel. He smiles with contentment. He knows that Emile Ponton is cleaning the huge stoves in the kitchen, getting them ready for chef Eugene Bonfillon, whose day begins at six. The Hotel Martinez is beginning to awaken, although the 700 Air Force officers who are sleeping soundly don't realize it.

Now Louis hears all sorts of small familiar sounds. The enormous oil burners below are alight, for some 700 men will want hot baths. The assistant cooks are coming to work on bicycles and Louis hears the smooth tread of their tires on the concrete of the La Croisette which divides the hotel and the beach. Louis stands outside the hotel for a few moments, watching the daily miracle of a Mediterranean sunrise; the same sunrise which the Caesars of Rome once saw from this very spot. The miracle never grows old, for each morning the sun spangles different tints on the restless sea; light blue toward the shore, then aquamarine where the water is deeper, and farther out indigo streaked with pale green where the hidden sand bars lie beneath the surface.

Fifteen other hotels in Cannes are beginning to awaken; fifteen hotels where 2,500 ground and Air Force officers are sleeping. Four miles up the coast at Juan-les-Pins, Wacs and nurses and Red Cross girls are sleeping in five hotels; while at Nice, just 30 miles away, sixty-seven hotels with 9,000 enlisted men prepare for the new day.

Today the Riviera speaks with a G.I. accent. The playground of the millionaires, the place where jaded maharajas came for the sun, the dazzling land where beautiful and ambitious ladies came seeking, and finding, wealthy husbands is now vacation land for more than 12,000 American men and officers each week. Every man is allowed seven days of this paradise. They are given the privilege of seven days during which they can, if they wish, sleep all day and stay up all night.

When men arrive at the Martinez or the Carleton or the Majestic or any of the other hotels, they see signs in the hotel lobbies. One sign says "Saluting is not required in this area." That brings a sharp and pleasant surprise. Another sign says "Officers are requested not to dance with their shirttails hanging out." This is virtually the only disciplinary rule of the area. The 90 hotels taken over by our Army from the French under reverse Lend-Lease agreements are not only the best hotels on the Riviera, they are the most luxurious hotels in the world.

By 8 A.M., tired Louis Szezurek has gone to his little cottage back in the hills. Chef Bonfillon has supervised the preparation of 700 huge breakfasts. M. Bonfillon is one of the world's great chefs. When war came, General Weygand wanted the best chef in France to cook for him. He plucked M. Bonfillon out of the Martinez kitchen, put him in army blue, and as Sergeant Bonfillon, he served the general until the defeat of France put him out of a job. Now, urbane and smiling, he cooks for 700 American Air Force officers.

Most of the 700 who breakfast on fruit juice, cereal, buckwheat cakes, French bread and all the American coffee one can drink are not dressed in the styles fashion demanded when the Martinez was the luxury hotel of the world. Most of the officers breakfast in their undershirts. In fact, except at dinner, the usual Riviera costume consists of shoes, pants and T-shirts—which are undershirts with short sleeves. It is by far the most fashionable clothing ever worn on the Riviera because, for one reason, the white shirts are always immaculate and, for another, they are worn by men who during the past three years have spearheaded the conquest of two continents and liberated half a dozen countries.

After breakfast there is a quick exodus from the Martinez. Busses take the men to Eden Rock, a few miles up the coast. This was once a restaurant and casino. Villa Eden is perched on a group of crags, and some twenty diving boards jut out from the crags. The water is so clear that you can see the sand at the bottom. You can see its wrinkles form and re-form as the slow surf disturbs it. If you wish, you can have glasses and underwater breathing apparatus and you can dive down and investigate the small fish that live placidly on the bottom of the Mediterranean. Or you can have a sailboat or a speedboat or a rowboat or a canoe or water skis or just about any damn' thing you want. You pay for practically nothing. You paid for this when you landed on Omaha Beach, when you broke through at Saint-Lô, when you flew B-26s across the Loire and smashed its bridges, when you dropped bombs on Bremerhaven or Cologne.

A Lend-Lease Deal in Bicycles

Some pass up swimming in favor of bicycles. You can have a bicycle for the whole week you're here. All you have to do is to put up a twenty-dollar deposit. Why? Well, it seems that transportation around Cannes is very scarce and the girls who live here just love bicycles. Oh, they'd give almost anything to own a bicycle. Now our men and officers are very receptive to feminine wailing and more often than not, they just gave their bicycles away to the dark-eyed Cannes girls. However, the twenty-dollar deposit has not stopped this noble experiment in Lend-Lease.

On a bicycle you can take a picnic lunch and ride up into the ancient hills, hills that were old when Rome was young. You can bicycle to St. Paul, the old walled city, or to near-by Juan-les-Pins or you can just bicycle up and down the Cremisette, which is our main stem here in Cannes.

Meanwhile, back at the hotel, wheels are going around. Lieutenant Ted Keefer stands at the desk, attending to a thousand details. A very efficient French-American team runs the Martinez and the other Air Force hotels. Young, handsome André dal Torrione is the French manager of the hotel. He has a French staff of 500. He will confer with Lieutenant Commander Osgood Roberts, in charge of all Air Force hotels on the Riviera.

Ozzie Roberts was once manager of the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. He went into the Navy and became aide to Admiral Brent Young. When the idea of Riviera rest centers was inaugurated by General Tooey Spaatz, the doughty air general remembered that Ozzie Roberts was in the Navy. General Spaatz made some kind of an Army-Navy Lend-Lease deal with Admiral King and borrowed Commander Roberts and put him in charge of the whole project. Now the genial commander is in charge of all Air Force hotels in Europe. His assistant is Major Walter Renze, of Omaha, whose fine work in running rest centers in England caught the all-seeing eye of Tooey Spaatz. The commander, the major and Dal Torrione form a terrific team.

They get good Scotch for their bars and they get luscious peaches and rich lemons and ice-cream-making machines and thick juicy steaks. These men know the business of hotel management and they know too the Army business of "scrounging." Commander Roberts will get a tip, for instance, that the Navy is pulling out of Oran just across the ocean—only a matter of 700 miles or so. The commander will run over there in an empty C-47 and return a day later heavily laden with precious items that the Navy doesn't wish to take home. While he is away, Major Renze will have got a tip from an Air Force pal in, let us say, Cologne, and he will hotfoot it there and return with 2,000 cases of excellent "liberated" German champagne which he will sell to the Martinez guests for a dollar a bottle. A terrific team!

The mess officer, Captain Stallings, and his mess sergeant, Delmar Young, who owns

(Continued on page 34)

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS U.S. ARMY

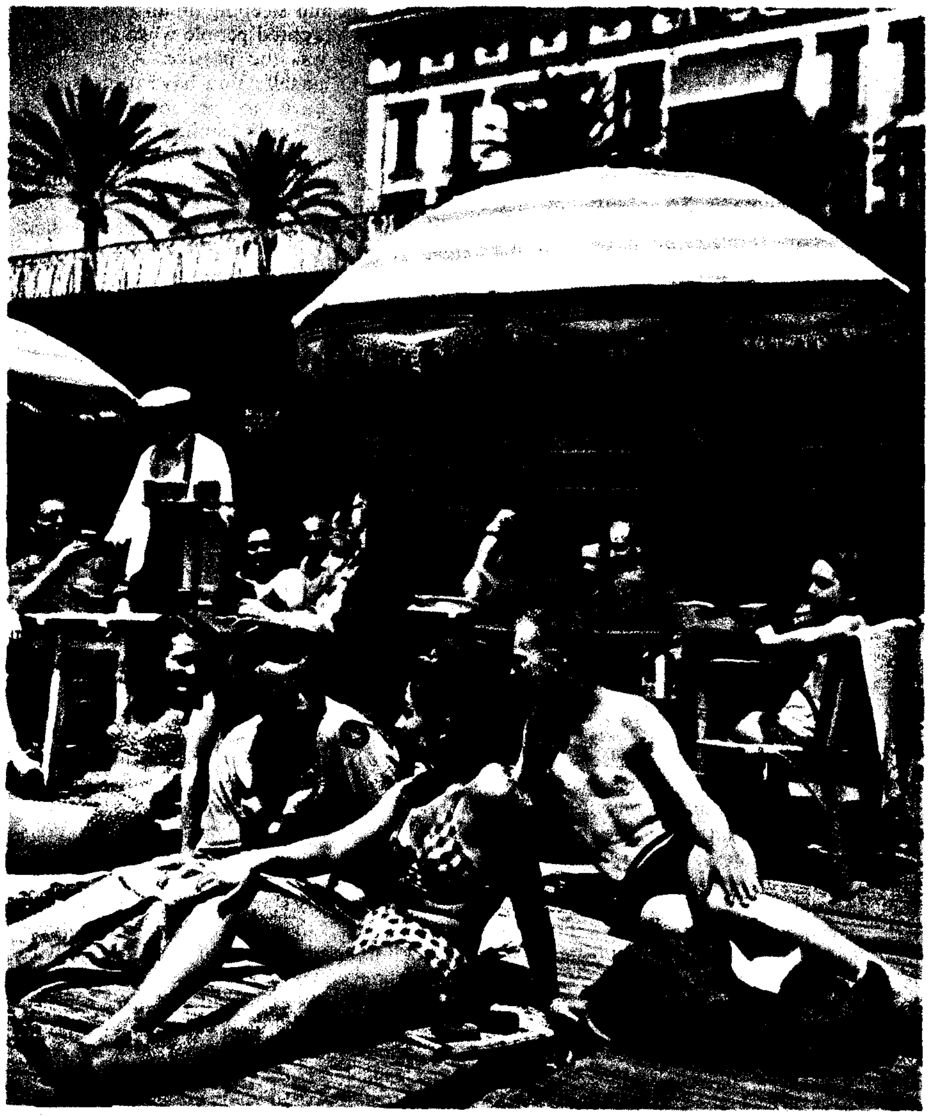
Along the Promenade des Anglais, the G.I.s doze in the sun. No reveille, no saluting, no paying. The Riviera is a 7-day dream world to soldiers

Four officers argue academically about which one really knows how to sail a sneak box. They resolved it by sailing the bay in four boats

These extroverts, Cpl. Irwin Reisinger, of Evansville, Ind., and Pfc. Thomas J. Cone, of Fort Worth, Texas, raised heck for 7 days and nights

The Wacs like the Riviera too. Delin Rudd, of Fargo, N. D., Fay Jones, of Haskell, Oklahoma, and Jean Rowan, of Staten Island, bought posies

Greetings from Pfc. P. M. Ward, Baltimore, Sgt. Erma King, of Greene, N. Y., Pfc. Lela Sorenson, Chicago, and Cpl. R. Oldenburg, of Davenport, Iowa



Some of the boys spend the afternoons window-shopping at the beach. It's obvious that this Air Corps is prepared for anything but an ocean dip

The New Boy

BY NOLAN MILLER

About a girl who thought her heart was broken—until she dug up enough courage to play a game with love

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

"SHE'LL be right down," said Mrs. Noble. She laid out the skirt she had finished ironing on the sofa and then she dabbed at her nose with a paper handkerchief. "You just sit down. I'll go up. Here, this chair. You seen the paper, I suppose. Is it getting colder out?"

"No, it's not a bit colder. It's fine." The young man wore a dust-colored gabardine suit and when he sat down he picked up the sharp, clean press of his trousers.

His socks were yellow, Mrs. Noble noticed, and he crossed his ankles the way some old men cross their hands on their laps in church. And then Mrs. Noble saw he had very pretty teeth. She liked him. She liked him because he was very young. She thought of what he would be like if he were her son.

"Now I'll tell Harriet," Mrs. Noble said, "Mr.—"

"I'm Vince Goddard," the young man said.

"Harriet!" Mrs. Noble called softly. Then she climbed the stairs. "Mr. Goddard's down here."

The young man's skin was very red around his mouth, red slipping down his collar. He heard Harriet say, "Yes, Ma, I *hear* you," and then Mrs. Noble said, "Well, I thought you might be coming down, so I—" and then Harriet finally said, "Well, you don't have to run around the house like a chicken with its head cut off," and then Mrs. Noble said something he couldn't hear, a door was shut, and the bouncing noises of Harriet's high heels hit the carpeted steps. He stood up.

"Oh, hello!" She only glanced at him. She threw open the closet door, leaned her face against the full-length mirror as if she meant to hang through it, as if it were an empty picture frame. She touched the end of her nose, the blond puff of hair that jounced on her brow. She twirled, smirking at stocking seams; then she pulled flat the front of her dress. Finally she unhooked a cream-colored coat from the closet, battled into it before he could offer to help.

"Well!" she said, finally approving herself.

He closed the front door and they stood on the porch before he noticed she carried a wisp of hat in her hand.

"I always *carry* a hat," she said, asking him to laugh at foibles and frailties. "Just let me sling it on the back seat of the car."

She saw he was losing his smile.

"There isn't any car," he said.

"Well, excuse me," she said. "I'm just dumb."

"I'm sorry. There *is* a car—but my dad and Mom . . .

"Oh, Vince—don't be silly." She set the buttons on her coat. "It's a perfectly wonderful night." She breathed deep. "I love fall—why, look, you can smell it. It smells just like it might be the country." And then she took his arm.

THEY walked the four blocks to the bus, past the not-too-neat houses which were now, in the dead light of early evening, all gray. The pavement was like the gray, drying skin of an animal, and although the short lawns were green, all the frail trees were bare; it was not hard to believe that they looked better that way, that in the architectural puzzle of roofs and curbs and walks a tree with firm round trunk and a naked umbrella of wiry hair, sad monster that it was, served a utilitarian need like the iron grill of a sewer opening, the frosted glass blossom of a lamppost.

Vince was saying how surprised he was that her name was Harriet; he just hadn't thought the other night when they'd met each other at Sally Phillips' house that Harry was a nickname. She said everybody called her Harry and she never heard anything else, except at home. Even at work. Though, of course, most of the time there—it was a pretty big office for informality—she was Miss Noble.

"Well, I like Harry for a name," he said.

"I just love not being called Harriet, as you can imagine," she said, but she noticed he looked puzzled, and she decided that she would have to get used to his not being quick on the uptake, that she better just smile more, which was just as good as any smart crack she might think up.

Of course she liked him, though he did look terribly young—younger than he was. Not a bit younger than I am, though, she thought—he don't tear around so much, I suppose. I bet he never hits the bottle. Look how clean he is. His fingernails. About the best taken care of boy I ever saw.

Now he was talking about the country. Seemed his folks had this cottage out at a lake and in fall weather like this, nothing they liked better than tramping around in woods and then making a big fire and popping corn and drinking cider.

"We'll sure make a point of going out there some time," he said.

Imagine me in high boots, she was thinking, and I even don't have any. She didn't like rough clothes of any sort. They scratched so. If he only knew, I'm a bar hound—me and Eddie.

She almost gulped; he almost saw her—the little grab she made at herself, as if she'd broken a string of beads. Eddie she was definitely not going to think of, not tonight, and she had been so wonderful about cleaning him out of her mind for two weeks now. But I don't think country air could do it, she thought; she had always doubted that drinking milk and sleeping on an open porch was really what cured people when they were tubercular; it was too passive.

She said to herself: You have to do something. You have to get out and tear around. Smile, smile, smile, though your heart be breaking. That's the only way. Though for a long time—over a week—she'd sat there on the sofa in the living room, her mother saying, "Well, you do look the sick cow. What is it?" All dressed up, even her shoes right there ready to be pushed on if she heard a car honk out at the curb. She knew the sound of Eddie's car like a man knows the bark of his dog. She had never been the fool she was now, but it was being the fool she had been that still cut like fire, a raw swath between then and now, between Eddie and herself. I'd never, never say what I said, do what I did to hold a man, to hold that Eddie. No good, no good.

She was conscious of the spank of new shoe leather on the sidewalk, her own sound, and Vince looked at her again with that innocent way of his, almost in fright.

"Oh, I was just thinking of something," she apologized. "Say, that's a keen tie you got—where d'you buy ties like that?" Men liked to have you notice their ties, she remembered.

He blushed. "Well, I'll have to tell you, I borrowed this tie from my old man. Say, you'll have to meet him—he's quite the old sport—"

There, she thought, let him do the talking. . . .

THEY had to stand on the bus. Harriet threw back her coat. Vince looked crucified and glared at a kid of twelve or so who was sitting down. "The busses are just terrible these days," he muttered.

It was very warm. When the bus turned into the boulevard, Harriet swayed, and Vince kept his arm around her; she felt very uncomfortable, as if she were a sack of flour. He was a great talker, and that made it easier; she only said, "Oh?" or "Really?" even when she was not quite sure what he was saying, but it made no difference. I make with the eyes, she told herself, and when the bus slowed down against a building she could see how she looked and was not surprised that she seemed beautiful, pert and sweet—like a girl in the movies when she moves out on the deck of a big boat; and reflected also in the bus window, he stood there—it was true, he was a head taller than she—he was a big boy, all right. A dividend. I can get used to that very easy, she thought.

Eddie was like her, her size, wiry and nervous, and when he had the glooms was he ever the prize mummy! A whole evening of it at a time, just sitting at a back table in the Polka Dot in Hunky Town, drinking *spritzer* and pinging nickels into the juke box, the only juke box in captivity, she guessed, that played czardas and Hunky comic songs. And it wasn't hard to do. It was even wonderful. Sad when you're sad. Glad when you're glad. Drunk when you're drunk. It never mattered how she looked, what she wore, and often as not Eddie didn't wear a tie, or hadn't changed clothes from the job. Sometimes he'd be waiting for her at the elevator when she came down. "I want some chicken and dumplings," he'd say, and she'd follow him, like a lamb tied to him with a rope.

And it wasn't so much that she was idiotic about him; they were fools about each other. "You eat me," he'd say, now and then, like Boyer said "I love you," in that old movie, Love Affair. It made her skin crawl now, to think of his saying it; and she was almost faint—a piece of black broke off in her head and began to whirl.

But they were downtown now; the bus door folded back; a cutting wind full of the rubber and cement smell of the narrow streets and murmuring buildings struck her on the chest.

IT WAS early—early for a Saturday night—when they came out of the movie. There'd been no waiting; it didn't hurt this Vince Goddard, spending money. He had his pigskin wallet fat with it, which was nice, which was going to be a fine change. We ride busses, she thought, but for nickels we don't give a damn. They'd had dollar-ten seats in the mezzanine.

"Turned out better than I thought it would," Harriet said.

After ten minutes of the picture, she had begun to rage. "It's a remake! That Hollywood! Are they running out of ideas, out there?"

Vince said he couldn't remember any picture like it.

"I forget the name, but it had Claudette Colbert. And a different title, of course. But it's the same old picture, jazzed up—modern, you know. They sure must think they're kidding people. Why, it wasn't five years ago, this other one."

Vince said he couldn't remember anything that old.

"You would if you saw it only, maybe, last year, like I did—" If you went only to old pictures in the thirty-five-cent houses, she meant; and if you sat there, only half looking, in a back seat, nobody craning over your shoulders. You sat there sometimes with your eyes closed because in the dark Eddie would make love to your hand so that you

(Continued on page 80)

Presently the violinist in his bolero and red silk tie had worked his way to Harriet. "Tell him something to play," Vince begged. She said, "I'm terrible at remembering." Then she thought of one. "Hejre Kati"

CRAZY OVER 'CHASES

By Charles Dexter

It takes stamina, courage and a sublime disregard of broken bones to ride jumpers in the most dangerous of all racing

MR. TWO-BUCK PLUNGER sat on a hard bench in the grandstand (as he had sat these many years), poring over his program. The daily double was a cinch. Jennie S. in the fourth—there was a girl for your money. It looked like a great day. But—

"Why do they waste my time with a steeplechase?" he would ask. "Why lose dough on horses that fall all over themselves? It's a racket, I tell you!"

Easy wartime money has changed Mr. Two-Buck into Mr. Ten-Buck. Today he'd bet on anything from a flea race to the number of hairs on Aunt Ermintrude's head. Sure, steeplechasing is a crazy game. Owners lose money. Horses break necks. Some jockeys race for the sheer fun of it—without pay. Others spend half their lives in hospitals, but it's a race, ain't it?

Step behind the scenes: It's one o'clock on a sunny afternoon. Outside the jockey club, stars of the flat track—Atkinson, Permane, Arcaro—hurry to the paddock for the first race.

Here on a bench are the jump boys. Older, heavier, hard-bitten veterans of a hundred spills, they are scheduled to ride just once today. Billy Owen tightens the royal blue of his Brookmeade jacket. Scott Riles, in riding pants and checkered shirt, leans against the wall. His arm is bound to his body.

"How's your shoulder, Scotty?" Owen asks.

"'Tain't bad," Riles replies.

What happened? Nothing much. Yesterday he paraded Winged Hoofs to the post. Off they sped on a two-mile grind over the fences. Straight ahead loomed the first high hedge. Winged Hoofs saw it, took flight.

"His four feet were off the ground when he dropped from under me—stone dead," Riles drawls. "Gave me a funny feeling. He burst a blood vessel. I just broke a collarbone."

He strikes a match against a fingernail of his free hand, lights a cigarette. He continues: "A horse named Nayr once stepped plumb in the middle of my spine. Broke my back. Sure, I got better in eleven weeks. But say, let me tell you about Catstar . . ."

Well, sir, on a Sunday afternoon in Mexico, Riles met a psychopathic lady horse by the name of Catstar. They rode together over four fences at Agua Caliente. At the fifth, she snorted, then tossed Riles over her left shoulder.

Was it an accident? The following Sunday, Riles tried again. Unaccountably, the lady repeated her performance.

No self-respecting jockey would stand for such goings on. Sunday after Sunday, Riles lifted Catstar over four fences, then hit the sod as the filly threw fits at No. 5. "Ninth time out," he recalls, "she tried to murder me. Broke my left shoulder, left elbow. Split six ribs. She was one no-good dame!"

When he recovered, Scott Riles mounted Catstar for a tenth and last try. "The dog-gone fool won that day. Learned to count up to five, I guess. . . ."

The other jockeys laugh. Some have been riding for two decades. There's Norman Brown, for example. Brown is a walking encyclopedia of the 'chase: "I don't go bac to 1732, exactly, but that's when this gam got going."

That year, two Irish squires, Tommy O'Ca laghan and Edmunde Burke, raced each othe cross-country to the steeple of St. Leger. I King George III's day, belted earls and lord rode breakneck eight miles in the Leiceste sweepstakes. The prize, "a hogshead of clare a pipe of port, and a quarter-cask of rum, was consumed on the spot. Who won tha race is lost in the haze of the morning afte

From South Carolina to the estates c Pennsylvania, American gentlemen gallope hard over timberland and meadows to wi silver plate or a cup. Their ladies drove i tallyhos to the hunt club for the finish.

"And that's pretty much what it is today, Brown explains. "I've competed in hur meets up and down the East Coast. Publi 'chases are fairly new."

Small Stakes Breed Scandal

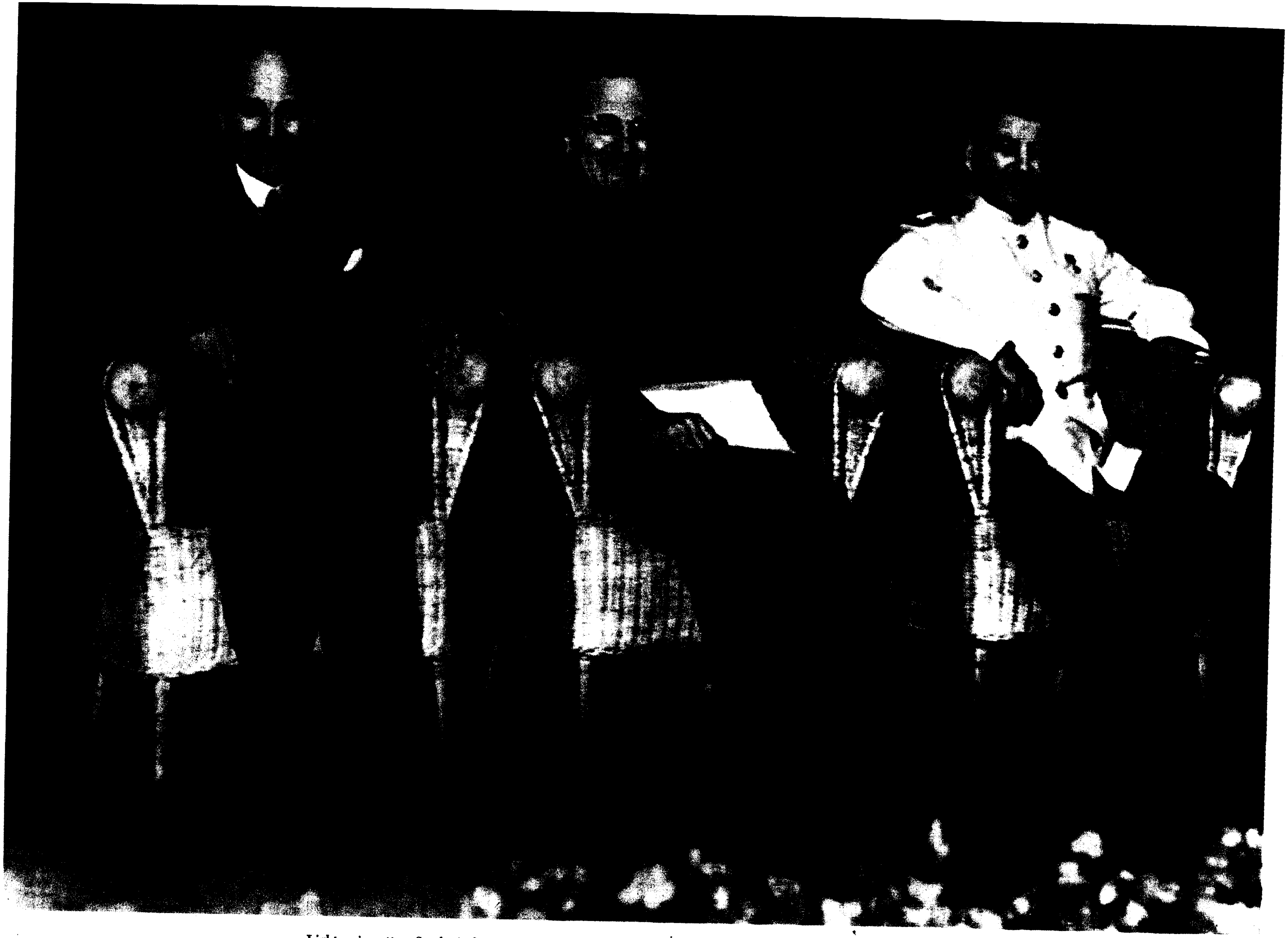
Purses were low on public tracks in th early days—the American Grand Nationa was worth only $740 in 1909. Scandal brok small-fry owners conspired with New Orlear gamblers. Louisiana expelled them for lif they operated in Kentucky until 1912 whe that state banned 'chase racing.

Joseph E. Widener, Harry Payne Whitne and other gilded horsemen vainly poure money into the sport during the gaudy 1920 Polo Star Thomas Hitchcock built up a gre stable of jumpers. His emerald green sill took many a rich stake. Purses were highe horses were imported from Europe, yet pon patrons turned their heads. Not until th current wartime betting boom has the pul lic learned to love the big-boned champio of the 'chase—Rouge Dragon with the fie

(Continued on page 52)

NEW YORK DAILY NE

Briansan and Mor-Luc, running in a jumping race at Belmont Park, spill in front of the grandstand. The rider on the left was stunned, but the other was uninjure



THE FIRST TELECHROME

Light a cigarette. Smoke it down, not too fast. That's about how long it took to transmit this color photograph from Berlin direct to Washington. This, the first color photo ever transmitted by radio, shows the Big Three—Prime Minister Attlee, President Truman and Premier Stalin—conferring at Potsdam.

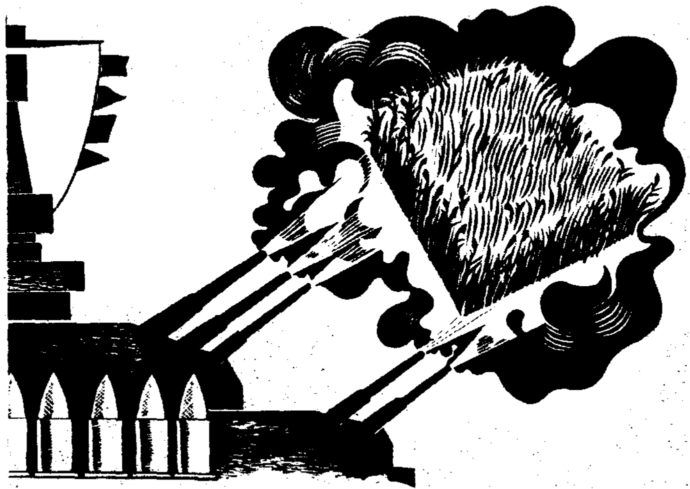
Black-and-white telephotos are a common occurrence by now, but radioed color photos—let's call them telechromes—are a new development in news coverage. Tests for the process were made weeks ago in the Pentagon Building, Washington, by the Army Pictorial Service and the Army Communications Service. The Army photographer who took this picture at the Big Three conference used a one-shot camera which exposed three negatives simultaneously. From the negatives three black-and-white prints were made, and each was placed on a cylinder representing one of the three basic colors—red, blue and yellow. Within a few minutes the picture arrived in Washington—by radio. This is the first magazine publication of a telechrome. . . .

U. C.

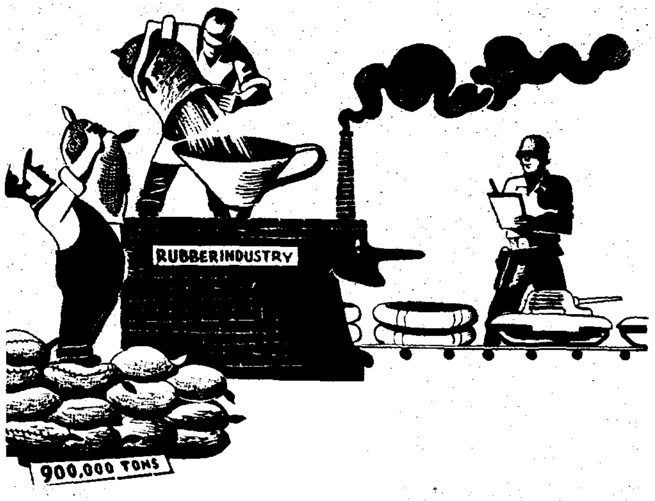
WHERE'S ALL THE SUGAR?

BY FRANK GERVASI

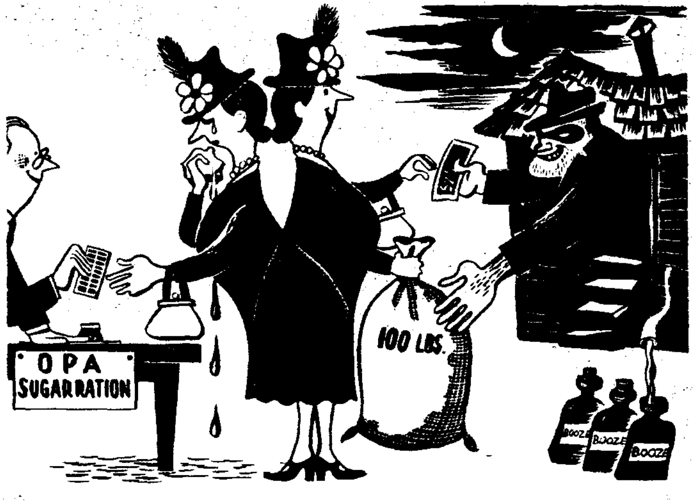
A lot of masterminds have come up with ideas about the cause of the sugar shortage. Here's the truth: the war, acts of God, human frailties



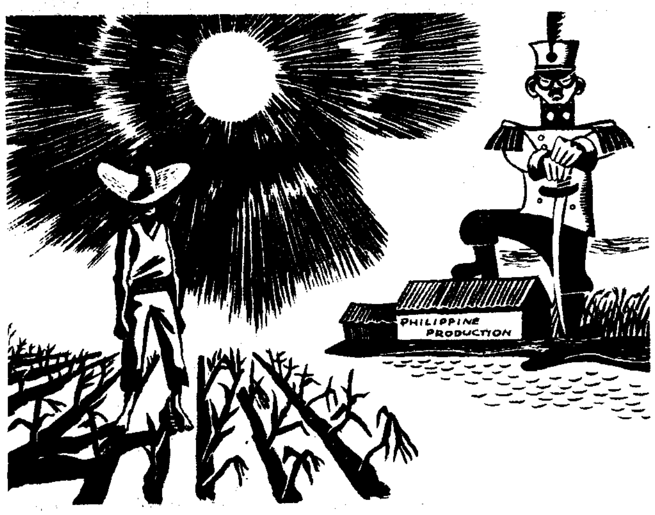
Every time Messrs. Halsey and Kinkaid fire five 16-in. shells they blow an acre's worth of sugar to atoms



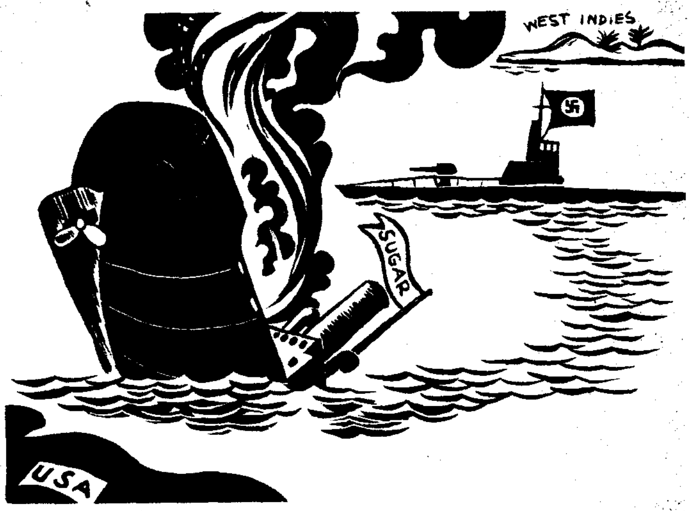
We were obliged to divert 900,000 tons of sugar to make tires, tank-track pads and rubber boats



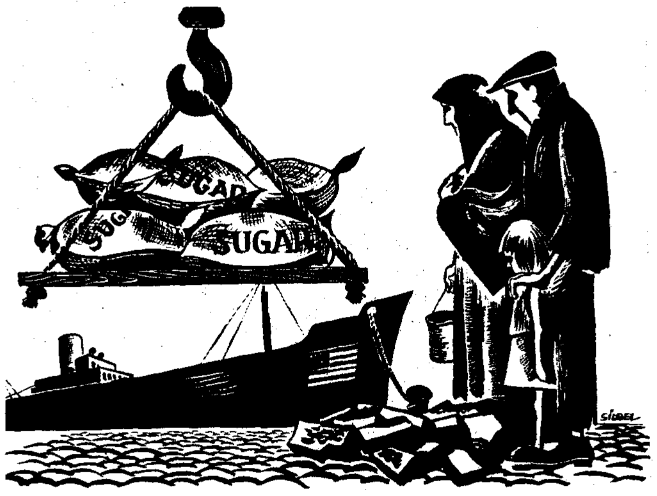
Some people who got coupons for canning turned around and sold the sugar to moonshiners at $25 per 100 pounds



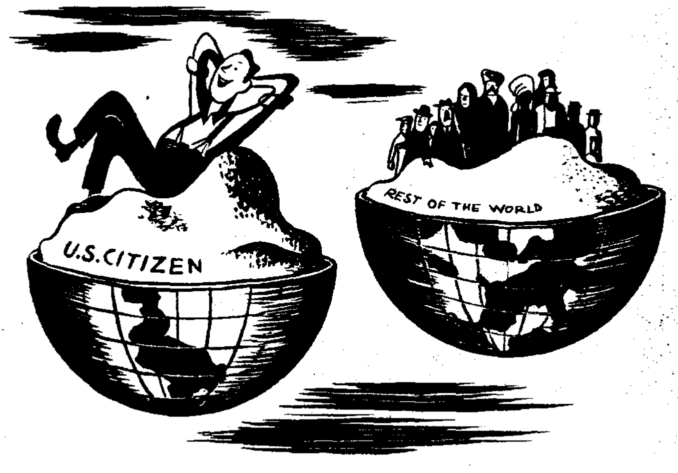
Sugar is scarce (1) because of 7-month Cuban drought; (2) because Japs ruined the Philippine cane fields



In 1942 and 1943 U-boats sank about 700 ships in the Caribbean, and tons of sugar went to sweeten its waters



There would be plenty of sugar if we didn't give any to the French, the Czechs and the Greeks but—!



All told we'll have this year an estimated 6,141,000 tons of sugar, or about 60% of the United Nations supply

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

We might as well face facts in sugar. Our supply is short and will remain tight through 1946. Improvement will come only gradually for some time after that.

This nation depends largely on world supplies. Less than a third of our supplies this year will come from Continental United States. The world's reserve of sugar is rapidly reaching the vanishing point. Therefore, our national sugar bowl is emptier now than at any time since the last war.

Our local ration boards are the guardians of our home supply of sugar. If they are tough with you now, commend them as patriots—don't criticize them as misers. They are saving us from ourselves. It's up to every one of us to guard our sugar bowl. The tougher we are, the better is our guarantee of a fair share for everyone.

Clinton P. Anderson,
Secretary of Agriculture

EVERY time our Messrs. Halsey and Kinkaid fired five 16-inch shells at the Japs, they blew an acre's worth of sugar to atoms. Sugar, as acetone, is also in every normal bomb and bullet. In the form of industrial alcohol it goes into the making of synthetic rubber, and as citric acid it prevents blood from coagulating during the preparation of life-giving plasma. It's in practically every military and naval ration as just plain sugar, and it adds 5,000 feet to a fighter pilot's ceiling.

The stuff is, therefore, a basic raw material of war like iron, tin, copper, petroleum and beef. Thanks to the magic of organic chemists, who are able to rearrange its molecular structure at will, sugar, alone or compounded with other substances, finds a place in the formulas of plastics and paints, cosmetics and comestibles and in a thousand other products.

Sugar's industrial applications partially explain its present scarcity. Last year, a critical one in world sugar production and consumption, we were obliged to divert 900,000 tons of it to make the tire and tank-track pads and rubber boats with which our armies rolled across France and Belgium into Germany. This year we are short about 1,000,000 tons, but don't jump at conclusions. The reasons for the shortage are almost as varied and as complex as the chemists' formulas for sugar derivatives.

The scarcity of sugar is at least as irritating as the meat minus, and you might as well know the worst at once. It will remain scarce until the cane fields of the Philippines and Java are reclaimed from the jungles to which the Japs yielded them. Until the industry is restored there and at least partially rehabilitated in Europe, the experts say, you'll either have to make up the deficit with substitutes or get along with less than you'd like. This, they say in Washington, may take until some time in 1947.

Of all the food crises, however, this one is probably the least understandable to most plain people because, until practically yesterday, sugar was as plentiful as grass and almost as cheap. In fact, it was overabundant and between World Wars I and II our government spent millions bribing some producers to make less of it, and more millions compensating others for having to sell it below cost.

Paying to Keep Industry on Even Keel

Over an 8-year period this kind of economic push and pull cost American taxpayers a thumping $2,189,062,000, or $273,000,000 a year. The money went for tariff protection to our producers in the Philippines, for tariffs and subsidies to Hawaii and Puerto Rico, to American beet and cane growers and for a preferential price to prevent hardship in Cuba, our largest single source of supply.

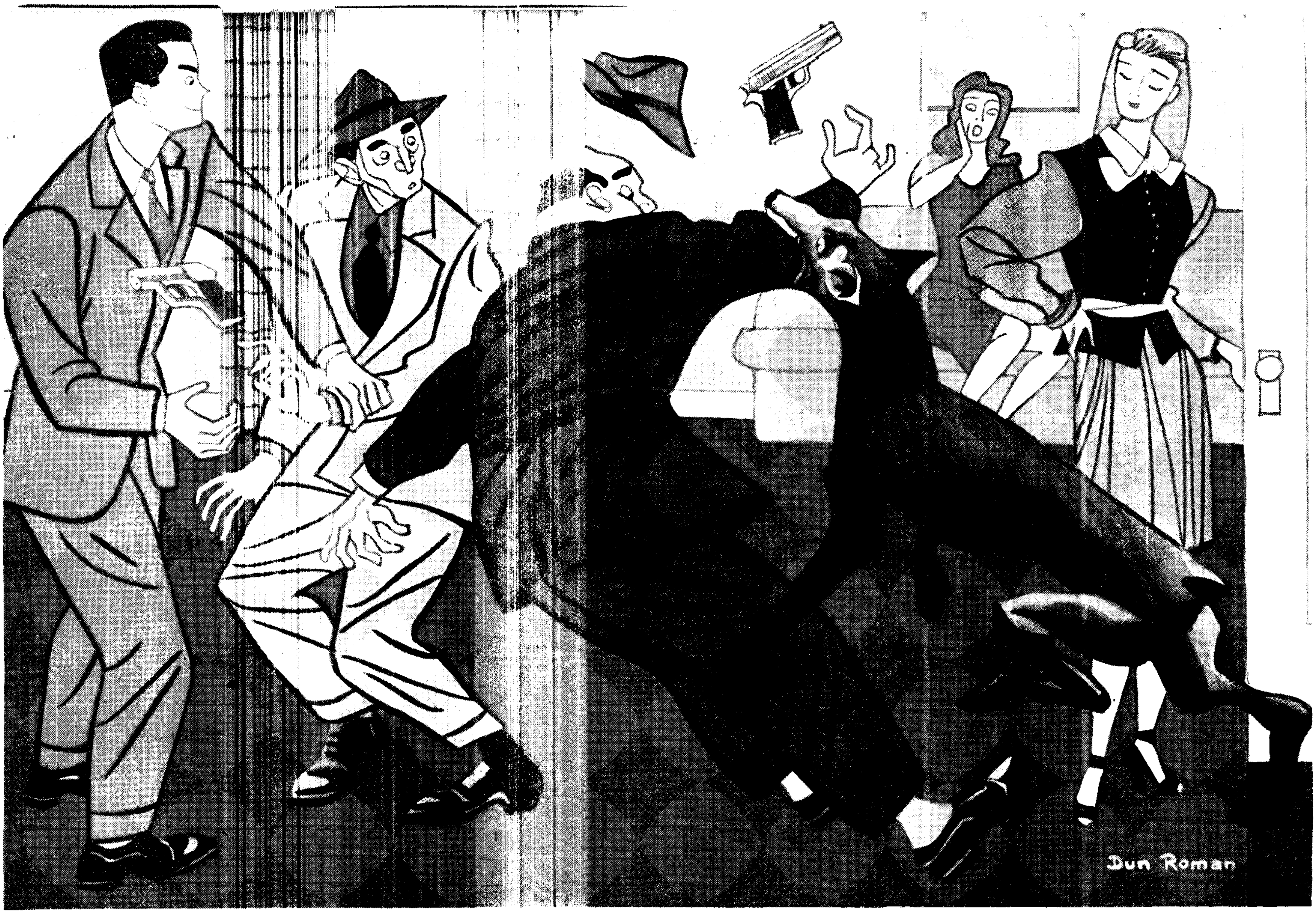
Now some bottlers and bakers and candymakers threaten to close some of their plants and to discharge thousands of workers for lack of it. Food packers say they may be obliged to reduce their output of fruits, jams and jellies and to shut down some of their establishments. And all this just when the nation most needs its victuals—what with winter only a couple of calendar pages away, fellow human beings to be fed in Europe and jobs needed for discharged soldiers and war workers.

The new shortage caught the distaff side of American life in the midst of preparations for that frenzied and wonderful national business of home canning. The womenfolk got out their boilers and wire baskets, thermometers and measuring bowls and shopped for new jar rings. Kids looked forward to licking ladles and scraping saucepans.

The housewives discovered the deficiency when they went down to their local rationing boards to obtain their special coupons for the sugar with which to do their canning, and were told that they couldn't have the anticipated 20 pounds for each member of their families, but only 15. They were also advised that they couldn't use more than five of the 15 pounds for jams and jellies, and would have to get along on only one pound of sugar for every four quarts of canned fruit. The allowance was cut from an expected maximum of 160 pounds for each family to 120.

The womenfolk in countless communities answered all of the questions in the OPA's Form R-341 about what they intended doing with what sugar they would receive and how much they had used last year and for what. Most were eventually given their canning

(Continued on page 67)



At Julia's command "Get 'em, Rodney," the dog hurled himself at Koski. Taking advantage of the moment, Henry struck Gus Pincus and the gun flew out of his hand

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG

BY EDWIN LANHAM

Conclusion

The Story:

Reporter Henry Barton downed too many rye gags in a Queens bar with Cop Joe Parelli, then saw an ex-war dog called Rodney hold up the proprietor (Nick) while its pert mistress, Julia Andrews, demanded bones for the animal. Forgetting his assignment—that of finding Abe Arnold, missing witness in the case of the racketeer, Mike Koski—Henry emerged from an alcoholic fog to find he'd faked a story of real robbery, phoned it in to his paper, and had lost Rodney when he tried to hide him from the police. Dodging his irate city editor, Mitchell, and battling two aggressive blondes—Bess Williams, a reporter, and Rodney's mistress, Julia, who turned out to be a lady cop—was no fun; but things got even worse when Henry renewed his hunt for Abe Arnold only to find himself competing with Racketeer Koski and his torpedoes, Gus Pincus and Bennie Smith. Learning that Koski had discovered Abe Arnold's girl, Olive Stone, Henry knew he had to work fast to find Abe first, then received a new blow when the missing Rodney (whom Henry had last seen with Gus Pincus) was reported to have held up another bar. Unable to explain to Julia that Gus Pincus was the root of the evil, Henry went home in despair. When he opened his door, he heard Rodney's menacing growl.

HENRY opened the door and whispered, "Easy, Rodney. Take it easy." He flicked on the light and stared at the Doberman. Rodney had a worn, harried look and his ears drooped a little. The sleek, proud air of his breed was gone and Rodney had a hang-dog look, a mobster's slouch.

Henry closed the door and leaned over cautiously to pat the Doberman's head. He thought that he should have suspected something of this sort. Mike Koski had been entirely too ingenuous in denying all knowledge of the dog. He remembered suddenly Gus Pincus stooping in the hall and picking up Olive Stone's keys. That was how he had been able to bring the dog back and put him in the room without disturbing Mrs. Mahoney. Mr. Pincus' evening, Henry thought, was thoroughly accounted for.

Henry looked sadly at the Doberman. "What am I going to do with you?" he said softly. "You're hotter than a firecracker."

He shook his head and felt for a cigarette. The pack he had got from Mike Koski was empty. His eyes strayed hopefully to the mantel. He saw no cigarettes there, but he saw something else, folded neatly on a corner of the mantel. It looked like a hangman's noose to Henry, but it was only a necktie—a handsome necktie, with blue cornflowers on a yellow field. Oscar's necktie.

Mike Koski was a perfectionist, Henry thought. He never slipped up on a detail. He had deposited Rodney and all the evidence in Henry's lap. He had framed him with a tattooed Doberman and a necktie.

The telephone rang downstairs, very loud in the still house. Rodney stiffened, and Henry bent quickly and held the dog's jaws closed, stifling a growl.

He heard Mrs. Mahoney below, answering the phone, then her feet on the stairs and her low voice calling, "Mr. Barton? Are you there, Mr. Barton?"

"Yes," Henry said.

"Telephone."

"Coming," Henry said.

Mrs. Mahoney was in the hall, in her dressing gown, when he opened the door; he closed it hastily.

"I wish you'd tell your lady friends not to call so late," Mrs. Mahoney said.

"Sorry," said Henry, thinking, lady friends? Julia? Olive Stone? It could be Olive Stone. He raced down the stairs to the telephone. But it was Bess Williams, saying, "Henry, we've been worried about you. Are you all right?"

"Sure."

"I've called everywhere, and Mitchell gave me this number and said to try it. What happened?"

"The gal got away, Bess. We followed her, but she gave us the slip. I think I've got a line for tomorrow though. Tell Mitchell, will you?"

"You should have called in," Bess said.

"Who are you, the city editor now?"

"I'm quoting Mitchell." Bess paused a moment. "Listen, Henry, I wanted to put it up to you first, before I did anything else about it."

"Put what up?" Henry said. "What are you talking about?"

"That necktie."

Henry leaned a little against the wall, hanging onto the telephone. "Well, what about it?"

"I talked to Oscar," Bess said. "He told me he bought it at Carver, Inc. It's hand-painted, Henry, and there was only one like it, Oscar said."

"Well, Oscar is an individualist."

"Someone else was an individualist, too." Bess said. "Whoever robbed the Trocadero."

"Well, I didn't do it," Henry said. "You know where I was."

"If there *is* another like it," Bess said, "Carver, Inc., should know who bought it. I thought if you took the tie down there tomorrow . . ."

"Carver, Inc., is the best necktie house in town," Henry said. "Somebody copied the design, that's all."

"Okay," Bess said. "I just wanted to talk to you before I saw Mitchell. After all, there's something odd about the whole thing. I don't want to get you into trouble again. You *do* have that tie, don't you?"

"I do," said Henry. "I certainly do."

"Just checking up," Bess said. "Mitchell says to keep after Abe Arnold."

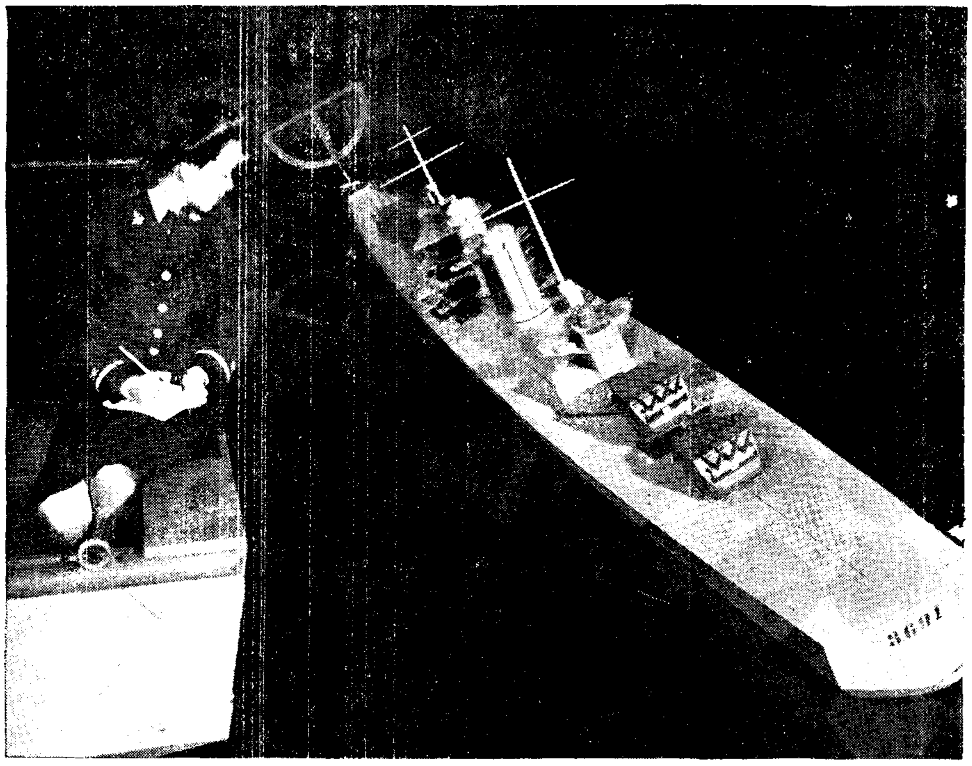
"Tell him I'll call early tomorrow," Henry said, and hung up.

Women, he thought as he climbed the stairs, you can't trust women. He hadn't put near enough butter on that little parsnip.

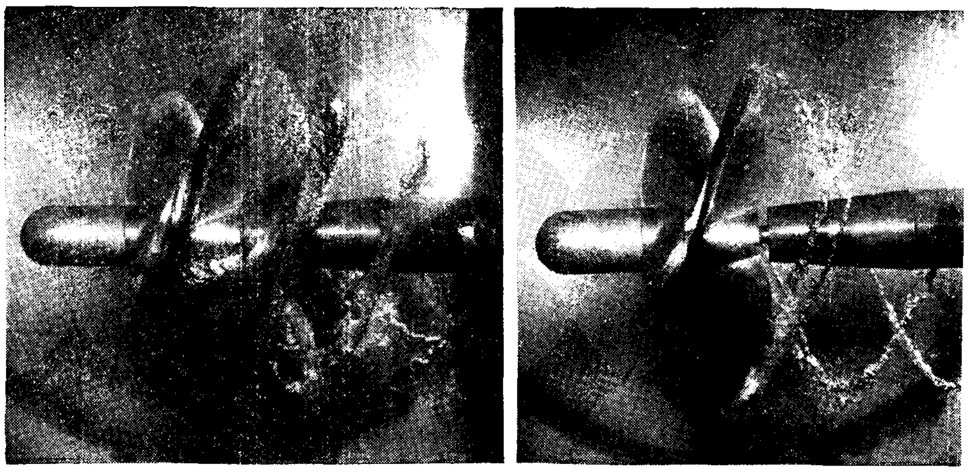
(Continued on page 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

A big Cleveland class cruiser, the Dayton, is displayed to the admirals of tomorrow. First classmen from Annapolis study the equipment of the new heavy hitter as Admiral Herbert S. Howard stands at the stern, explaining the function of the warship. Somewhere in this group of youthful faces are the Nimitzes and the Halseys and the Cochranes of 1975. The Dayton is faster than you think



The cruiser Brooklyn is down by the head and listing to port 25 degrees. Ensign Mary Nelson checks the stability readings on the bow. Tests like this determine how much damage the Brooklyn and her sisters can sustain without turning over



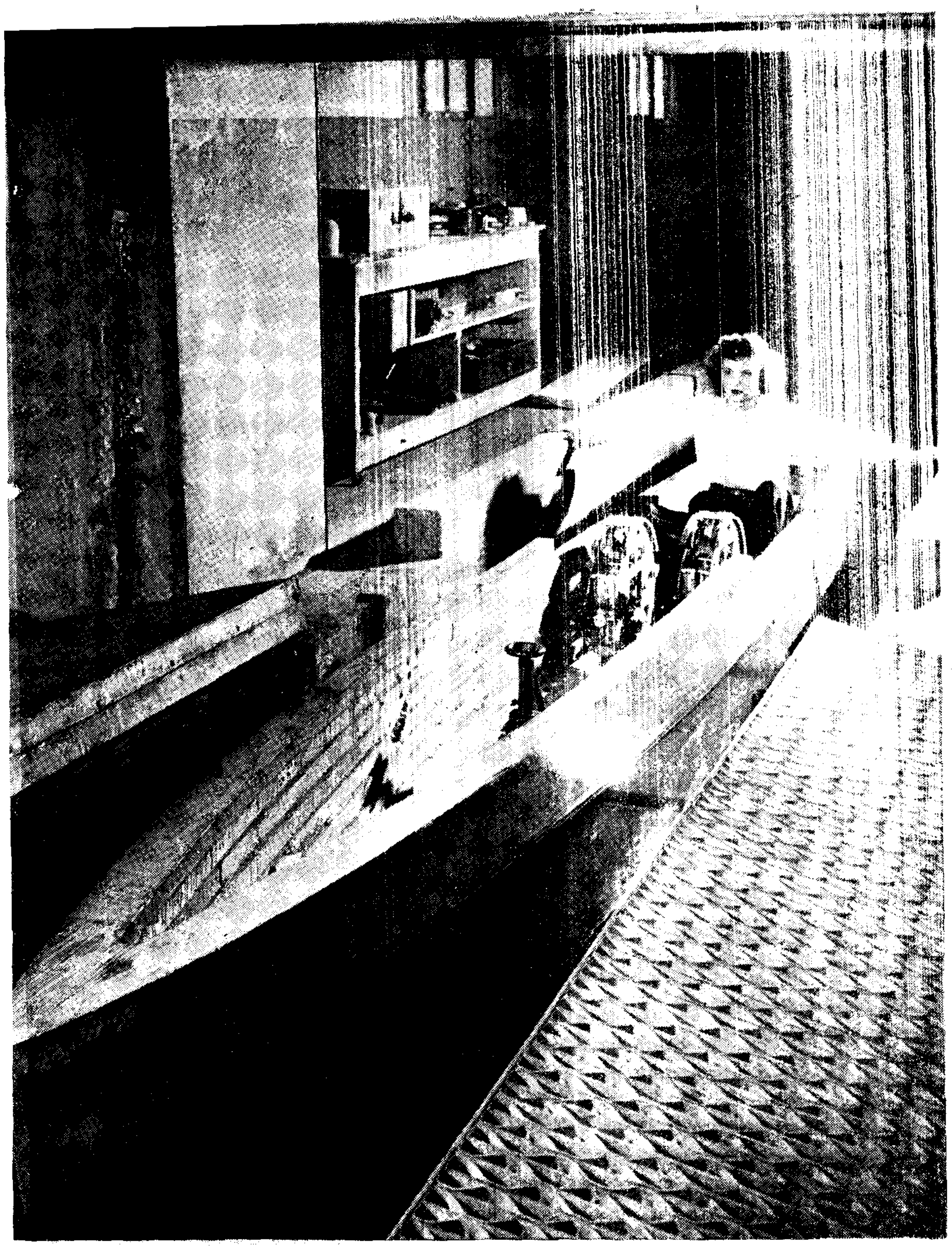
These propellers are small-scale models turning in a tank at 1,800 revolutions per minute. At left is an efficient blade, but, at high speed, air bubbles hug the edges and reduce efficiency of thrust. This is called cavitation. The propeller at right is not as efficiently designed, but shows less cavitation at high speed. It won the job. One third of the power comes from the thrusting side; two thirds from side nearest the ship

This is the outdoor basin. The man in the foreground has just detonated two explosions under the carrier hull. On the far dock stands Lt. Comm. Robert Browning, who will have the carrier hauled out to assess damage, recommend changes

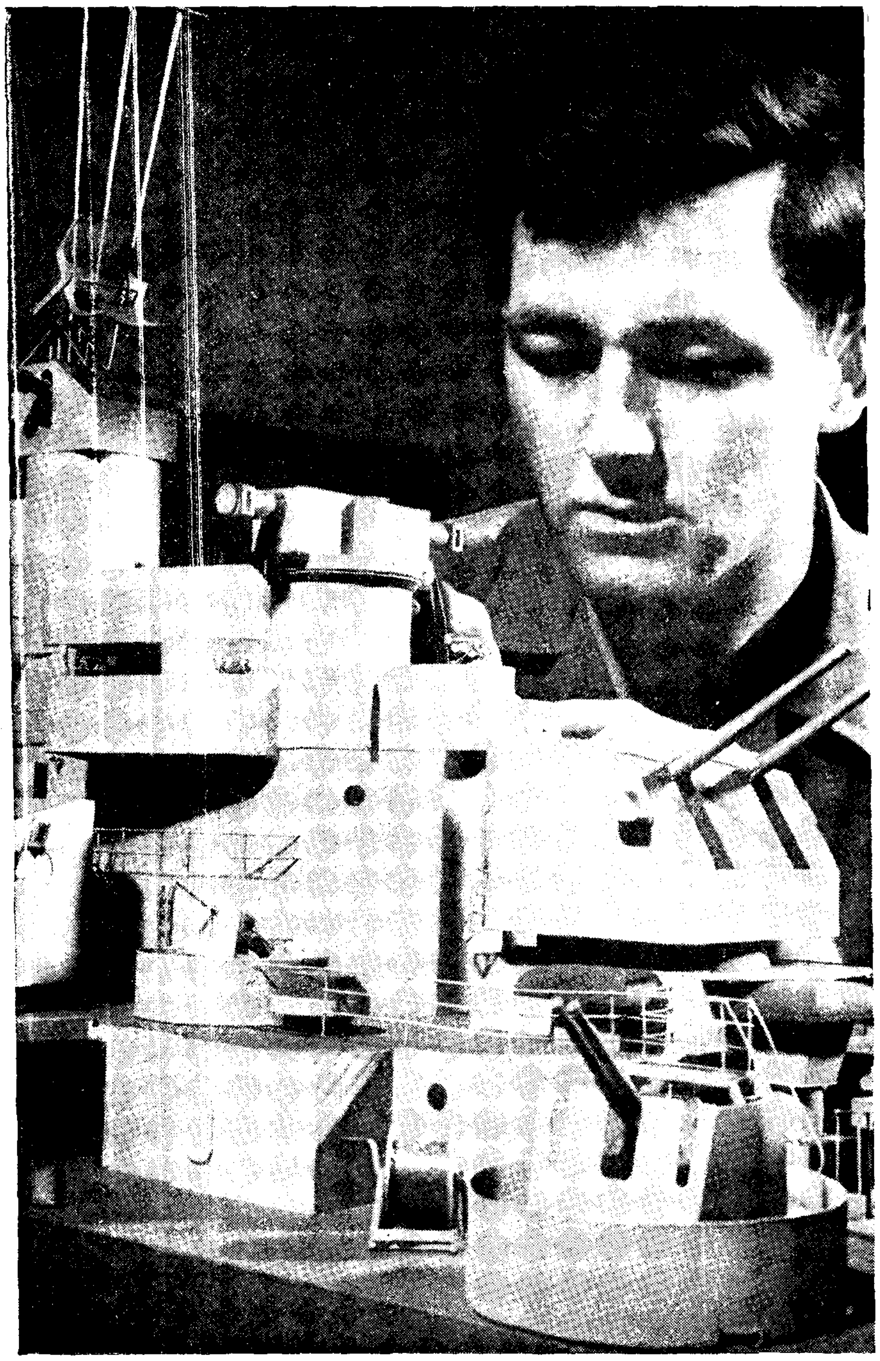
WE NOW have the world's greatest Navy. It is afloat and the Japanese navy—as a unit—isn't. But the Navy that we shall have tomorrow—unless Congress kills it in the planning stage—should keep us about four years ahead of the rest of the world. It would take any group of adversaries that long to match us in heavy fleet carriers alone. But, to *see* the Navy of tomorrow now—before the ships are built—we traveled to the banks of the Potomac.

The place is a cluster of lump-sugar buildings flanked by what looks like a half-finished subway. It's in Carderock, Maryland, and the sign on the granite gate says "David W. Taylor Model Basin." Rear Admiral Herbert S. Howard runs the "Model Basin," which is probably the best in the world. It tests model ships, torpedoes, gun-loading platforms, combat planes, propellers, anchors, depth bombs, mine-sweeping gear, range finders and superstructures. There are other things being tested that no one except Vice-Admiral Edward L. Cochrane, chief of the Bureau of Ships, knows about, and he isn't talking.

The Taylor Model Basin is a place of pure science. There is no margin for guess-



This model is still on the naval secret list. It is a big carrier built exactly to scale and is equipped with two dynamometers. These electrical motors will speed the craft up and down the 1,300-foot indoor towing basin and will make it execute high-speed turns. Dye plugs, fitted under the bow, will follow the flow of water and leave tracing stains on the hull. The girl operates the giant towing carriage which hauls the battlewagon models



Workmen at the towing basin hand-tool every part of the models. This ship is the U.S.S. Fargo, a cruiser so heavily gunned that it can take anything its weight afloat in a sea fight. Parts of this ship cannot yet be shown. In a shop across the street from this one, Navy scientists shoot tiny torpedoes into a glass tank. Result: improved "fish"

Tomorrow's Navy

BY JIM BISHOP

ing. So scientists and M.I.T. engineers and Stevens engineers and Annapolis engineers are all over the place, finding out answers to things hitherto thought impossible of solution. All day long, a giant carriage on rails hauls models of combat vessels up and down a 1,300-foot basin at speeds controlled within 0.01 of a knot. All day long, these models are studied for height and formation of bow waves, stability, maneuverability. When they leave the water, dye stains on the hull show whether the water flowed evenly or whether the hull design has created eddies.

All this is done in the deep-water basin, which is now being lengthened to about 3,000 feet and is built to the curvature of the earth. There is a high-speed basin where, for instance, PT models are tested. There is a shallow-water basin where sea-going tugs and LCIs and other landing craft are tested. There is a turning circle where a model battleship executes tight turns at high speed. From this, Admiral Howard's men can tell the Navy Department how well this particular battleship will be able to swing away from bombs after they leave enemy planes.

Not long ago, a certain Navy Yard phoned that they were launching a very big carrier and they were worried about how far the carrier would go toward the opposite bank before stopping. The basin engineers took the carrier in question off the model storage shelves, built a launching platform, sent it down into the shallow-water basin, watched it come to a stop and made computations. They phoned the Navy Yard and predicted where the carrier would halt. After the launching, the Yard phoned back and said that the Model Basin engineers were wrong by ten feet.

In a reduced-pressure tank, engineers set bronze models of cruiser propellers. The models are under ten inches in size. The real ones are as big as your living room. The models run at 1,800 revolutions per minute for hours on end in the battle against vacuum bubbles on the backs of the blades. This is called cavitation, and everything it touches under water loses efficiency. It affects torpedoes and depth bombs and rudders, too. At the Taylor Model Basin, they have discovered enough antidotes to cavitation to reduce it to a minimum.

At the outdoor basin, Lieutenant Commander Robert Browning conducted underwater explosion tests. This pond was built with a bumpy bottom so that shock echoes would not bounce back upward after hitting bottom. Then the Navy borrowed that Humpty Dumpty of a diving bell, the Beebe bathysphere, which is thick enough to withstand great depths and light explosions. They lower it 25 feet to the bottom of the pond and set off explosions. Cameras geared to one thirty-thousandth of a second photograph the blast, the shock circles and echoes. Soon we will know two things: how to set off the most damaging types of explosions against an enemy; how to build hulls to withstand the worst blasts.

The trend in our Navy is toward bigger combat ships in each class. The destroyer of 1918 averaged a little better than a thousand tons. Today's destroyer (the U.S.S. English is an example, is listed as 2,200 tons) probably weighs better than 3,000, and could battle a World War I cruiser and win. In 1904, the proud battleship Texas was slightly better than 6,000 tons. Today an Iowa-class battlewagon, full load, rates better than 52,000 tons.

The same is true of carriers. The Franklin D. Roosevelt, not yet in commission, will weigh more than 45,000 tons against the 27,000 tons of the Essex class. We have *light* cruisers weighing 10,000 tons—they used to weigh 6,000—and heavy cruisers of the Baltimore class of 13,000 tons, instead of the onetime 9,000.

The result of this fattening has been the creation of—for us—two new classes of ships: the battle cruiser and the destroyer escort. The battle cruiser Guam is 27,000 tons, as heavy as our old battleship New York. The new destroyer *escort* Reuben James is 1,300 tons, heavier by 110 tons than the gallant *destroyer* for which it was named.

So far in this war, we have built 161 types of combat-ship models. Every one has been tested. Some, either built, building, or parts of tomorrow's Navy, are shown on these pages. The big exhibition models cost as much as $3,000 or more apiece. The function of all models at the basin is to show all the strengths and weaknesses before building the actual warship.

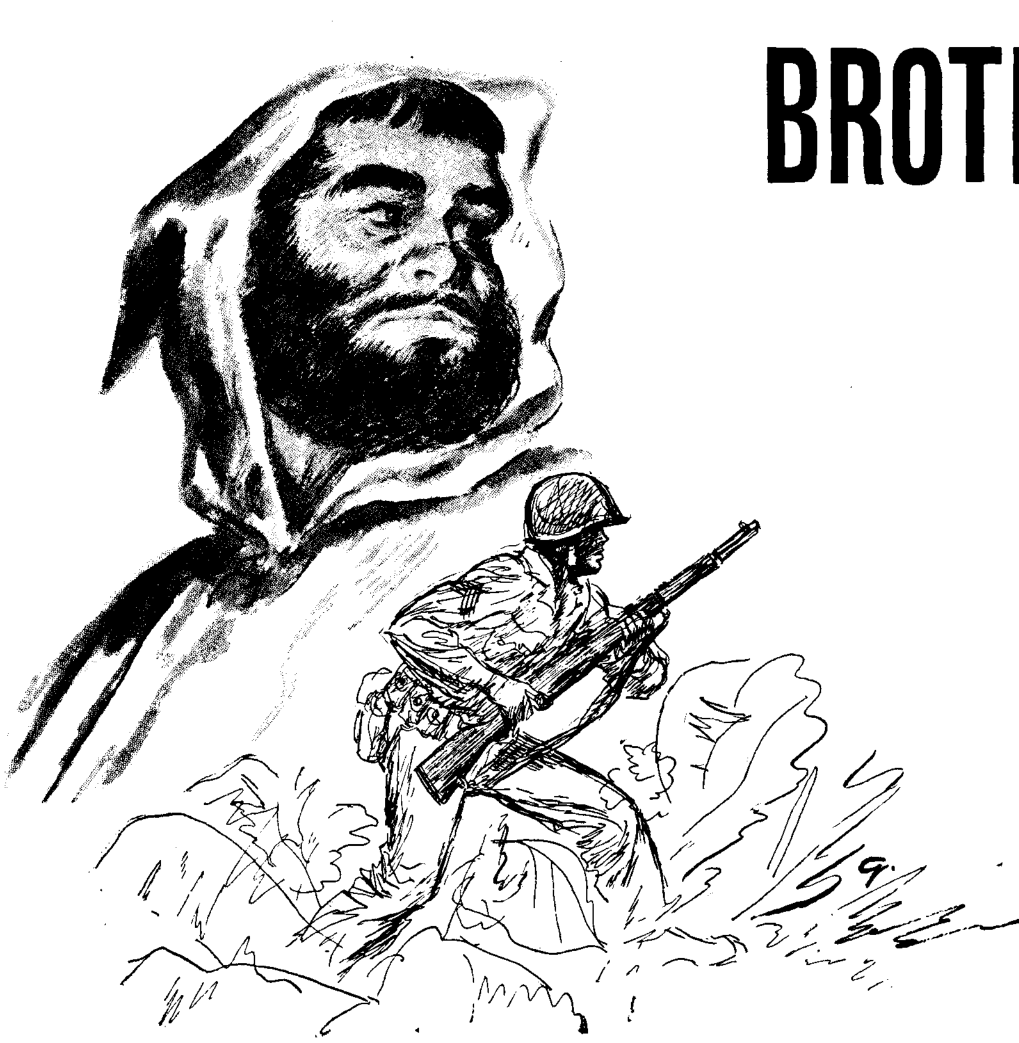
It's a very low-premium insurance policy for us to carry. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN—PIX

BROTHER LEATHERNECK

BY HECTOR CHEVIGNY

When the monastery gates closed behind him, Anthony P. Garite walked out into greater loneliness than he had known in the solitude of his cell. He joined the Marines, fought through the battles of the Pacific, and found in war the peace his troubled spirit had sought



When the time approached for him to take his final vows, he asked the abbot for release. . . . Two years slipped by. It was 1940. His country feared war . . . and he was being called to active duty

WALKING Brooklyn's crowded streets alone with his loneliness—that was the way he spent his evenings that fall of 1938—he had often noticed that the crowd of young men hanging around that Marine recruiting office seemed to have a very good time laughing and talking together. One evening he went in. There was something he had to know.

It was hard to tell his age—twenty-five, maybe thirty. He was one of those people in whom you sensed at once some important, subtle difference. Not that there was much about his appearance to suggest it. At first glance you'd take him for some laborer of Italian, French, or maybe Basque extraction. He had a square, dark face and a mop of curly black hair that needed cutting badly. His clothes didn't fit well and his hands were hardened and stained. In build he was on the chunky side; he gave the impression of great physical strength but so do many men without seeming set apart from others. That was it; he seemed set apart.

The place was crowded. He had to wait a few minutes for the sergeant to finish talking to another man. He could feel stares directed at him, hear the talk and laughter die a little. He was used to that. He was well aware that he was different from other men. It was his reason for coming here.

"Next," the sergeant called, and he stepped up.

Now he had to ask that question. He stood there, frowning. He had had the question all phrased a minute ago. Now he had to think of the words again.

The sergeant tried to help him. "Want to join?"

He nodded—yes. That was part of what he wanted.

"Name?" asked the sergeant.

"Anthony P. Garite," the man answered. He was unmarried, twenty-five years old, lived in a rooming-house section of Brooklyn, and his occupation was a plumber's helper.

"No next of kin?" the sergeant asked.

The man shook his head.

"Then that's all. Any questions?"

The question, when it finally came, made the sergeant stare. Of all the weird questions he, as a recruiting officer, had been asked, this one took the cake. But he gave an answer which seemed to satisfy the man. He smiled, gestured his thanks, and turned to go without another word.

"What's the matter, Sarge?" asked a young man who had been watching. "You look floored."

"I am," the sergeant answered. "Now I've heard everything. That guy wanted to know if he joined the Reserve, would he get enough practice talking to make a few friends."

Anthony Garite's need for companionship came on him rather late in life. As a child he had been peculiarly alone. All that is known of him begins with the time that one of the priests attached to Brooklyn's Franciscan church spoke to a dark, square-faced lad of ten who had formed a habit of spending his afternoons in the empty church, staring at the altar.

"You ought to get outdoors and play, son," the priest told him.

The boy left obediently but was back the next day. After that he was always to be found around the grounds of the Franciscan church. He had a home somewhere but never spoke about it and, judging from the state of his clothes, it must have been a very poor one. He fell into the habit of helping around the church—gardening, assisting at repair work and eating his meals in the rectory. The priests gave him clothes, saw that he went to school regularly and helped him with his studies.

A Nature That Craved Solitude

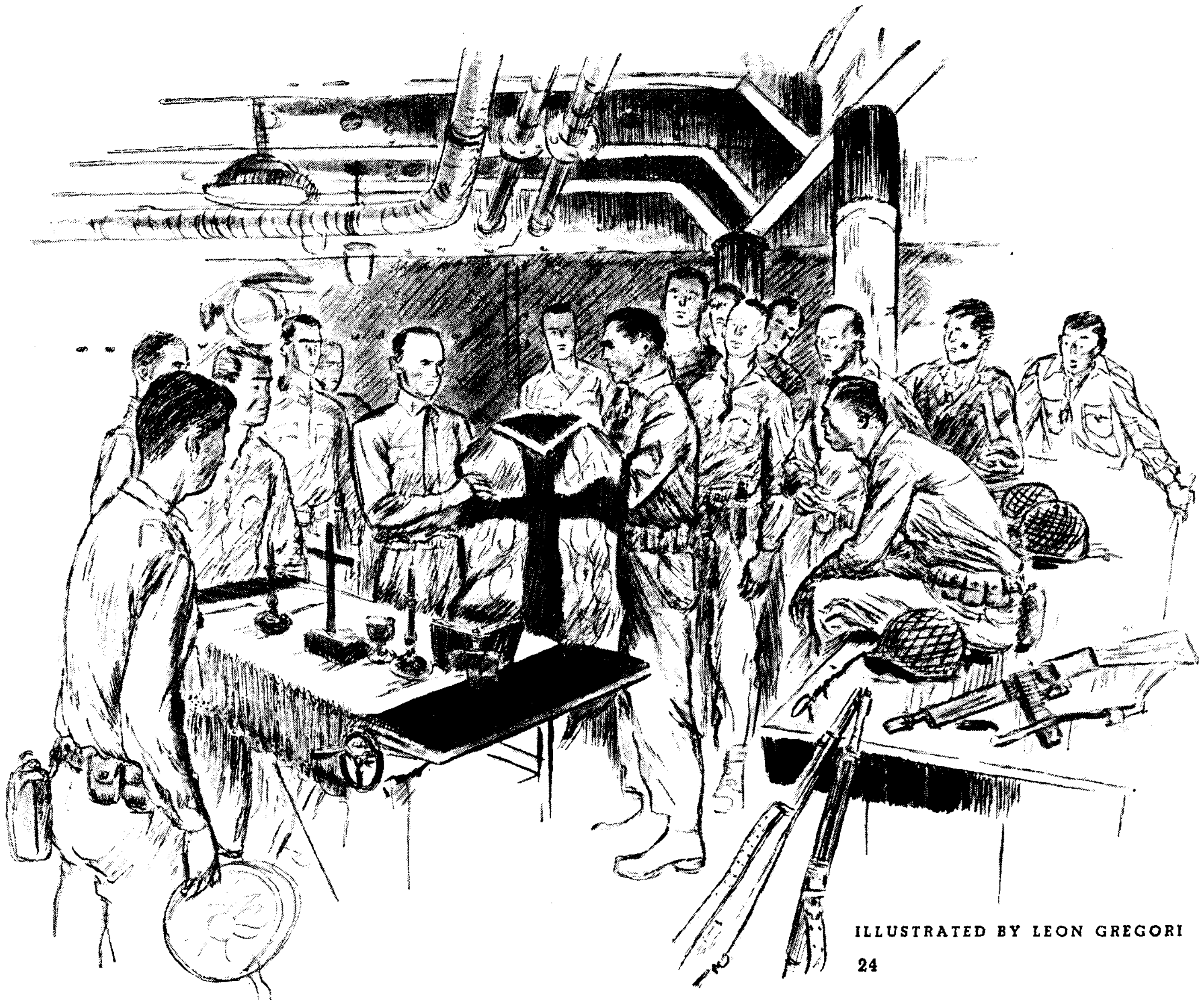
When it came time for him to go to high school, though, he didn't show much interest. His way didn't seem to lie along the lines of other people's ambitions; he liked to work, by himself, with tools. The Franciscans encouraged the vocation that seemed to be rising in him, and when he was sixteen, they accepted his application for entrance to their order as a lay brother.

This didn't alter his life much—outwardly. Inwardly, though, there was a change. He began spending more hours in the chapel than were required. He grew more and more silent; he became more withdrawn. After two years, the Father Superior called Anthony into his office one day and asked him if he would not prefer to belong to the Order of Reformed Cistercians—the monks who call themselves Trappists. It was an idea that had occurred to Anthony, too. They wrote to the abbot of the monastery of Our Lady of the Valley, at Cumberland, Rhode Island, who granted an interview. This was in 1930.

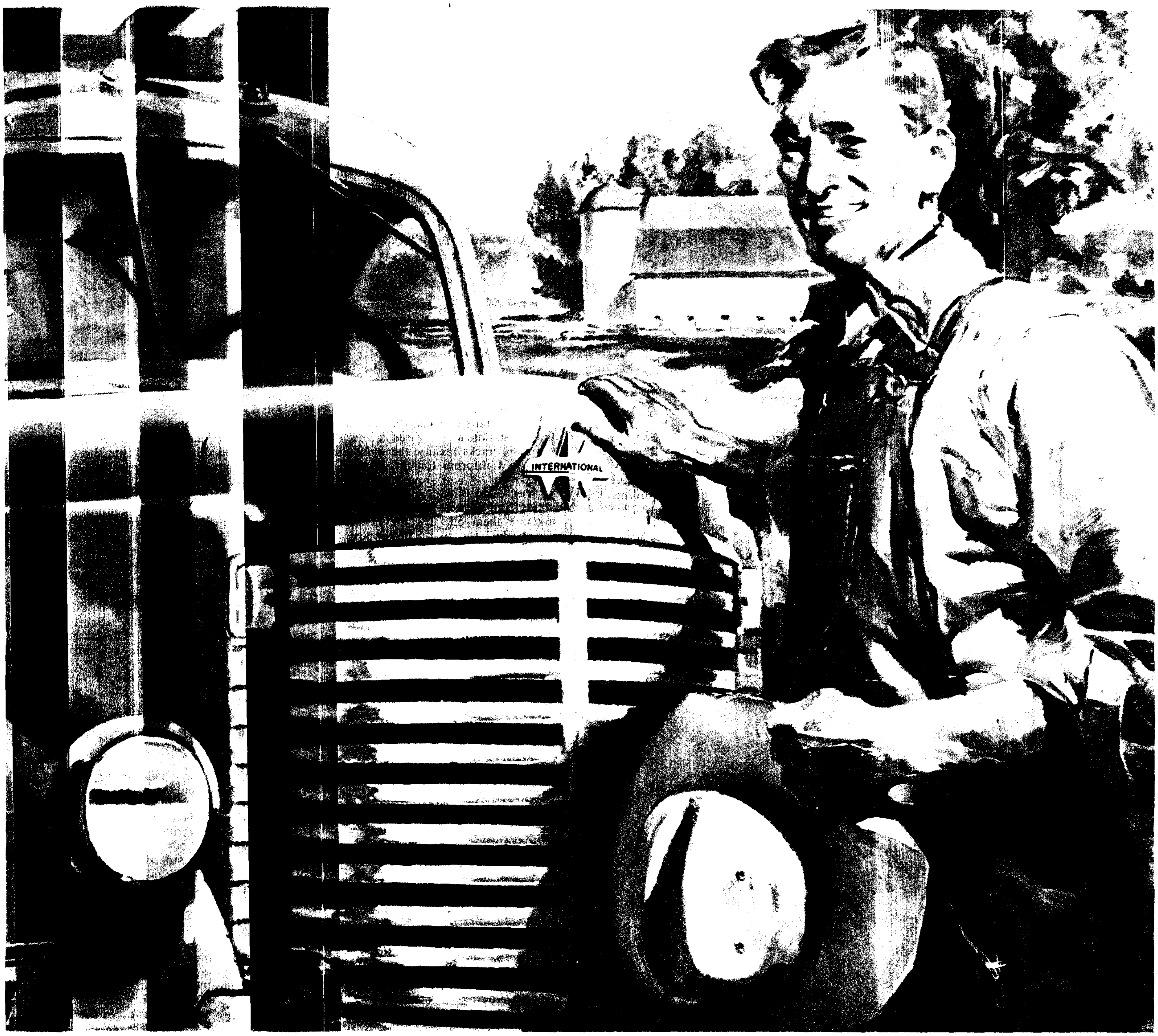
There are things on this earth which baffle

(Continued on page 75)

He helped the priest don his vestments. . . . The crowded wardroom watched Monk with wonderment. . . . His gestures were deliberate. He seemed to be at home, to belong to the performance of this rite



ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI



BIGGEST TRUCK USER IN THE WORLD

HE'S THE BIGGEST truck user in the world—the American farmer. More than one-third of all the country's motor trucks are on the farms—double the number used in any other industry.

Yes, he's a big truck user—the American farmer.

And the trucks he's using today are old trucks. He's had mighty few new trucks for the last five years.

But what a job—what a *war* job—the American farmer has been doing to feed America's fighters and her allies—to feed the world. For eight years in a row American farmers have broken all previous records of food production.

With millions of farm men and boys gone off to war industry, and with less than one-fourth the new farm machinery of pre-war years, the men, women and children left on our farms, by working unceasingly from sunup to sundown, have produced the greatest crops in history.

And got the food to market by keeping their old trucks running.

Our hats are off to the American farmer.

We're proud that the dependable and economical operation of rugged International Trucks has contributed to the farmer's unparalleled job. And that International Service (the nation's largest company-owned truck service organization) has helped to keep the farmer's trucks rolling.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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NEW TRUCKS—The government has authorized the manufacture of a limited quantity of International Trucks for essential civilian hauling. See your International Dealer or Branch for valuable help in making out your application.

Buy MORE War Bonds and KEEP Them

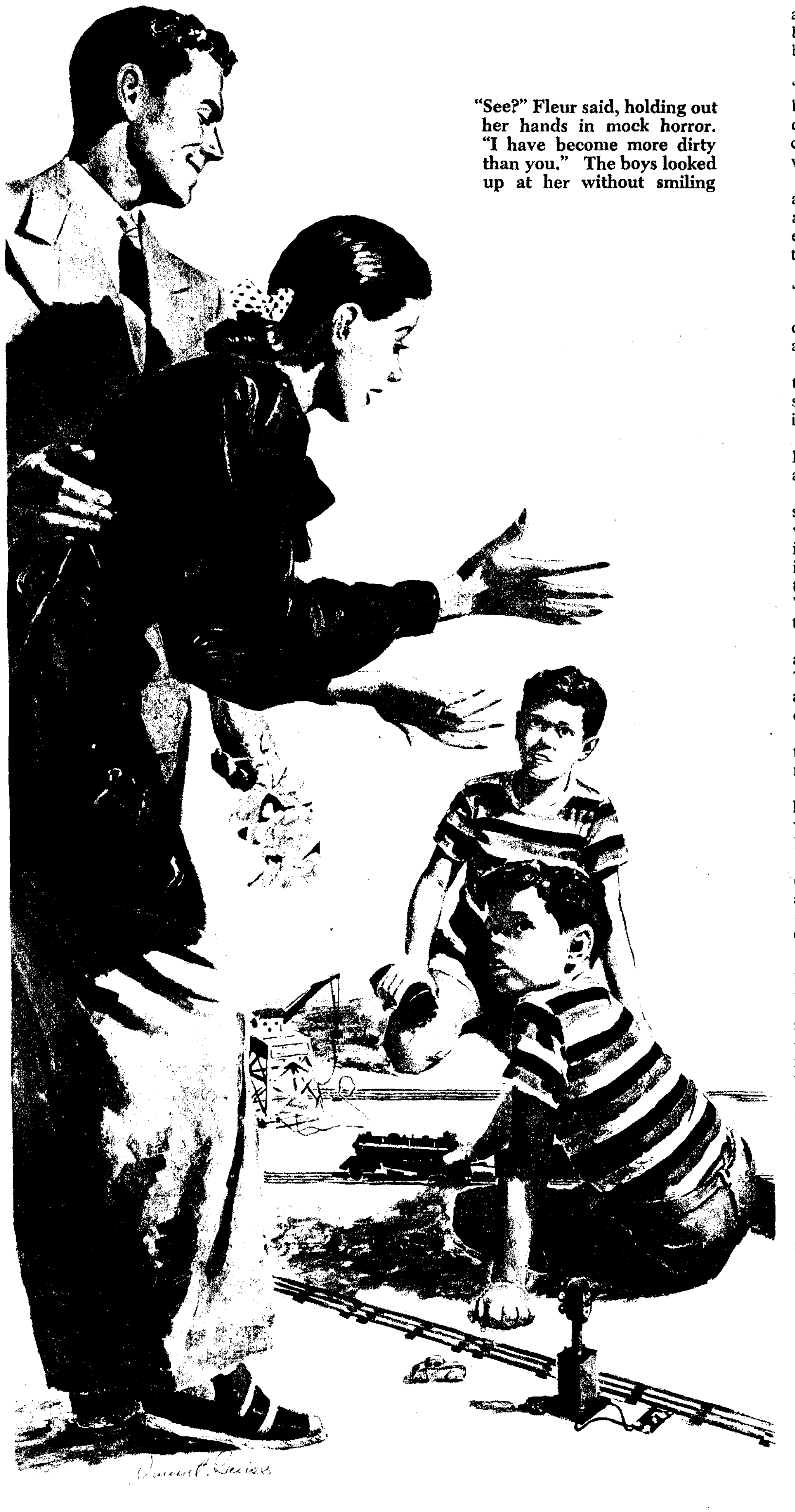
INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL *Trucks*

Work of Art

by Betty Byrd

A short short story complete on this page



"See?" Fleur said, holding out her hands in mock horror. "I have become more dirty than you." The boys looked up at her without smiling

JOHN stopped at a florist's in Grand Central and bought some gardenias for Fleur, but even as he selected them, he thought: I should bring the twins something, too, because if I don't . . . Then he remembered that their birthday was Saturday, so there would be plenty of gifts then. There was no reason on earth why he shouldn't bring gardenias home to Fleur. After all, the boys were polite. And then he thought: That's just it. Too polite—to Fleur.

It hadn't occurred to him when he brought her home from France three months ago that Billy and Peter would resent their new mother. They had been too little to remember much about Katherine's death, so there could be no feeling about Fleur taking her place, and yet, from the very beginning, he had sensed that to them, Fleur was strange and foreign.

It was dusk when he got off the train, and as he walked slowly up to the house, the boys came bounding out like puppies, tumbling down the porch steps into his arms.

"Daddy, come look," shouted Peter. "Come upstairs and see what we built. Billy built a station and I wired it and I've laid out more tracks because the trains are going clear to California tonight, express, all the way."

"Yes," said Billy. "All the passengers are aboard and we were waiting for you to come and see them off. It's the fastest run we ever made." He saw the flower box. "What's that?"

"Gardenias for your mother," said John. "Where is she?"

"Aw, out in the garage with that messy old plaster. Why does she have to fool around sculpturing people?"

John laughed. "Because she's a sculptress, that's why, just like I'm an architect. Besides, she's doing a head for Mayor Rutledge, and it's got to be ready by Friday."

"She won't let us in there to watch," said Peter. "She locked the door. I don't care anyway." He kicked a chair leg.

"Look," said John. "You don't understand. Your mother's a great artist and she's very famous. This commission for the mayor is important, so she mustn't be disturbed till it's finished. It's like when you are wiring stations and planning a town along the tracks. You want to do a good job and not be interrupted."

He saw that the boys accepted this, but he also saw that they didn't really understand. They wanted Fleur to conform, to carry on a domestic routine like the mothers of the other kids they knew.

Upstairs in the attic which the boys had transformed into a railroad yard, John admired the new station.

When he heard Fleur coming up the stairs he met her in the doorway. Her red smock was smudged with clay and she held out her hands to the boys in mock horror.

"See?" she said. "I have become more dirty than you. I shall have to scrub and scrub to get this off." She turned to John and kissed him. "I am so sorry. I lost all count of time, and dinner will be late."

He pinned the gardenias on her smock and stroked her black hair. "Never mind, I'll help you. We can open some cans."

"No, I shall make a soufflé in no time, you shall see. But first"—she went over to Billy—"you must show me this so wonderful railroad station. How did you make it, of a wooden box?"

"Yes," he said. "It's nothing much." His voice was unenthusiastic.

"It is a beautiful station," she said.

"It's okay," said Billy.

"Do you know," said Fleur, "what you should have is a tunnel. You should see the ones they have in the Alps. Why, one of them is over twelve miles long and two thousand feet high."

"Oh," said Billy. "Daddy, could we have a tunnel? Could we?"

"I've told you," said John. "You can only have what you can build yourselves. Do you know how much tunnels cost in a store?"

"I guess a whole lot," said Billy.

"What do we want with one of those old things?" Peter said. He looked at Fleur, and his chin was defiant. "I bet you never saw a tunnel as big as that, anyway."

"Peter!" John's voice was sharp.

But Fleur laughed. "We will have dinner," she said brightly. "Right away. I think perhaps we are all very hungry."

And that night after the boys were in bed, Fleur said suddenly, "Darling, may we take the boys for a picnic Saturday, for their birthday?"

"They'd love that," John said.

Her hand, strong and supple caressed his cheek. "I want them to be happy, because I am. I have so much! A home, a husband—"

"And children, Fleur."

"No," she said. "Not yet. But perhaps they will see, Billy and Peter, that if I cannot quite be a mother I can be a playmate."

She was like a child, he thought, planning the picnic. And the next afternoon while they wrapped the presents, she fairly glowed as she exclaimed over the locomotive and the baseball bats and the two shiny little rifles.

It was cool that night, and they sat by the fire and popped corn. Fleur was wearing a willow-green robe caught at the waist with an antique pin, and John, watching her, felt a rush of tenderness; she had been working most of the day in the garage studio and there were shadows under her eyes. Once she looked down at Billy on the hearthrug and he moved toward her a little, put out a hand and touched her skirt.

"Shall I tell you a story?" she asked.

He nodded. "A story about a tunnel, the biggest tunnel in the world."

She told them a story about the biggest train and the biggest tunnel and the bravest engineer in the world. And when she came to the happy ending, Peter moved over to her, too.

"Do you know any more?" he said.

"Yes, many more. But—" She looked at the clock on the mantel—"I have a great deal of work to finish tonight. You will forgive me, John. I am so sorry—"

John nodded. "Of course, if you must." But he thought: Of all nights, of all times, just when the boys were enchanted. . . .

"That ol' sculpture," said Peter.

"Never mind," John said. "It's time you were in bed anyway."

THE boys were up at six the next morning tearing around the house in their pajamas too excited to eat their breakfast until they could look at their presents. They were enthralled with the rifles and the baseball bats, but they dashed for the attic when the locomotive was unwrapped.

"Let us go, too," said Fleur. "I would like to watch."

Up in the attic, they found the boys standing in silence before the railroad. Halfway to California on the express line was a tunnel. It was over a foot long, bounded by rocks, and above it grew trees, and through it the tracks gleamed out in a bright path. On either side were patches of moss and plants and high up, near the top, was a mountain lake with two real little fish in it.

Peter touched the tunnel with trembling fingers. Billy knelt and peered inside it. John looked at Fleur, and she nodded, smiling.

"Gee!" said Peter. "*That's* a tunnel! Gee, Daddy, thanks!"

"Thank your mother," said John.

"Oh, it is nothing much," she said. "If I had had more time, I—"

"You made it? You built it yourself?" Peter's voice was awed. "How?"

She sat on the floor. "You take a wooden box and you cut out holes in it here and here."

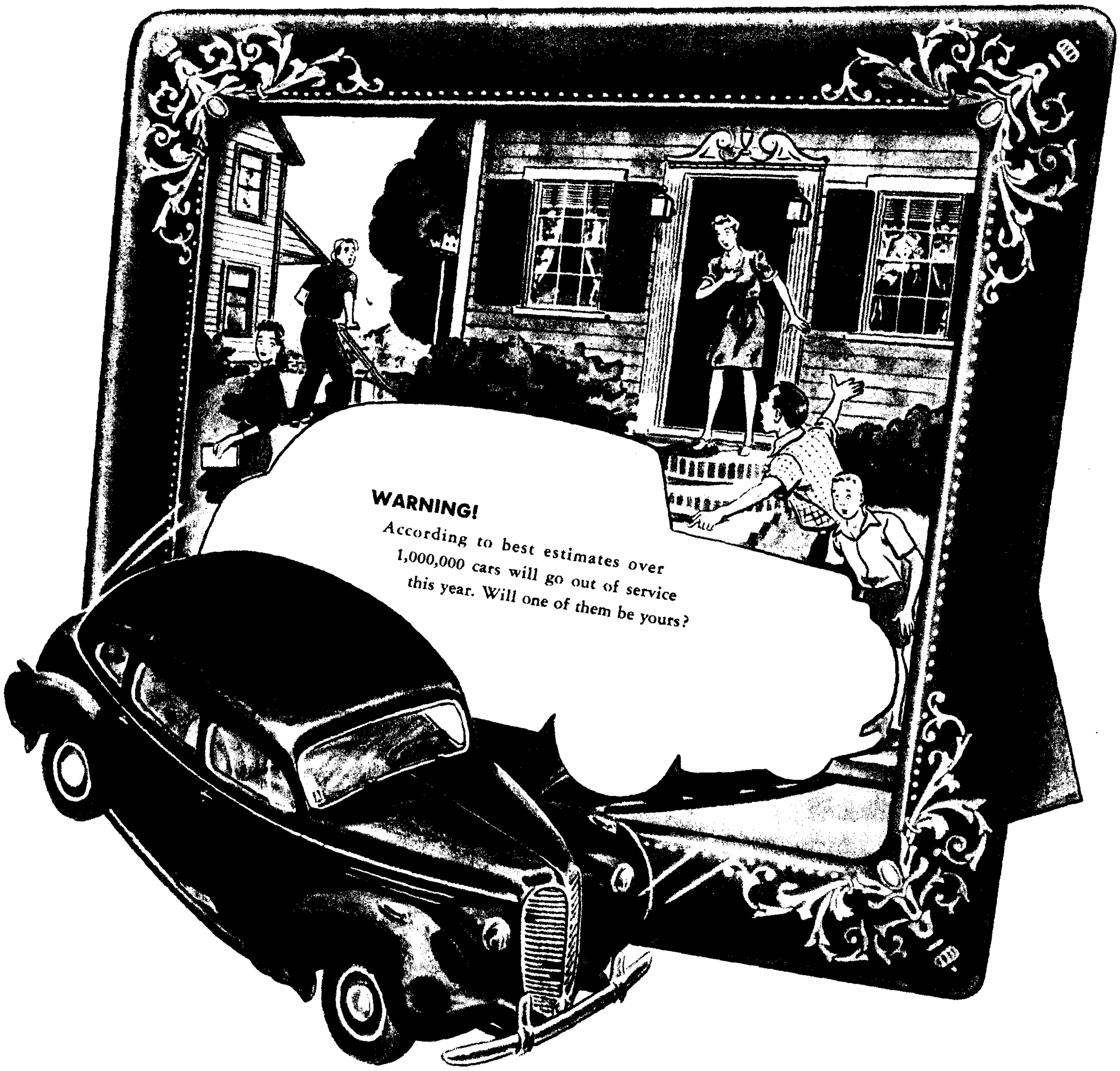
"Yes?"

"And then you saw a tunnel shape at both ends, like this, and you take some plaster of Paris, but before you mix it with water, you ruffle up some newspapers, like hills. . . ."

Billy had crawled into her lap. "Go on," he said. "Tell us, how do you get it to look like rocks on top? And could we make another lake down the line? And how do you get the trees to stand up?"

She told them how, and then they started the trains going. Whistles blew, passengers got aboard, and the bravest engineers in the world wound the cars around curves, up mountainsides and down into valleys. And John, watching his wife and sons sprawled laughing on the floor, saw the locomotive chug into the tunnel and out into the sunlight.

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE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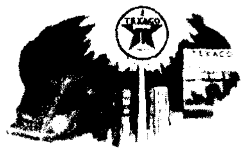

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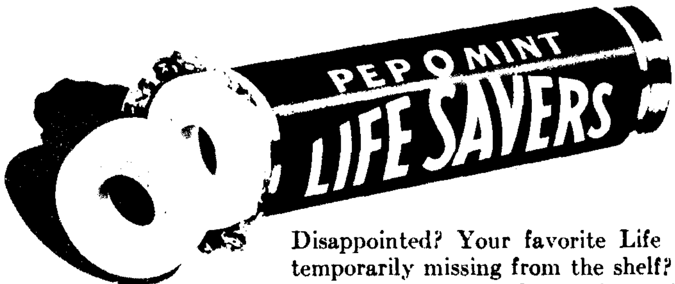


Disappointed? Your favorite Life Savers temporarily missing from the shelf? Don't fret. Life Savers are lining the pockets of servicemen overseas. Try other flavors—they're all swell!

This Is For Real

Continued from page 13

Air Base, and the brief, sporadic bit of flying only heightened her sense of loss. She had to forget it . . . she should have forgotten it long ago, but the pride she'd taken in being an officer, in working for the government, flying day in and day out alongside men—these things meant too much to her. . . . She opened her book, a fast mystery with a red-haired detective, very gory and tough.

The porter called the dinner hour. She started up. The mystery writer had done a good job. Gunner MacFadyen said diffidently, "If we hurry, we'll beat the mob."

"Right!" she said. "Time flew today."

"Did it?" he said, as though he could not agree. He opened the car door and the train lurched. He held the door steady and when she braced herself against him, his other arm went around her, impersonally, strongly, and she was momentarily surprised that she did not resent it. There was a line already waiting at the diner. They stood and he did not make conversation. He was fine.

RETURNING to their car, he paused in the vestibule and said, "Smoke?"

She took a cigarette from him and he flicked a gold lighter at its end. He handed her the pack and said, "I'm quitting those, too, for a while."

She said, "Tell me about yourself and this abstinence." She was really interested in him. It was amazing, but it was good, too. Maybe, she thought, she was beginning to get over the resentment, the sense of loss, after all. . . .

He said, "I'm a dull gyrene, with sisters and cousins and aunts. I'm going to fight Jack Handley for the War Fund."

She said, "A handsome Joe like you not married?"

He could smile at that, rubbing his solid jaw, his freckled, unlovely nose. "I don't even know your name."

"Dare," she said, "Cornelia Dare. A lady bum. Been lots of places but ain't goin' nowhere now."

He ground his left fist into his right palm. He said, "You're out on a limb. . . . Let's go in. Talk's no good."

"How right you are," she said. They went back to the intimacy of the double seat. The light was no good for reading. They arranged themselves for sleeping. He was very good about it, and his shoulder was comfortable, she was amazed to find. . . . At earliest dawn they awoke and Conny's face was a sight, she knew, but Gunner looked as neat as when he had fallen asleep.

She put her hands to her head and Gunner said, "Hey! You're pretty! Golly! In the morning even!" It was the first time he had grinned openly at her and he had the whitest teeth she had ever seen.

She said, "Gunner, once that would have set me up for the day. Now—"

The freckles ceased to glow. "Don't go on," he said. "I only meant you're the kind of girl I like to have on my side, and when you woke up, without thinking about anything and looked at me, it seemed like you were on my side. . . ."

She said, "You mean that? You mean it showed on me?"

He said, "You're not interested in me. You shouldn't be. We all got to fight it out for ourselves. . . ."

She said, "I am interested in you. I don't know why. I am supposed to be interested in an airplane driver from the Bomber Command. You make me feel good, Gunner. Now let me go and do my face." She went and dug down for a lipstick and used it. She had said too much, she thought. She was a fool. A Wac came into the ladies' room and used too much space, acting uppity, and yesterday Conny would have quickly put her in a brace and taught her a lesson but today she quietly went out and back to her seat. . . .

PEOPLE were getting ready for debarkation. Gunner worked his left fist into his right palm and looked hard at the girl. She was middle-sized, strong and good to look at, and he thought she was different from when she had stared at him as they met. She acted better. In the beginning he had been attracted by her somber curtness, which matched his mood, but now he was certain that he liked her better this way.

He looked down at his hands and stopped grinding them. His fingers ached. He licked his lips. They were dry.

Conny said, "You don't look too happy, Gunner."

"You don't read the papers, do you?" he said.

"Not lately," she admitted. "Been busy."

He liked the gray lights in her eyes. He said, "I'm fighting Jack Handley, remember? In two weeks."

She said, "Are you that good?"

"No," he said. "It's just an idea I had. I'll get murdered."

"Uh-huh," she nodded. "I saw Handley last year, when I got grounded in St. Louis. . . . He beat some boy unmercifully. He cuts you up, Handley does. I advise you not to fight him."

"That's good advice," MacFadyen said.

"You look like you cut easily," Conny said.

"That's right," said Gunner. He had an impulse to tell her the whole thing. About the medal, about everything. She might understand, and that would be wonderful. He said, "Look, will you be around town?"

"At the Golconda for a few days," she said. "I'm just—drifting. Looking for an anchor, I guess."

"Drifting's no good," he said. Their eyes met and he was aware of the weariness that was hers and of the turbulence inside her. It had to do with her job being cut off, he knew, and the way the Wasps had been tossed around. "The Golconda. . . . I'll call you, Conny, if it's okay."

"Yes," she said. "It's okay. It'll be fine."

He carried his own bag and hers up the ramp and through the gate. Then the crowd came and she was swept away and he felt a distinct personal loss.

There was Patsy and the Jacobs Beach mob and the newsmen and photographers and the public relations officer from the Corps. They raised a hullabaloo, and then came Jack Handley himself to greet the hero. Jack grabbed Gunner and pronounced, "Me and him'll put on the greatest middle bout ever seen in this burg."

Patsy said, "You want out, huh, Gunner? . . . That Handley, that 'me and him' bum. Bein' noble, that punk!"

GUNNER kept his face straight and serious, because of the Corps and what people expected, until Patsy got him out of it. Little Patsy with his green double-breasted suit, his wizened face concerned, lugging the heavy bag, fighting off the crowd, taking Gunner crosstown to the quiet old Henry Hotel.

There was a suite and Patsy said, "I'm stayin' with you, Gunner. What a hero you are, huh? From Congress a medal, yet." He closed his rattrap mouth, opened it and said harshly, "A hero! So you sign to fight Handley, you don't consult me? A bum, you are. Handley will moralize you. A machine gun you got maybe, to shoot Handley? Ha?"

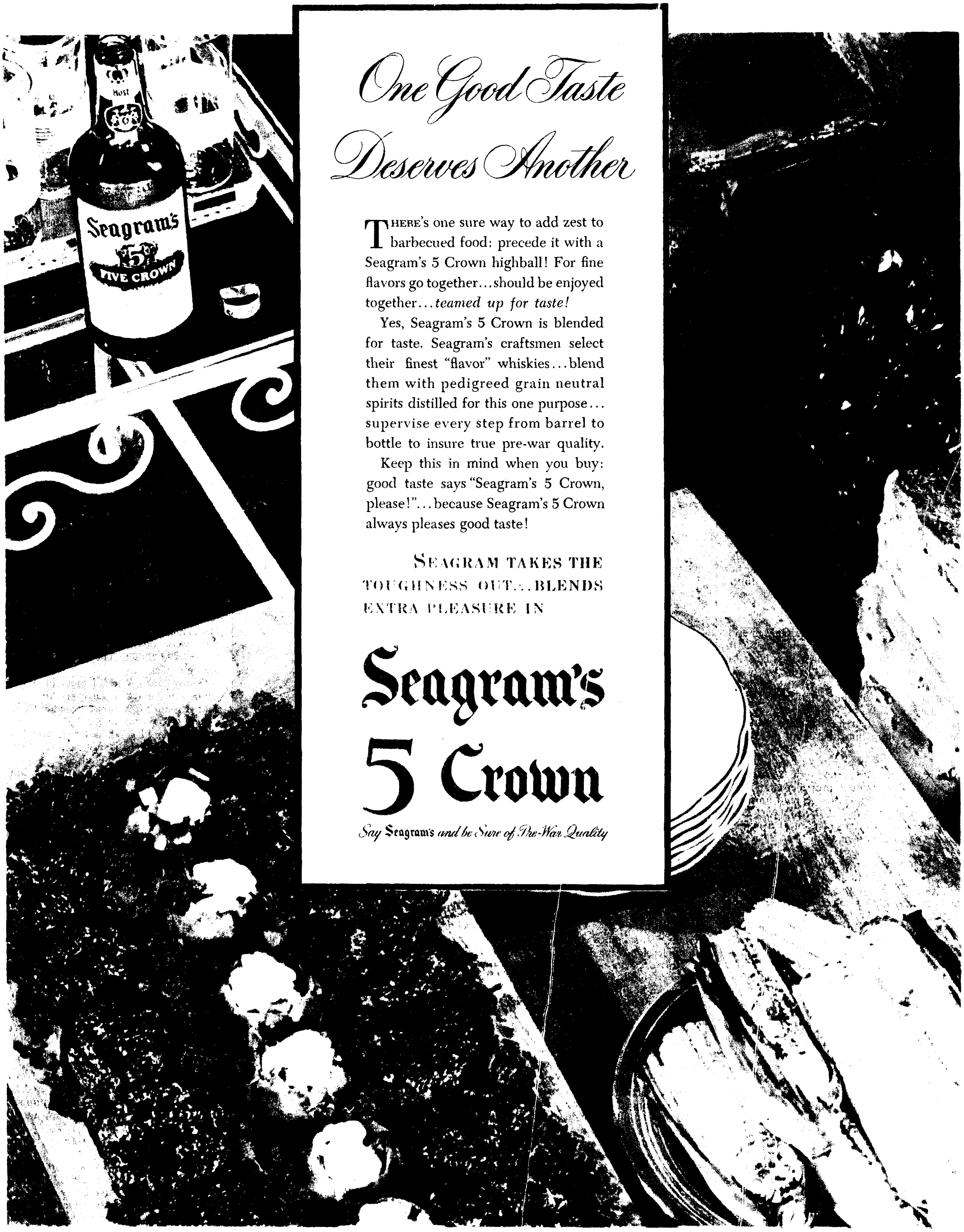
Gunner said, "I know. But I had to do it. I have a reason. Don't jump on me, Patsy. This is for real, because I got to."

Patsy's mouth softened. He said, "For you, anything, Gunner. You are my boy, ain't it? Two weeks, we got. I got the best sparring boys, I got everything lined up. So what can Handley do you the Japs ain't already done? A piece of change you'll have for your pocket, so all right . . . but it's a bad fight!"

"Okay," said Gunner. "You're all right, Patsy." It was best to let his manager think the money mattered. Patsy knew he could never have made the bout except for his war record. His boxing record was not that good. He had never boxed a man in Handley's class, and maybe he never would again.

Patsy went out to stall the banqueteers and other pests, and Gunner began working his fist into his palm again and that was a bad sign, that was the sort of thing the medico had warned him against. He undressed and took a shower, lay on the bed and made himself relax. He closed his eyes and slept lightly for an hour.

When he awoke he was still alone. He got up and reached for the telephone almost



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SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BLDG., NEW YORK without thinking. He asked for the Golconda. After a moment he heard the steady, clear voice say, "Hello? . . . Is that you, Gunner?"

"How'd you know?" he asked foolishly.

"Us bird women are fey," she said.

"Fey? . . . Oh yeah. . . . Irish elves. . . . Are you Irish, Conny?"

"I'm an ex-Wasp," she said. "When do you meet Fiorello? How was the welcoming committee?"

"Nuts," he said. "You know I don't like that stuff."

She said, "How should I know? What do I know about you?"

He said, "Now wait. . . . I want to see you." He had an empty feeling that she had been close to him but that now she was gone away and that she was not interested at all. It made his voice sharp, "I thought you said it would be okay to call."

"It is okay," she said. "It says here in fine print. . . . So you're calling. Go ahead and talk."

He said, "That's no way to be. . . ."

"Are you bawling me out?" she asked.

They were, he realized, quarreling. He got hold of himself. He said, "Look, how about dinner? Some quiet place where we can hear each other."

She said, "Some obscure place where you won't be seen with a sloppy ex-Wasp with a weary soul?"

"Nuts!" he howled. "You're the only person in this damned town I care about seeing. Do you or don't you want to see me?"

For a moment he thought she was completely angry and had hung up. Then he heard her say quietly, "Of course, Gunner. I was having a bad spell. I'm sorry. Come get me at eight."

He put the phone back and sighed with relief. Patsy came in and he could talk to Patsy all right, making plans. Maybe everything was coming out all right after all. Maybe he could shake it off . . . maybe he could remember things correctly this time. He was calm and steady and his hands were still. . . .

CONNY sat at ringside in the Garden and faced it. She had it all straight now. It had not come easily, but now it was clear to her and there was nothing to do but wait.

The first night, in the booth at Costello's, it had been hard for him to tell her all. But he had been steady and good about it and he had tried. Even then she had seen some of the quality within him, the depth of his capacity for emotion. . . .

He had been a poor boy out of Chicago and his clever hands and physical strength and love of sport had propelled him into professional boxing. He had been a journeyman, a comer, but not at the top when the war broke out. He had gone in as a matter of course and then it had happened.

He was not the sort who develops neuroticism, not even on a beachhead with men dying horribly about him. His long, hard jaw and wide brow showed that. But he had come back with a cancer eating his soul away. . . .

He had finally told her about it in Costello's, elbows on the table, green eyes baffled. He made it very clear in his simple language. She could see it all.

She could see the outpost on the island, the Japanese coming in, not in a banzai charge but skillfully in the night, up from the stinking jungle. She could see the other Marine and Gunner, firing at them, she could almost hear the chatter of the shots. They had this little hill and the Japs were trying to get mortars up there and it was necessary to hold the position.

The thing that had happened was that Gunner got this deflected shell fragment against his helmet. It had knocked him cold. When he woke up, the other Marine was still firing, but was badly wounded. Gunner had begun firing again, but it was like having been kicked in the head in a football game, that year he had managed to play among the semi-pros, and the fog had remained thick in his head.

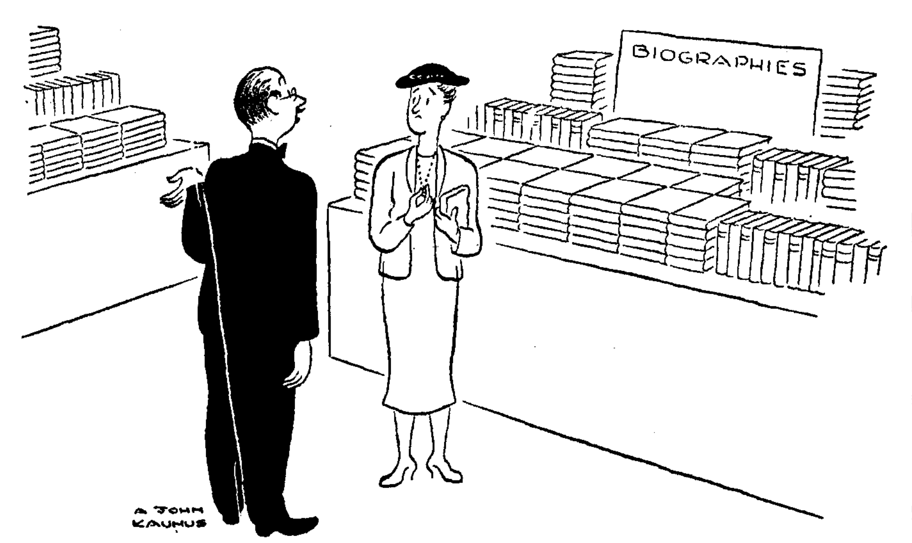
He remembered going down for more ammunition and coming back and how his gun got too hot and stuck. But he had been unable to put it together right, after dismantling it, despite all his practice blindfolded, which showed he was not right in the head. And the other Marine kept on firing. . . .

In the morning they had come up there and found all the Japs dead and it seemed Gunner was then firing the weapon of the other Marine who had died during the night. So it was all mixed up, because this other Marine could not tell his story.

The captain made a fuss about Gunner, and he had tried to tell them he could not remember. He had tried very earnestly to tell them that the other fellow, the dead one, had been the real hero; Gunner himself had only gone through the motions and could not remember.

"They said 'Sure, sure, we know,' " Gunner had said tautly. "They began to think it was false modesty. Pretty soon they sent me home. They thought there was something wrong with my head. There was a smart medic after I got home and he said I would have to work it out for myself. Whether I was any good under stress. You know, Conny, a man can be brave when it is going good, even if it is a close one and tough. But when the chips are really down it is different. I can't remember . . . I just can't remember."

He was in utter despair. He had grown unsure of himself. It was, to a woman, a silly thing in a way. But to him it was everything, because he was a professional fighter, it was his business, and he wanted very badly to be good at it. So he had deliberately chosen Handley.



COLLIER'S "These days you'll find cookbooks under 'Fiction'" A. JOHN KAUNUS

Conny knew enough about boxing to be aware of what it meant to fight Handley. It meant a whipping. Win, lose or draw, it meant you caught it. Handley could do it to you. . . .

Now waiting for the fight to begin, she sat there, and the waiting was bad. Then people cheered and she saw him, freckled and boyish and grim, coming down the aisle. His eyes sought her and she yanked herself together and grinned at him, but he could not manage a very good smile. He looked preoccupied and she knew what he thought.

Handley was tanned and fit and tigerish in an unpleasant way. He laughed a lot and talked to ringsiders and did not even glance at Gunner until the photographers were ready. Then he made a great show of affection and respect which was not in him.

THEY were extremely professional and nonchalant in Handley's corner. They made Gunner look like a pathetic, awkward youth led to slaughter. To them it was nothing, just a big gate and another bum to knock over. They were hard and Handley was cruel.

Conny stopped writhing and sat up straight. She could not act like a silly woman. She made her face serene. Just before the lights went out in the arena, leaving only the cold white of the arcs, Gunner looked down at her again. She was ready. She gave him the clenched fist salute.

Then it began. The two men rose and went forward, bouncing a little on the balls of their feet, making time-honored gestures with gloved hands. Conny leaned forward, anonymous now, unseen, free to watch and to worry. She saw Handley's left fist go out and slash and Gunner caught it doggedly and tried to get in close and do some infighting.

She was not wholly aware of the innermost secrets of this business, but she knew Gunner must take the clever punches and seek to break down Handley's defense and get to Handley's lean middle where he could be slowed down and hurt. She knew orthodox methods would not prevail against a dirty, clever man like Handley.

Everyone knew at once that Handley was the master. The first couple of rounds were not spectacular, but Gunner was catching it. She saw the spots which showed so angrily on his fair skin, the lump over his eye where Handley so easily landed time and again.

IT WAS a bad thing, she was afraid. When the lights went on she sat erect and kept her head high in case Gunner could see her, but it was a bad thing. The only good thing about it was that somehow she had accepted responsibility for part of it. She had condoned his decision to make this fight and encouraged him to find himself here, in this arena. It was a good thing for her to have this responsibility which she had learned to accept once and which she had missed so desperately.

Handley kept working steadily, pumping in his fast wallops. Gunner went boring in, hunched a little, green eyes steady, trying to get to the body. Handley, using his dirty tricks in close, kept Gunner away. By the fifth round Gunner was bleeding from the mouth and his eye was bad. Patsy kept working on him, but he bled a lot.

For a long moment Handley had him by the nose. The champion's left was a flashing, wonderful lance. Handley swayed like a toreador and Gunner's fists missed their marks and Handley grinned past the rubber mouthpiece, prideful. Then Gunner could not bear it any longer and charged like a bull, swinging wild, awkward punches that could not hope to reach this clever fighting machine.

Patsy screamed, Conny screamed. "No, Gunner! Back up!" But Gunner was off balance and the deadly blow came whipping. It crashed against the side of his face. It blasted him from his feet. He struck upon his side and rolled over, his face in the canvas, his knees drawn up under him. The referee's arm swept up and down, counting the seconds.

From afar, Conny heard her voice, like a banshee wailing, "Get up, Gunner! Oh, get up, get up, get up!" Her mind, hiding in trembling from this hysteria, told her that it did not matter, that to arise only meant disaster, perhaps to be maimed for life. But he would want to get up, that was why he was in there, to keep getting up and learning about himself, and she begged, "Get up, Gunner! Please get up!"

Far off in the dimness a bell rang. She scarcely knew what it meant. Then Patsy was in the ring, bending over the prone figure. The referee watched closely to see if he could continue after the rest period. . . .

Then Gunner got up. He arose in one motion, as if he had been asleep and had awakened. He walked steadily to the corner and grinned. The crowd went mad, cheering his gameness.

The time between rounds seemed no time at all. The bell came again, and Conny wanted to call to him, but could not. Patsy was leaning over the apron of the ring and she could see Gunner, going out, his hands low, going after Handley.

The champion moved backward, very gracefully. Gunner plodded ahead. Handley pushed out the left. Gunner accepted it, ducked a little, sprang like a lion.

Two hands suddenly tore into Handley's midriff. Always before Handley had smothered this attack and now he tried to hold, to move away. But now his back was to the ropes. The brown gloves increased in tempo, ripping, ripping, tearing. . . .

Handley's mouth popped open. Into Handley's eyes came distress. He shoved at Gunner with both gloves. His knee came up. It caught Gunner in the groin, sending him back six feet and men roared angry protest. The referee pounced. . . .

Gunner spat the mouthpiece away. He said, "Hell, he couldn't help that. Let's fight some. . . ."

Handley came off the ropes, seeking advantage from his kneeing. Gunner dropped his bloody head onto Handley's chest and punched. Handley's hands went down without volition.

Gunner stepped back. Then he stepped in. His right was coming from the hip. It was not orthodox, nor sensible, swinging at a clever man like Handley. But it landed.

Handley left solid terrain. He came down, hitting the canvas with the seat of his pants. He seemed to rest his head upon an invisible pillow. He lay there, slumbering.

Conny was standing on her seat. She was voiceless, there were tears on her cheeks. A man kept saying, "By God, he did it! That game, damned Marine did it!"

They carried Handley to his corner. . . . It was over and already Patsy was hurrying Gunner out of the ring, escorted by police. . . .

CONNY waited in Costello's, because the strain had been awful and there was a lot the new champion had to go through. He came at twelve, the closing hour; and they went out and walked under the El, toward 42d Street. They walked close, holding onto each other.

Conny said, "When I met you I was low woman in the act. I was even thinking about acting foolish with that Bomber Command officer. Now look at me."

Gunner said, "When I met you I was a neurotic dope. I did not believe I deserved any medals or anything else."

Conny said, "Now I do not care about anything except that you came through and are all right. And that fixes me, because now I know that tomorrow I could join the Red Cross and go overseas and drive a truck, so what of it?"

"I'll tell you what of it," he said. "You could marry me first!"

She said, "Well, that's an idea. You like that?"

"I like it good," he said. "Let's do it."

She said, "If we can make each other quit worrying about stuff and are good for each other . . ."

"The hell with that!" he said. "I love you."

"Oh," she said. "That's different. It's better. I love you."

A train came along and shook the pavement, but they did not notice for a moment. Then he still held her and he was grinning. He said, "What do you think? When that bum hit me in the fifth, when he dropped me, he did it again."

She said, "Did what, lover?"

"Put me on Queer Street," said Gunner. "Only I remembered. I remembered he was protecting that belly of his and I remembered to slip one to the chin. . . . How about that, baby?"

She said, "Then you were all right, back there on the island."

"Sure," he said. "It was a job. That other Marine did it. I guess I did it, too."

She said, "We'll have many children when the war is over, all with convenient amnesia!"

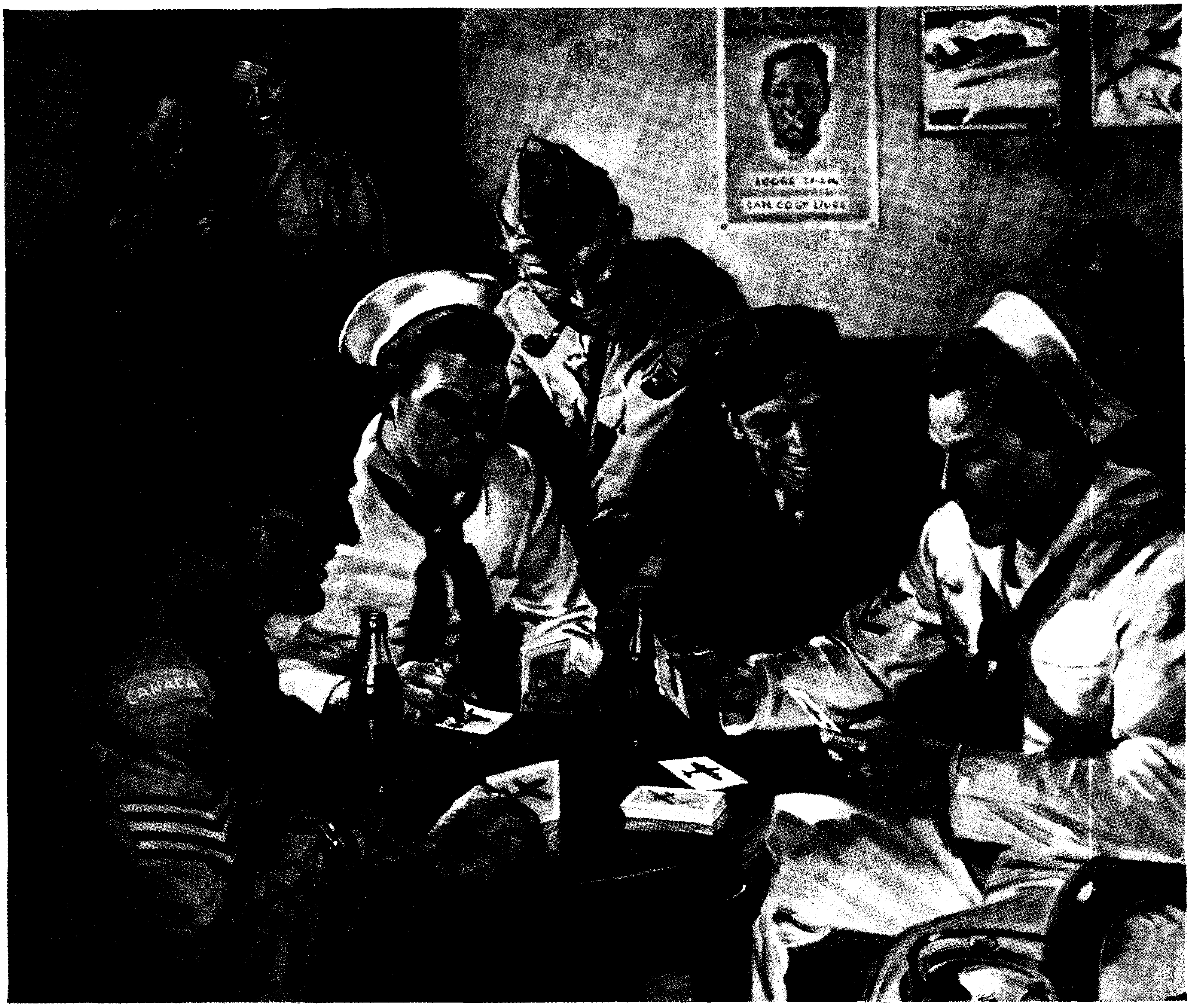
"But not heroes or heroines," he said. "Just in there, trying to do right."

"Okay," she said. "Okay. Just so we have them. . . ."

THE END

Get cracking, pal . . . Have a Coke

(DO YOUR STUFF)



. . . *or it's fun to make friends*

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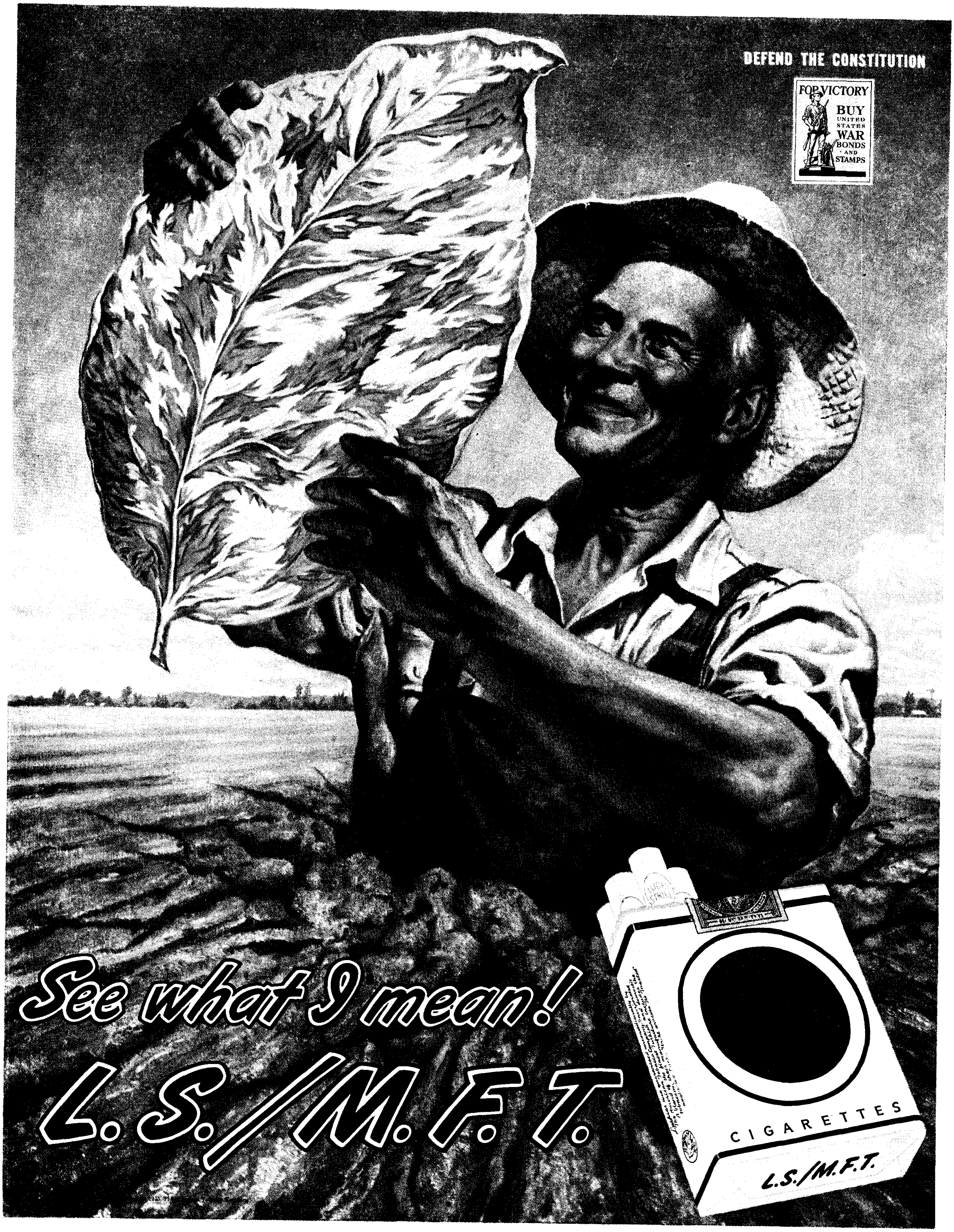
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University of Alabama co-eds Marilyn McDaniels and Fleta Montgomery have learned to see the man, Pfc. James Brasher, not his disfiguring wounds

Corporal Sims L. Caldwell, of Huntsville, Ala., late of the 8th Air Force, finds life happier, thanks to Service Center gals like Emily Steadham, of Birmingham

THEY SEE WITHOUT LOOKING

BY T/SGT. BARRIE STAVIS

Junior hostesses from the Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Service Center are helping in the readjustment of battle casualties in a way no doctor or nurse can. Here a hospital patient tells how they do it

THEY are dancing. The girl's eyes look into his with bright and shining attention. He makes some passing comment, and she smiles appreciatively. The girl is lovely; about twenty-four, carefully groomed, and dressed in an evening gown perfectly suited for the occasion—gay and partyish, but not fluffy or gaudy. Her hair is golden.

The man she is dancing with is about her own age, but his attire does not complement her evening gown. He is dressed in pajamas, bathrobe and slippers. Nor is he handsomely groomed. The right side of his face and his entire head are swathed compactly in bandages; the skin on the left side of his face is angry looking and puckered, and the ear has been partly eaten away by flames. The bandages cover an extensive skin operation for his charred cheek and hold snugly in place the new ear that the plastic surgeon created for him out of cartilage and skin grafted from other parts of his body.

The girl makes some pert remark, smiling and laughing into his eyes; she has learned the art of seeing the man without being blinded by his disfigurement. He grins, the faint trace of boyishness still there.

He is a Normandy beachhead hero. When the 88-mm. shell set fire to the eighty-octane gas and turned his tank into a steel inferno, he was the only man of the crew who managed to crawl out. He has been out of bed now about a week, following his second plastic. Two or three more such operations, and he will have a presentable face, able to take his normal place in the world.

The Normandy beachhead hero and the girl circle around another dancing couple, careful not to jog the wire and plaster-of-Paris contraption which holds the man's left hand rigidly curved and thrust away from his body. Another couple glides by. The man is wearing a white skullcap, concealing the gaunt, shaven head from a recent skull operation. Bone and flesh near the temple are gouged away; his face is liberally pocked with brown markings, evidence of a light peppering of shrapnel. Another man limps as he dances, his brace visible below the cuff of the pajamas.

These are the men returned from the wars. The men who hit the beachheads of Anzio and Normandy; who fought the twin enemies jungle and Jap in New Guinea and Bougainville; who made the amphibious landings on Saipan and Guam; who captured Aachen—and in the process helped create a new word in the language—Aachenize: to reduce a city to dust and rubble.

These, the wounded, wearing bathrobes and pajamas or convalescent suits, are dancing with girls more than a cut above the average in appearance and dress. The place is the auditorium of the Northington General Hospital in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. The girls are junior hostesses of the Tuscaloosa Service Center.

They are pioneers in a new type of canteen, USO, and service-center work—for, in addition to the Service Center, this special kind of work is done by co-eds from the University of Alabama, and girls from a large photographic studio in Tuscaloosa. With the continuation of war, and the increasing boat and plane loads of wounded reaching these shores for long periods of convalescence, there has been a shift in emphasis and direction of soldier servicing.

The honeymoon days of soldier servicing are over. Not so long ago, when a junior hostess entertained a soldier, she had a gay and easy time. Sometimes, even, there was romance. The men were healthy and bubbling over with spirits; it was fun to talk with them; it was wonderful to watch them pack away large quantities of sandwiches and cakes, and quarts of coffee. Occasionally a bruised soul had to be healed. The possessor of said bruised soul may have gone through a fifteen-hour stretch of K.P. or a twenty-mile forced march with full field pack. However, junior hostesses soon discovered the remarkable therapeutic properties of a bowl of hot soup or of a thick slab of chocolate cake. Bruised souls were healed in the twinkling of an evening.

But now some of these very men have gone to foreign lands, fought a war and returned. Now the bruises *are* deep, and the therapy must be equally deep. The dancing can no longer be the carefree dancing of two young, healthy people. The trip across the ocean fixed that. Honeymoon days are over; the days of hard work are upon us.

The brief story of Tuscaloosa's Service Center is the story of the new path which had to be hacked out, and which others will have to follow. Organizations whose attendance has been falling off will have to replan their activities. This is especially true of those organizations (and there are a surprising number of them) which are situated close to both camps and hospitals, and are learning that the camps are emptying, and the hospitals are filling up!

Tuscaloosa was ready for a service center long before one was actually founded. Finally, in January, 1943, a center was formed by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. A directress was needed, and Elizabeth (Betty) Coles Morley volunteered. Located originally in a small building, which was soon outgrown, the Center moved into its present quarters, furnished by the Federated Club Women of Tuscaloosa, on September 1, 1943.

Their overhead was supplied by the War Chest; current running expenses by the citizens of Tuscaloosa. They entertained men who were taking the Army Specialized Training Program in the University of Alabama, which is situated in Tuscaloosa; French and American cadets who were training at the Van DeGraaff Airport two miles outside of town; Air Corps cadets training at the University of Alabama, and sundry other small groups of men.

So far, this is the average story of the average service club in the United States. But change soon began. First the Army Specialized Training Program was cut down to

(Continued on page 57)

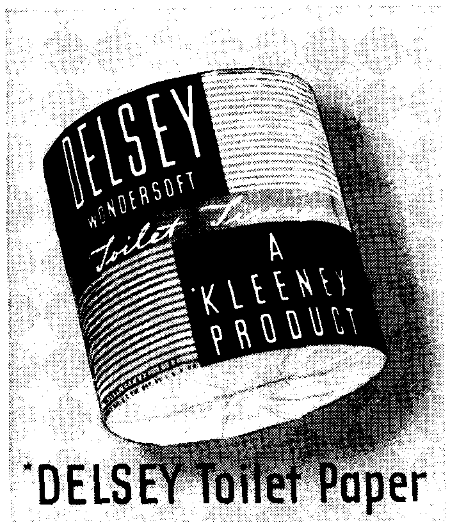
Our physically handicapped soldiers will have to win the fight to live useful, normal lives. In this fight public understanding of the wounded soldier's problem is of vast importance in assisting him to assume his rightful place in society. Through training and leadership, the soldier is courageous and physically fit. When wounded he is given the best care that medical science can provide. His spirit and morale are maintained during his hospitalization. It is the public's responsibility to carry on when he *is* discharged and becomes a veteran. The plan adopted by the Tuscaloosa Service Center at Northington General Hospital is of inestimable value in this regard.

Norman T. Kirk
Major General, U.S. Army
The Surgeon General

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

Leave us face it, kids! No more Delsey 'til after the war-

('MEMBER? SOFT LIKE KLEENEX)



*DELSEY Toilet Paper
Soft like Kleenex*

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Warriors' Paradise

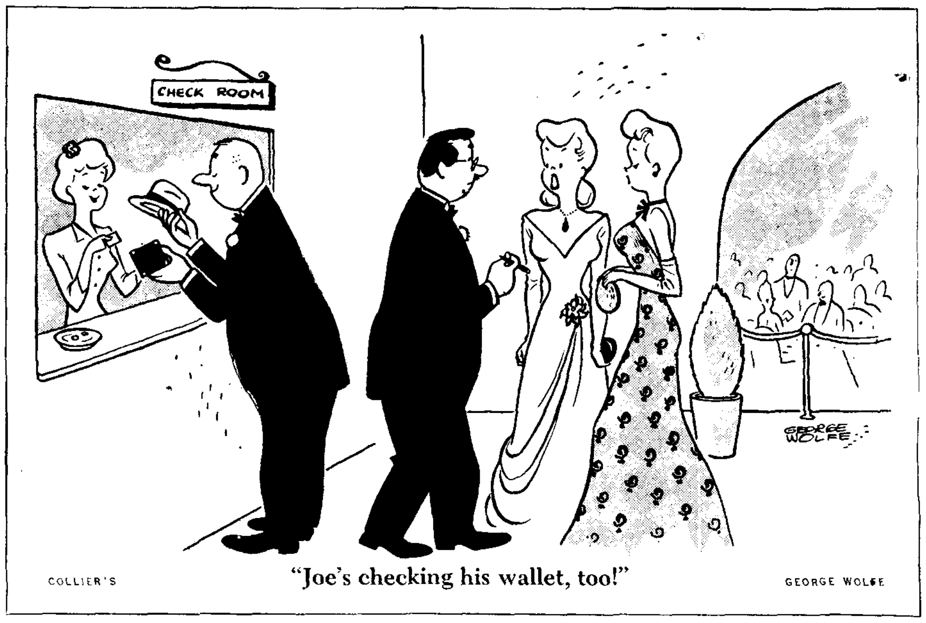
Continued from page 14

a chicken farm in Lubbock, Texas, confer with chef Bonfillon. Stallings and Red Young get the food—Bonfillon cooks it. General Eisenhower has made a rule, strictly enforced, that the Army is not to deprive the French of as much as a single potato. Our Army feeds itself. However, Commander Roberts, Major Renze and Sergeant Young found that farmers far back in the hills were overstocked with vegetable produce because there was no transportation to haul it to city markets. Their beautiful tomatoes and potatoes and fruit would rot on the ground.

Nothing's Too Good for the Army

Roberts found that the rule did not apply under such conditions, so today Sergeant Red Young does a lot of traveling by jeep back in the hills, buying up produce which the farmers cannot dispose of in any other way. This all supplements the Army food. Incidentally, most men here for their seven days do not realize that they are eating Army food. It is too good to be Army food, they say. Well, it is Army food, but it is cooked by French chefs and is served by waiters who once served kings, and the tablecloth is clean and the silver heavy and shiny, and the sauces have a piquant flavor, and, of course, there is either red or white wine and there is a good orchestra playing. That makes a difference.

The staff of the Martinez is busy all day long. Lieutenant Harry Bloom, of Wilmington, Delaware, is in charge of special services. He makes occasional trips to Paris to return with the best professional entertainment in the capital. He pays plenty for it too, but the boys deserve the best. He has a fine French band, composed of the best musicians on the Riviera, and headed by Gabby Bendi. This band plays at lunch and dinner. He has a floor show which changes every week and it's as good a show as you would see anywhere in America. Outside there is a cocktail terrace; and before dinner the men gather here with their guests—each man is allowed one guest per meal—to have cocktails, or whisky and soda, or beer or wine, and they listen to the team of Fred Ermelin and Emil Stern. Ermelin plays the bass viol, Stern the piano. Once they got $500 a night to play at private parties in the villas that border the sea. Stern is a great pianist who will play the swing music most of the men ask for, or the classical music that others demand.



COLLIER'S "Joe's checking his wallet, too!" GEORGE WOLFE

The Martinez nods sleepily in the sun all afternoon, wondering why these crazy Americans don't do the same. But the crazy Americans have a lot of time to make up and they have only seven days to do it in. How are you going to get a date for tonight if you sleep all afternoon? So they're out getting acquainted, which is a fairly easy thing to do in Cannes. There are always some 500 nurses up at the hotel at Juan-les-Pins. And then there is the local talent. Cannes seems to be filled with young, laughing-eyed blondes who are enjoying life for the first time in five years.

Honeymoons De Luxe—for Free

The local French police, whose job it is to know about such things, say that 90 per cent of the girls are "nice" girls. All known professionals are kept away from the Martinez and the other rest hotels. Room service at the Martinez is reserved for those who do not feel well or for honeymooners. Any time an officer gets married to a nurse, a Wac or a Red Cross girl, the couple come to the Martinez. They are given a suite—three rooms—and the privilege of ordering anything they want at every meal, including French champagne. The cost? They are not even allowed to tip the waiters. There have been some wonderful honeymoons at the Martinez.

During the afternoon new groups of G.I.s arrive from Germany, Italy and the north of France. They're tired. In G.I. parlance "they've had it." They all come by air, landing at the Nice Airport, and they are hurried to the Martinez, usually in batches of twenty. Before they go to their rooms, they are "briefed" by Captain James Beers, of Newnan, Georgia. Jimmy is in charge of transportation, and any time there is a piano about he takes charge of that too. He tells the men the rules:

"You're here to enjoy yourselves, men. The place is yours. We have a few simple rules. You buy bar books at the desk. The bar is open at 5 o'clock and the drinks are the best we can get and they're cheap. The most expensive drink—Scotch and soda—is about thirty-five cents. We charge you a dollar a day for things that the Army can't provide. That includes the various special service privileges, bicycles, boats, swim trunks. It includes music and entertainment, which is the best in Europe. And don't bother tipping anyone—we take care of that. We have one strict rule which I ask you to observe. You can get skates from the special service officer, but please, gentlemen, do not skate in the lobby. Then there is the $64 question. The answer is no. Females are not permitted above the first floor at any time. Have a good time, gentlemen. You've earned it."

They register and go to their rooms. Occasionally they have to double up, but usually each man has a room to himself. A room and a bath and a shower. Many of these men haven't seen a real bed in months. Few have seen clean sheets. Thousands have been sleeping 8 or 10 in a tent. Usually they want a bath first.

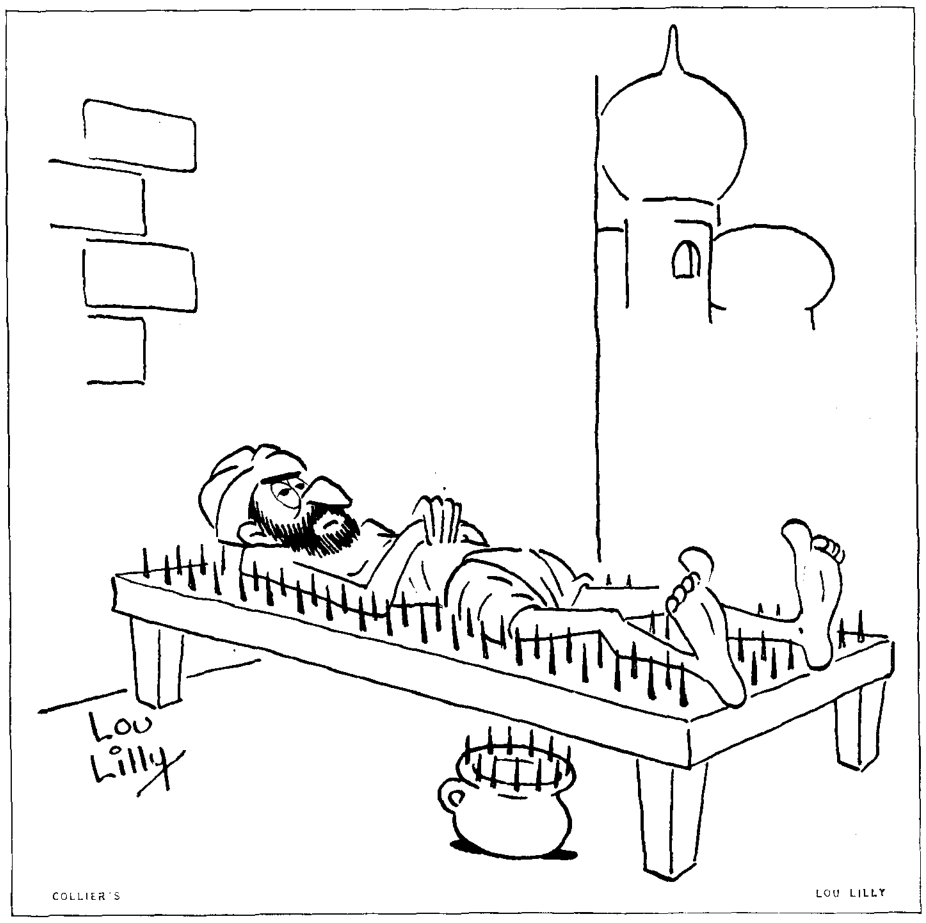
One lad started a new fad in Cannes. He is Lt. Lou Durnow from Brooklyn. When he came in he said that he had nursed one dream all during the long campaign. He wanted to sit in a cool bath and drink a Tom Collins. His wish was granted. A maid coming in with clean towels was startled to see him stretched out in the tub holding a Tom Collins in each hand. A soft expression stole over her face. "Now I know the war is over," she said happily. "The wonderful crazy Americans are back."

A Doctor's Report on the G.I.s

The hotel slumbers in the sun. In the dispensary, Lt. Colonel Stanley Ungar, once one of New York's best-known physicians, attends to his customers. But he doesn't have much to do and he is very happy about it. "The boys are very healthy when they arrive," he chuckles. "When they leave perhaps they need a rest.

"Disease? We have virtually none. We treat more sunburn than anything else. And don't think that the boys drink too much, either. We've never had a case of DTs or of alcoholism here at all. Now and then a high-ranking officer may come in and ask for a headache cure. We give him three aspirins and tell him to take a swim."

The big hotel really begins to enjoy itself about five each afternoon. The boys have returned from the beaches and the boats; they have donned clean uniforms and ties



COLLIER'S LOU LILLY

Where the wire and telephones have gone

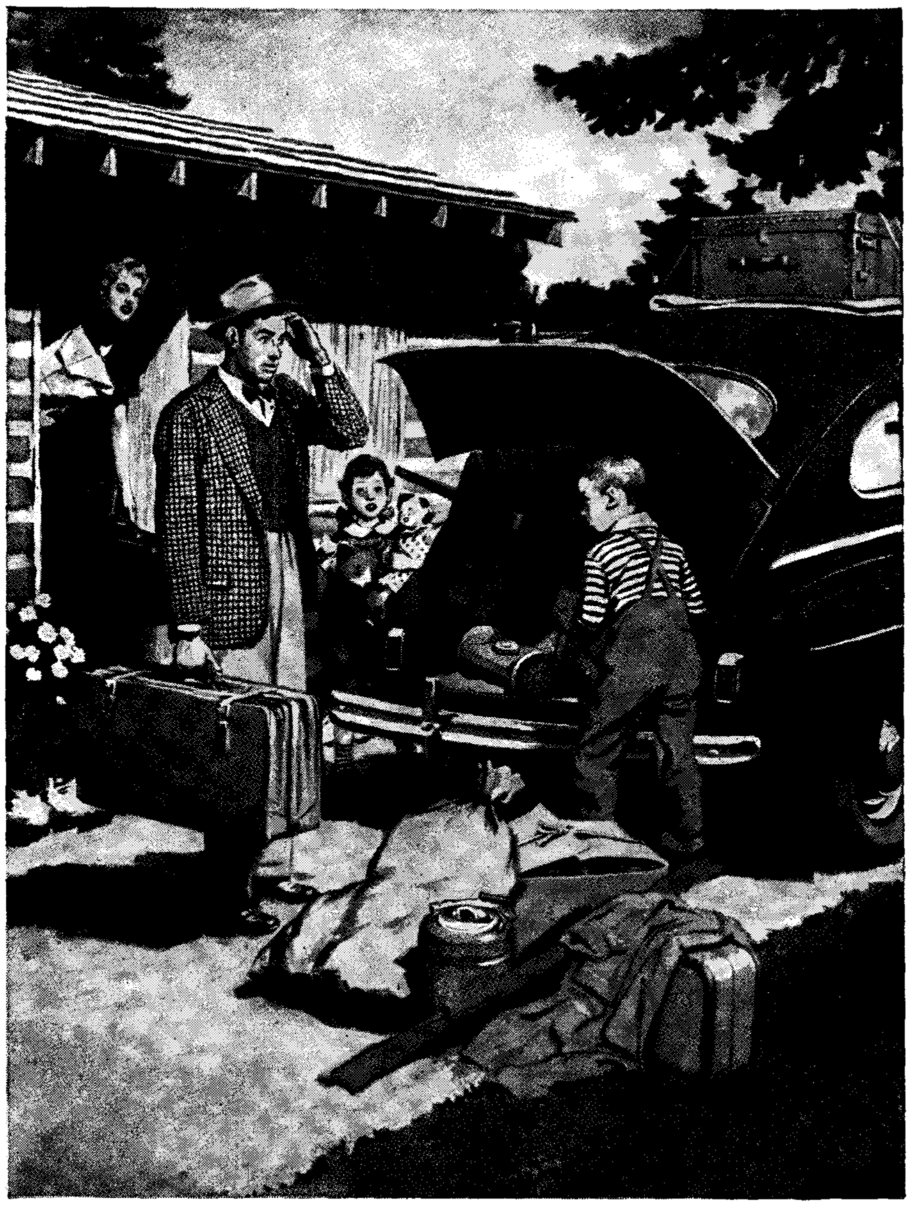
More graphic than words have been the on-the-spot photographs of what the telephone and electronic devices do in war. Wherever they are they bind our men together.

The Bell System has concentrated on making this equipment for our armed forces. That has caused shortages of switchboards, central office equipment and telephones here at home.

Somewhere in the Pacific, American soldiers and native boy transport Signal Corps equipment with the aid of a water buffalo. These animals saved the day many times in bringing up heavy equipment

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LISTEN TO "THE TELEPHONE HOUR" EVERY MONDAY EVENING OVER NBC



How to lighten a load!

MOVING back to town, after a vacation in the country or at the seashore, generally presents a major problem in logistics. Somehow, you always manage to accumulate "extras" that you didn't arrive with. And getting them all into the car for that trip back to town not only taxes your ingenuity, but puts an extra load on the car, too.

And that's only part of the load your car carries these days. For years of wartime wear and tear weigh on it perhaps more heavily than you think.

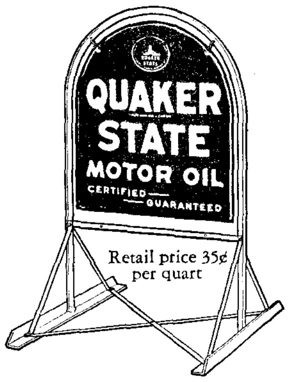
That's why so many wise motorists are careful to specify Quaker State Motor Oil for their cars. For Quaker State offers a degree of protection that's mighty important. Its long-lasting lubrication helps ease the strain on vital moving parts. Its special processing helps guard against excessive sludge, varnish and corrosion.

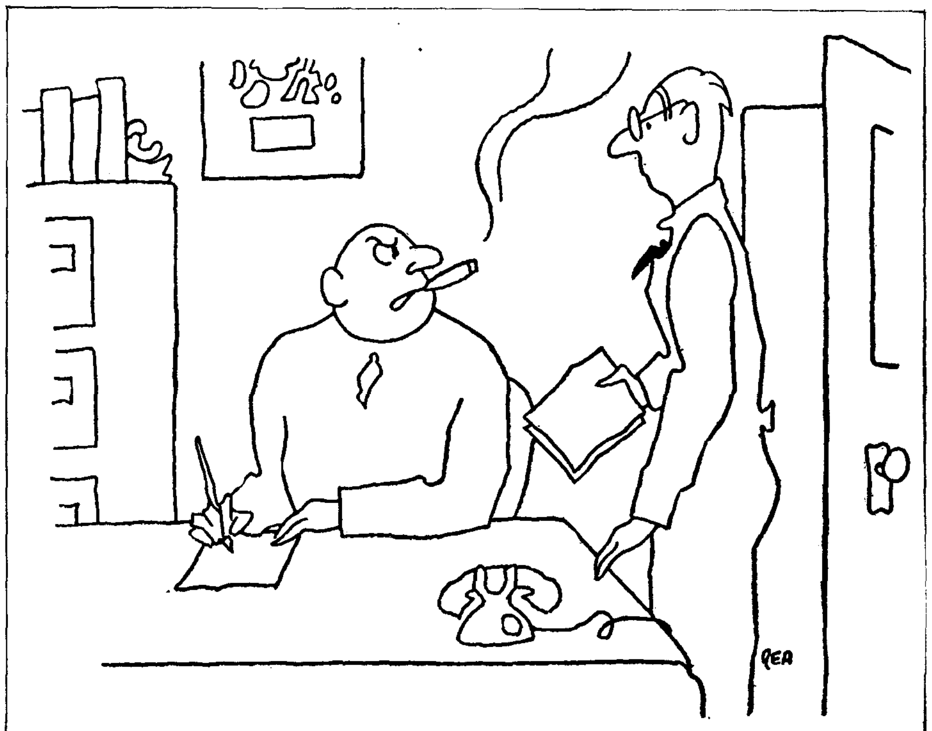
You see, Quaker State is better oil to begin with, because every drop is refined from pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil. On top of this natural advantage, special refining gives Quaker State—and you—a still further measure of protection.

Since your car still has a long way to go, don't neglect it now. Keep it going better and longer with Quaker State Motor Oil and Quaker State Superfine Lubricants. There's no better way to care for your car for your country—or for yourself! Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY





"Not 'raise,' Phillips—'rise' is the grammatically correct form, though I personally prefer 'salary increase.' And the answer is no!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

and their feet are itching to dance. They meet their girls on the terrace and have cocktails, and they listen to Stern and Ermelin. Then comes dinner—a better dinner than you'll have tonight at home. The lovely gold-and-white dinner room of the Martinez sparkles, and the hanging chandeliers reflect a thousand gold tints and the scene is as neat as it was in days before the war. Gabby Bendi plays, and a hundred couples jitterbug on the dance floor.

The local girls like our men—with reservations. Joana Darancha has flashing dark eyes and a quick smile. Few of the men who dance with her know that she fought with the French Forces of the Interior. Joana talks perfect English, too.

"I'd like to meet these boys in their own home towns," she says. "I imagine they would be quite different. Oh, we like them all right, but really they are childish. They are great fun to swim with and go boating with, but at night when they've had a few drinks all they want to talk about is love. They think we believe them too. But they're nice boys, as long as you don't take them seriously. And I will say that once they realize what kind of a girl you are, they are gentlemen."

The boys are not popular with the men of the Riviera. The annoyance of the local swains is understandable. They have had virtually no feminine companionship since the Americans landed. One hears dark hints from them that there will be some hair-cutting when the Americans leave. This is no indictment of the moral character of the local girls, but merely an expression of the men's opinion as to their loyalty. Actually there is very little "shacking up" between restees and the local girls. Cannes right now is no setting for any bacchanalian orgies, nor are the moral standards any lower here than they are in Chicago, Atlanta, Duluth or Butte.

Occasionally, a few of the 94,000 registered ladies of Marseille manage to gain access to the Riviera, but as soon as they are found they are rushed back to their own haunts in Marseille.

The terrace of the Martinez at night is much like the setting of any good suburban country club. It has only rained twice in the last year at Cannes. Each night the moon seems to surpass its previous efforts and there is always a cool breeze coming in from the sea. Two bands alternate in playing—Gabby Bendi and a service band. This week it will be the 12th Air Force band; next week, the 8th; and the week after, the Glenn Miller band, which is easily the most popular in Europe.

Each man here thinks that his outfit, his commanding officer, his plane, is the greatest in the world. It is this pride that makes our Army great—there can be no doubt of that.

In the evening, Gabby Bendi played my favorite tune: As Time Goes By. Immediately a group of 8th Air Force men stood and began to sing:

> *"It's still the same old story*
> *The Ninth gets all the glory*
> *And all we do is die!*
> *The fundamental things apply*
> *As flak . . . goes . . . by-y-y"*

Couples were walking along the beach hand in hand. You would hear the high-pitched shrill laughter of some Isabel or Jacqueline or Annette or Marie. You'd hear the unmistakable low laughter of an American girl and hear her say:

"There's a new bunch of you boys here every seven days, but it's always the same old line. Does the whole Air Force get that line in basic training?"

Poor Business for Night Clubs

Down the beach a way you can hear music from the Miramar and the Carleton hotels. The moon climbs slowly into a clear, pale sky. At midnight, the music stops. There are a few night clubs in town but the boys usually pass them up after one visit. Eight hours of swimming, boating and sun, plus five hours of dancing—even these healthy youngsters are ready to call it a day. Besides, French parents are very strict. Most of the girls have to be home by one.

A few late arrivals ride up to the door. Some officers have wangled a pass, borrowed civilian clothes and gone to Monte Carlo, just 35 miles up the coast. They never go more than once. The Casino at Monte Carlo is one of the dreariest spots in the world and the wrinkled women and dull-faced men who sit at the tables playing roulette do not add to its gaiety. As you enter the lobby of the famous Casino, you see a slot machine. It says "one franc" on it. One franc is two cents.

This cheap slot machine sets the tone for what was once alleged to be the most colorful, fashionable, gay casino in the world. The sad-looking croupiers and their funereal voices are enough to chase anyone out of the Casino. But the drive up the coast makes up for the letdown you get at the Casino.

At two o'clock Cannes is quiet. The incredible moon rides high now and pajamaed officers take a look from their balconies. Down below, the sand gleams white. The surf doesn't roar at Cannes; it caresses the beach. To the right, the lighthouse on the end of a slim peninsula blinks brightly. The hotel begins to nod. By 2:30 the lights of Cannes have gone to sleep one by one. And the big hotel finally follows suit. It has been a very long day.

THE END

Air Power—Today and Tomorrow

Continued from page 12

firepower to sweat them through alone—and accept their losses—until a long-range fighter could be developed. There was to be a bitter touch-and-go year before such a fighter would materialize.

Now Goering has admitted that the day American long-range fighters appeared over Berlin accompanying our heavy bombers—something he had not considered possible—he privately felt the end was near. That was the day Goering knew that his name was Meyer.

Meanwhile, however, in that discouraging and interminable summer of 1942, the first American strategic bombers had not only to face the strong existing German Air Force, and German contempt for the American theory, but the comradely opposition of the British too. Their experience so far had convinced both the Germans and the British that daylight bombardment was suicidal against good fighters.

The British brought great pressure to bear in high places on the American Command to abandon their daylight plan and brigade their bombers with the RAF for night saturation raids. Otherwise, they contended, the Yanks would be wiped out. The Germans were so unalarmed that they still kept more than 50 per cent of their front-line fighters against the Russians. (When the American effort reached its height, they switched to more than 70 per cent against the British and Yanks.)

The Americans persisted. They believed that by no other measure, save precise daylight bombing, could the systematic destruction of Germany's war machine be achieved. They felt that night saturation, or area bombing, was a useful and necessary part of air power, but only as complementary to daylight bombing. They felt that genuine air power meant the application of an air force 24 hours around the clock, and not haphazard raids at limited times. They felt that night area bombing, of itself, could not seriously jeopardize German industrial production however much it might disturb German sleep and bother German economy.

They felt that it could never destroy the German Air Force, something which had to be done if we were ever going to invade Europe or enjoy air superiority over it. They felt that area bombing alone could never be decisive. How right the Americans were has been testified by German high commanders. Moreover, even the morale effect of area bombing had an inverse ratio. Public morale, under heavy bombardment, at first seriously declines, then stiffens, and presently it rises to even better than it was at the beginning.

Later, toward the end of the war, the British themselves were to come back to precision daylight bombing after American air power had cleansed the skies of German fighters. But, in 1942, English disagreement with the American method was intense. I am convinced that history will concede that the most courageous decision of this war was the American decision to bomb in daylight, come hell or Heinies. It was made by Lieutenant General Ira C. Eaker after solemn exploration of the German situation, the English view, the American training and experience and his expectations of the build-up that would come in American strength.

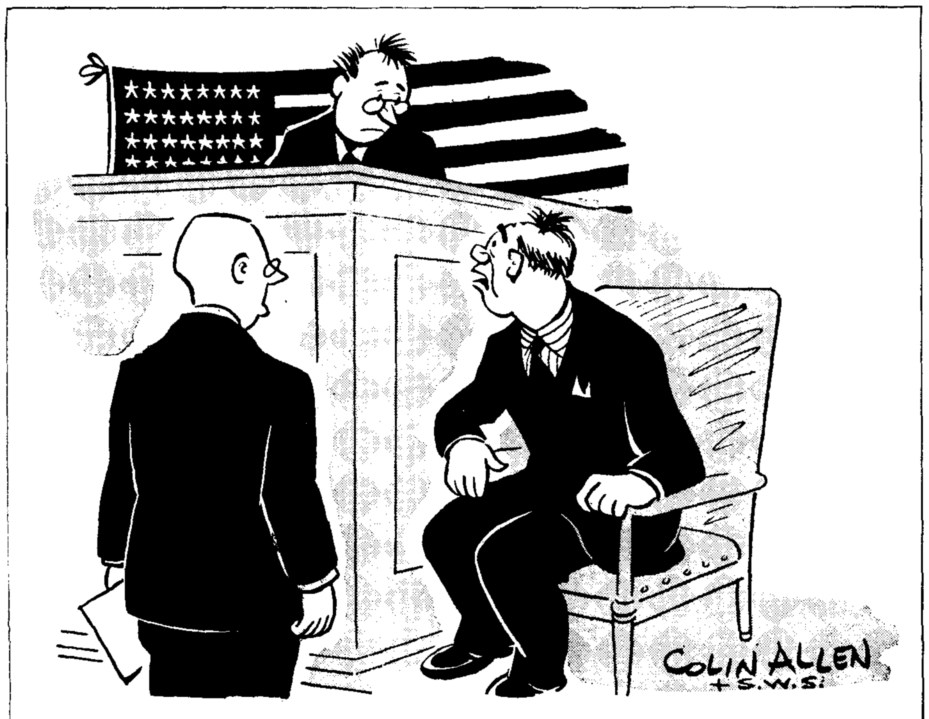
Eaker's decision and the fight over absorption of the United States Air Force into the RAF's night bombing were so grave that they topped the strategic agenda at the Casablanca Conference. Eaker stood up there and quietly, with sublime confidence in the American concept and the ability of his young American combat airmen to fulfill it, cut his opponents down. In support, Eaker had an outstanding and intelligent champion, "Bomber" (Sir Arthur) Harris of the RAF Bomber Command. Eaker and Harris won.

A Fighting Team Is Born

Henceforth, the Americans and the RAF poured upon the luckless Reich a night-and-day expression of air power. Together, in three years, they destroyed the German power to wage war, but they never broke German morale. The German home front, under Nazi discipline, never cracked as in 1918. Airmen wonder if any other people on earth could have stood up under the terror the Germans endured.

Our build-up was slow—almost too slow, German evidence now discloses. Airmen no longer hide their opinion that, by September of this year, the Germans with their jet fighters and underground and dispersal production—which increased the number of aircraft plants we had to bomb from 30 to 300—might have rewon temporary air superiority and caused a revamping of our equipment and methods. The weight we brought to bear proved too much for them, but not a week too soon.

In the second, and concluding installment, W. B. Courtney tells how strategic air power reduced the highly mechanized Wehrmacht to horse-drawn carts and bicycles. He also explains why he thinks a world now conscious of air power must face the possibility of World War III.



"I did plead not guilty, but that was before I'd heard all that evidence"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN

This button craze was soon forgotten

...Giant buttons, the height of fashion in early 19th century

But JOHNNIE WALKER is more popular than ever

Smooth as a waltz... mellow as a memory... Johnnie Walker will never go out of date. There's lasting satisfaction in treating your guests and yourself to this fine scotch whisky.

BORN 1820
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Both 86.8 proof

JOHNNIE WALKER
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call... call again.

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.
Sole Importer

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog

Continued from page 21

He let himself cautiously into the room where the Doberman waited. Rodney watched him alertly, but did not growl.

"Rodney, you're a problem," Henry said. "You're a material witness. You're evidence. I don't know what to do with you."

Rodney opened one eye, as bright as a back-bar glass.

"I can't just take you downstairs and turn you loose in the cold," Henry said. "I can't do that, even to you." He took off his coat and dropped it on a chair. "And I can't take you back to Julia." He dropped his vest on the chair and sat down to remove his shoes. "Because she's a cop," he said, "she'd start asking questions. How did *I* get you, she'd want to know. Where was *I* when you robbed the Trocadero, she'd want to know. I could tell her that Bill Madigan found you, but she'd know that you were evidence. She'd want to know if they'd charged Gus Pincus with the robbery. She'd insist on talking to Madigan. Or suppose I told her I got you from Mike Koski? No, she'd want to know if I'd reported it to the police. No, Rodney, we couldn't talk our way out of that."

His shoes off, Henry slipped off his shirt. "There's also the necktie," he said. "I got to get rid of that, and, Rodney, I got to get rid of you, too."

He stripped down to his shorts, sighed and turned out the light. He had to find a way to hide Rodney until the whole thing blew over.

"I've enjoyed a lot Ed's trying to kiss you good night—now how about some sound effects like typing, opening and closing file cabinets, rustling of business papers, etc.?"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

He heard quick movement on the floor, felt a solid thump as Rodney leaped onto the bed. The Doberman stretched out beside Henry and he felt the dog's cold muzzle against his palm.

"This is snug," Henry said. "Rodney, maybe we can fix it to share a cell." Then Henry closed his eyes and went to sleep.

THE first thing he saw when he awakened the next morning was Rodney's bright hazel eyes watching him. They were hungry eyes, and Rodney whined.

Instantly Henry was out of bed, looking for his watch. It was nearly ten o'clock. He quickly dressed, and when he went for his tie on the mantel he saw Oscar's gay creation. He would have to dispose of it somehow, he thought, as he knotted his own gray tie around his neck.

Henry found a butcher store a block away and got him to wrap up some meat scraps for Rodney. As he returned to the street a voice called, "Hey there, Hank."

He spun around. It was Joe Parelli, swinging his night stick, a formidable minion of the law in the clear light of day.

"Hi, Joe," Henry said.

"I wanta talk to you, Hank," Parelli said. He looked at the package under Henry's arm. "Keeping house now?"

"Yeah," Henry said.

Parelli leaned against the wall of the building. His eyes had that morose look Henry had noticed the first night in Nick's Bar and Grill. There seemed to be a subtle change in Parelli's attitude. His voice was sharp and his eyes searching. He was very much a cop.

"Well," Parelli said, "what goes on?"

"That's what I'd like to ask you," Henry said. "I hear you threw the story down. You told the lieutenant I dreamed it up."

"Who else dreamed it up?" Parelli said. "How about this morning's paper? Rodney Rides Again. Did you dream that up, too?"

"It happened," Henry said.

"Same dog," Parelli said.

Henry grinned. "It could be."

"I looked all through the paper," Parelli said. "I didn't see my name nowhere."

"Was that your precinct, Joe?"

"No."

"How do you think it would look to the Police Commissioner?" Henry said. "Horning in out of your precinct. Your name couldn't go in that story."

"Okay," Parelli said. "I just want to know what gives. How come that pooch shows up in Manhattan robbing a bar? Hank, it don't look kosher. It looks damned fishy. Where is that pooch?"

"I guess he took it on the lam," Henry said. "He's hot."

"Don't be funny," Parelli said, and tapped Henry's shoulder. "What I want to know, did you steal that lady cop's dog?"

"He escaped," Henry said. "He ran out the door."

"That sounds damned fishy," Parelli said. "I wouldn't be surprised you stole that dog. I wouldn't be surprised you held up that bar."

"Oh, for God's sake," Henry said impatiently.

"Well, I wouldn't be surprised," Parelli said. "I kind of remember a necktie you had on yesterday. A loud necktie."

"This is the tie I had on yesterday," Henry said.

Parelli inspected the gray tie. "No, I kind of remember . . ."

"Joe, you're getting occupational astigmatism," Henry said. "You look at everything like a cop. You forget you're a human being."

"So cops ain't human?"

"I didn't say that."

"You're a cop-hater, are you?" Parelli said. "Well, I ain't surprised, knowing newspaper reporters. They all hate cops."

Henry groaned. "Joe, I *love* cops. Some cops."

"Well, I don't like reporters," Parelli said.

"Okay," Henry said.

"Okay," said Parelli.

HENRY walked away. There was a cigar store at the corner. He looked up Julia's number and dialed it.

"Hi, there," Julia said. Her voice was warm and cheerful and there was a lilt in it that quickened Henry's pulse. "Did you talk to your detective friend? The one who's going to find Rodney?"

"Oh, sure," Henry said. "He's working on it. Look, Julia, it's pretty late. Olive Stone buys her cigarettes at that corner drugstore near you and they sell 'em at ten-thirty. She may show up this morning, and you've just got time to make it."

"All right. Shall I meet you there?"

"I'm held up," Henry said. "Please hurry. They only sell cigarettes on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. If we miss her today we have to wait until Monday. She *might* skip."

"I'll get going then," Julia said. "Henry, what if she does show up, what do I do? Make a pinch?"

"Call me," Henry said, and gave her Mrs. Mahoney's number.

"What if she doesn't show?"

"Call me anyhow," Henry said. "And if you get a chance, buy me a pack of cigarettes, will you?"

"Okay." She hung up.

HENRY peered cautiously out the door of the cigar store. Patrolman Parelli had moved on down the block. Henry slipped quickly along the wall to Mrs. Mahoney's house and hurried up the stairs to his room. He opened the package and put it on the hearth. Rodney went to work on the meat.

Henry sat down on the bed. Joe Parelli was a problem. He had to get Rodney out of the house, somehow, and he had to do it when Parelli was elsewhere on the beat. But first he had to make a trip to Eleventh Street and arrange to take the Doberman there. A fin would take care of the doorman, Henry thought, and he could use the service elevator. Meanwhile he had to stall Julia off. She'd want to go after Mike Koski on a robbery charge as soon as she got Rodney back, and he couldn't give her back her dog yet. Henry understood Abe Arnold's reluctance to be a witness against Mr. Koski.

Rodney finished the scraps of meat and stretched out on the hearth, contented. Life was simple for Rodney.

Henry heard the telephone ring downstairs and a moment later Mrs. Mahoney came to the foot of the stairs and called, "Mr. Barton? Telephone."

"Coming," Henry said, and let himself quietly out the door.

"A girl again," Mrs. Mahoney said.

It was Julia. "Henry, she's here. You had a good hunch."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. It's the same girl we were after last night. If she *was* Olive Stone, that is. Maybe she's Mazie Martin."

"It's Olive," Henry said. "Don't let her get away."

"She's having a cup of coffee."

"Wait there, Julia," Henry said. "I'll get there as fast as I can. If she starts to leave, stop her. If I get there first, just stay in the background and when she leaves, follow her."

"All right. Mentholated cigarettes okay, Henry?"

"Any kind will do." Henry hung up and ran out to the street. He found a cab at the corner and dropped off a few doors from the drugstore. Julia was waiting near the door. She winked at him and inclined her head toward the soda counter.

Olive Stone was sitting on the end stool. The snapshot had shown her face in the shadow of a pier, and had not brought out the tired lines around her eyes, but there was no doubt she was the same girl or that she was the girl he had seen last night with Bennie Smith.

Henry went to the counter, took the stool next to hers, and ordered coffee. When the dispenser went to the coffee urn he whispered, "Hello, Olive."

Her head jerked around and he looked into frightened gray eyes. Her hands were clenched in her lap and he saw that they were nervous hands that had worked hard. There was something appealing about her stubby fingernails and honest, hard-worked hands. They did *not* go with the dark red hair.

"I don't know you," her low voice said.

"I know you," Henry said. "I tried to help you out last night. Remember? You shouldn't have run away."

Her gray eyes studied his face. "You a cop?"

"No."

"You don't look like a cop. From the D.A.'s office?"

"I'm just a friend," Henry said. "A friend of Abe Arnold's. I've got a tip for him."

OLIVE slipped from her stool and started for the door. Henry dropped a dime on the counter and followed. He caught her at the door and took her arm. "Olive, you want to help Abe, don't you?"

She hesitated, nodded. "Sure I do."

"I've got a message for him," Henry said. "Just give him the message, will you?"

She shook her head. "I haven't seen Abe in a month. I don't know where he is."

"This is the message," Henry said. "Tell Abe his draft board has been checking up on him."

"Abe's over 38," Olive said. "They don't want Abe."

"He didn't give notice of a change of address," Henry said. "They want him now."

"Everybody's after *him*," Olive said despairingly. "What difference does it make?"

"Ten or fifteen years," Henry said.

There were tears in the girl's gray eyes and her fingers twisted a button of her coat. "Abe never did nothing wrong. He was just a nice little guy, minding his own business. Why can't they let him alone?"

"This can be squared," Henry said. "Tell Abe to drop in on his draft board tomorrow morning. The cops won't know about it, and neither will Mike Koski."

Her eyes narrowed. "Did Mike send you?"

"Don't you remember me?" Henry said. "I'm the guy who got you away from Bennie Smith last night. Go ahead, give Abe the message. Let Abe decide."

She looked at him, bit her lip, then turned and walked out of the drugstore. Julia was waiting by the telephone booth.

"Follow her," Henry said. "She won't suspect you, and there's a good chance she'll lead us to Abe Arnold."

"Where will you be, Henry?"

"I'll wait at Mrs. Mahoney's," he said. "Call me there."

"Okay," Julia said. "Here." She handed

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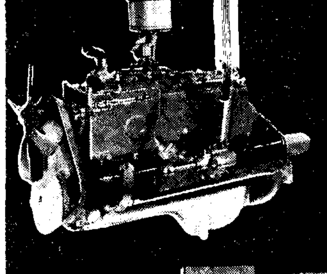

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him a pack of cigarettes and hurried away.

It was a very satisfactory thing, Henry thought, to know a lady cop. For instance, he thought, how many women could tail a suspect and use a thirty-two? How many women could handle a masher? You'd never have to worry about the little woman with a wife like Julia. She was more competent than most men. She could take care of herself. Maybe she couldn't cook, but she could fix a ticket.

Henry walked back to the rooming house. The Doberman was dozing comfortably after his meal, and Henry sat down on the bed and lit a mentholated cigarette. He heard the doorbell ring downstairs, but paid no attention until Mrs. Mahoney's voice called. "It's the room on the right, at the head of the stairs." Henry sat up straight. That was *his* room.

A moment later he heard a heavy tread on the stairs. He went quickly to the door and opened it a couple of inches. In the dim hall he saw the bulking form of Patrolman Joe Parelli.

"Hi, Hank," Parelli said.

"Hi," said Henry. He opened the door no wider.

"Open up," Parelli said.

"Not now, Joe," Henry said. "I'm busy. What do you want?"

"I want to know how you're gonna cook a pound of meat scraps," Parelli said. "You gonna grill it in the fireplace? I want to know who's gonna eat it, too. Better open up, Hank."

THE policeman moved suddenly forward, his shoulder against the door. The door flew open and he stood looking down at Rodney. The Doberman growled.

"So it's like this?" Parelli said. "I ain't surprised. Hank, I think you and me had better take a run down to the precinct and talk to the loot. And Rodney, too."

"Be yourself, Joe," Henry said.

Parelli grinned. "Don't be a cop," Parelli said. "Be human, is that it?"

"Be sensible," Henry said. "Don't go getting ideas. I didn't pull that robbery."

"You can tell that to the loot," Parelli said.

"Sit down," Henry said. "I'll tell you the whole story."

"I can figure it out for myself," Parelli said. "Hank, I got you with the goods. I take you down to the precinct and it's all cleared up. I'll get my name in the paper, all right." He chuckled.

"Joe, that job was pulled by Mike Koski," Henry said. "You ever hear of Gus Pincus, his torpedo?"

"I listened enough to you, Hank," Parelli said. "I ain't listening no more. This here clinches it. Come on, and bring that pooch."

"I can't," Henry said. "I'm waiting for a phone call."

Parelli grinned. "We got good telephone service at the precinct. You can call your lawyer. Are you gonna come along, Hank, or am I gonna have to . . ."

"Guard him, Rodney!" Henry said.

The big Doberman was on his feet, his teeth shining and his whole body trembling eagerly. His bright eyes watched Parelli and his neck was extended, his jaws opened menacingly.

"Hey," Parelli said.

"Don't move," said Henry. He stepped behind Parelli. "Here's a chair. Sit down."

Parelli sat down.

Henry went back to the bed and lit another cigarette.

Parelli spoke out of the side of his mouth: "This will make it rough, Hank. Resisting an officer. Robbery. You'll get twenty years."

"I'm not resisting," Henry said. "You'll have to hang that rap on Rodney."

"You can save them technicalities for the trial," Parelli said.

"You'll have to hang the robbery rap on Rodney, too," Henry said. "I wasn't there and I can prove it."

"Look there on the mantel," Parelli said. "I ain't blind."

Oscar's necktie was still there on the mantel, flamboyant, unique, unmistakable. Henry picked it up and put it in his pocket.

"How you going to explain that?" Parelli said. "Is it Rodney's, maybe?"

"I can explain it," Henry said coolly.

Parelli shook his head, and Rodney growled. The policeman froze, but turned his eyes toward Henry. "You had me fooled," he said. "You sure had me fooled. You working with that blonde?"

"She's a policewoman, you dope."

"She says," Parelli said. "No, sir, she ain't no cop. But you sure had me fooled."

"Let's talk sense," Henry said. "Mike Koski pulled that job with Rodney and I can prove it."

"You ain't gonna talk yourself out of this one, Hank," Parelli said. "You're in trouble, brother. Robbery. Resisting an officer."

"You busted in here without a warrant," Henry said. "I sicked my dog on you, that's all. I've got a right to do that."

"And I got a right to pick up a gunsel and a hot dog," Parelli said. "We'll leave the lawyers argue that."

"Let's argue it," Henry said. "For one thing, Joe, you arrest me, a newspaperman working on a story, you think the papers will give you a break? They'll burn you."

"You're the baby who'll burn," Parelli said. "You'll fry, Hank."

"You listen to me," Henry said. "I had that necktie yesterday morning, you're right. I traded it off to Gus Pincus for one he had, a green one with orange horseshoes on it. You saw that one, too."

"Where is it?"

"I haven't got it now."

"Is that so?" Parelli grinned.

"But I can get it," Henry said. "Joe, don't forget how all this started, when we were in Nick's night before last."

"How am I gonna forget it? I knew I never should of called in on my anniversary."

"I told you how I went to see her the next morning and the dog got loose," Henry went on. "Gus Pincus found Rodney on the street and took him to Mike Koski and Mike had Gus take Rodney and rob the Trocadero just to see if it could be done. Then they brought the dog back here and left him, and the necktie, too."

"If I could move my hand," Parelli said. "I could yawn."

"It's true," Henry said.

"It ain't polite to yawn without I put my hand up," Parelli said.

HENRY heard the telephone ringing and jumped to his feet. He was out in the hall and had shut the door before Mrs. Mahoney called his name. He ran downstairs to the telephone.

The voice on the phone had a gleeful sound, a warm note of triumph. "Guess where I am?" Julia said.

"You still with Olive?"

"Of course. Guess where I am, Henry. Nick's Bar and Grill!"

"Nick's?" Henry said. Back at Nick's, where it had all begun, where a crazy idea had set the whole thing in motion. The thought frightened him.

"Olive's up at the bar having a drink, and I think she needs one," Julia said. "She came straight here, though. Led me around a few corners, but this was where she was headed."

"She didn't talk to anyone?"

"Not a soul. Except Nick, that is."

"But she talked to Nick?"

"She ordered a drink."

"Well, well," Henry said.

"So did I," said Julia. "I decided to try a rye gag."

"Lay off those things," Henry said. "They're poison."

"They're swell," Julia said. "I'm on my second now."

"Julia," Henry said. "One is enough. I'll be right over. If she leaves, follow her, and I'll wait at Nick's for you to call."

"Sure," Julia said. "You'll wait where the rye gags are. You want me to run all over town chasing women, while you hang out in a nice, warm bar."

"I'll get there as fast as I can," Henry said, and hung up.

He hurried up the stairs. Parelli sat looking at Rodney, eye to eye, not daring to turn his head as the door opened. Henry put on his hat and coat.

"Joe, I'm going to give you a chance to think it over," he said.

"*You'll* have twenty years to think it over," Parelli said.

"Just remember how it all happened in the first place," Henry said. "How Julia came in Nick's with the dog and you put me up to calling in that story."

"*I* put you up to it?"

"To get your name in the paper," Henry said.

"My name never got in the paper," Parelli said.

"Just think it over," Henry said. "Why should I go around robbing bars? Where's the motive, Joe?"

"Dough."

"I've got a good job," Henry said. "You think it over. I'll give you plenty of time."

Henry went out the door and locked it. He was in deeper than ever now and when the time came to start explaining he was going to need a lawyer, a good lawyer. It was no task for a layman.

HE STARTED for Nick's bar. It was a curious thing that Olive Stone had gone directly there, but somehow it fitted in. Nick had been plainly upset when the publicity brought police to the bar; he remembered Nick's uneasiness when the lieutenant was questioning him. Nick, Henry thought, knew more than he let on. He remembered the first night in Nick's, when he had shown the snapshot and Nick had said, "You don't represent no estate. You're a cop." Nick knew Olive Stone all right, Henry thought. He knew enough about Olive Stone to be suspicious of the story of an inheritance.

He turned in at Nick's Bar and went down the three steps. He saw Julia at a table, signaling, and then he saw Olive at the bar. There was a little man standing beside her, his hand on her arm. He was Gus Pincus, Mike Koski's man.

Henry walked cautiously forward. Nick was behind the bar, with a helpless, worried look on his face, and Gus was saying, "When Mike wants to see you, babe, you better come. He don't like the way you ran out on him last night, and you better come along."

"I'm *not* coming," Olive Stone said in a high, strained voice. "Nick, do something."

"What am I gonna do?" Nick said. "Call the cops?"

"No, don't call the cops."

"You better come along, sister," Gus Pincus said.

"Look, mister," said Nick. "She's a good kid. Can't you let her alone?"

"He'll let her alone," Henry said.

Gus Pincus turned his head. "You again," he said. "You're in the wrong barroom, Mac."

"I like this barroom," Henry said.

"Okay," Gus said. "Come on, Olive."

"Olive stays here," Henry said.

The girl bit her lip. Her hands clutched the bar and she looked as if she were about to fall from the stool in a faint.

"Mike won't like it," Gus said. "Mike can be plenty nasty, Mac."

"Get out," Henry said.

He never saw the fist coming: Gus' shoulders hardly moved. It caught him on the right eye and he went backward against a table and nearly fell.

"I'm feeling kind of nasty myself," Gus said. "Let's go, Olive."

Henry was dazed for a moment, and he came out of it in a hot fury. He shoved himself away from the table and was on top of Gus before the little man could duck away. He pinned Gus to the bar with a left to the stomach. He crossed his right to the jaw, and Gus went down and lay still.

"Oh, oh," Nick said. "Now we got trouble. Plenty trouble."

"He had it coming," Olive said.

"Kid, you get outa here," Nick said.

"Stick around, Olive," Henry said, and put himself between her and the door.

Gus Pincus raised his head, a garland of sawdust in his dark hair. His eyes burned in his pale face, but he did not look at Henry. He got slowly to his feet.

"Now beat it," Henry said.

He was watching, but Gus moved fast. Henry stood looking into a thirty-eight.

"You been asking for it, Mac," Gus said through tight lips. There was blood at the corner of his mouth. He moved toward Henry, and Olive Stone screamed, then a cool voice said, "Drop the roscoe, chum."

It was Julia. Her shoulder bag hung open and the compact little thirty-two was in her hand. Gus Pincus stared at her.

"It's a ladylike little gun," Julia said. "It shoots a ladylike little slug, but it shoots it straight. Drop your gun."

What a wonderful girl was a lady cop! Her war paint was a compact and a lipstick and a thirty-two caliber gun, and her red-tipped fingers could point it straight. Henry looked on admiringly.

"Drop it," Julia said.

Gus looked at her, shook his head numbly and dropped the gun. Henry picked it up.

"You got a license to carry that rod?" Julia asked.

"Sure I've got a license."

"Be careful how you point it," Julia said. "Henry, should I take him in?"

"We've got other things to do."

"We could get a conviction," Julia said. "It will boost my record."

"No," Henry said. "Let him go."

"Okay," Julia said. "Scram, brother."

"What language!" Henry said, and grinned at her.

Gus Pincus walked a little unsteadily out of the bar, and Julia put the thirty-two back in her shoulder bag and snapped the bag shut.

"Julia, before we go any farther," Henry said, "let's stop all this a minute."

She smiled and her blue eyes met his. They were a smoky blue and her lips were parted breathlessly.

Henry said, "I just want a minute to tell you I think you're swell."

Julia smiled. "I only did my duty."

"I think you're wonderful," Henry said. "Honey, I love you."

She was still smiling; but her voice was crisp. "Let's get on with it. Olive . . ."

"From the tip of your shield to the barrel of your thirty-two," Henry said. "From your big blue eyes to your city-shod feet. Julia, I love you."

"You're not normal," Julia said. "Let's have one of those rye gags."

Olive Stone said, "I don't know who you are, but thanks."

"We're on your side," Henry said. "Nick, rye gags all around."

"I figured that rye gag out," Nick said. "It's just a way to get more whisky in a glass."

"That's the general idea," Henry said.

"They're on the house this time," Nick said.

HENRY took the stool beside Olive Stone. "I told you we were your friends," he said. "How much does it take to prove it? That's twice we've yanked you away from Mike Koski's boys."

"What's your angle?" Olive Stone asked. "I think you're a cop."

"He ain't no cop," Nick said. "He's one of them reporters."

A look of fright came into the girl's eyes. "Listen," she said anxiously. "Don't put nothing about me in the paper."

"I think the *lady* is a cop," Nick said.

Olive looked at Julia and Nick said, "You heard her say she ought to run the little guy in, didn't you?"

Olive's low voice asked, "What do you want?"

"Abe Arnold," Henry said.

"I ain't seen Abe in months. I told you that."

"What did you come here for?"

"Why shouldn't I come here? I needed a drink."

"This wasn't the nearest bar."

"I like this bar," Olive said.

"Listen," Henry said. "Somebody's going to find Abe. Do you want it to be Mike Koski?"

Olive shook her head and picked up her rye gag. She drank it down.

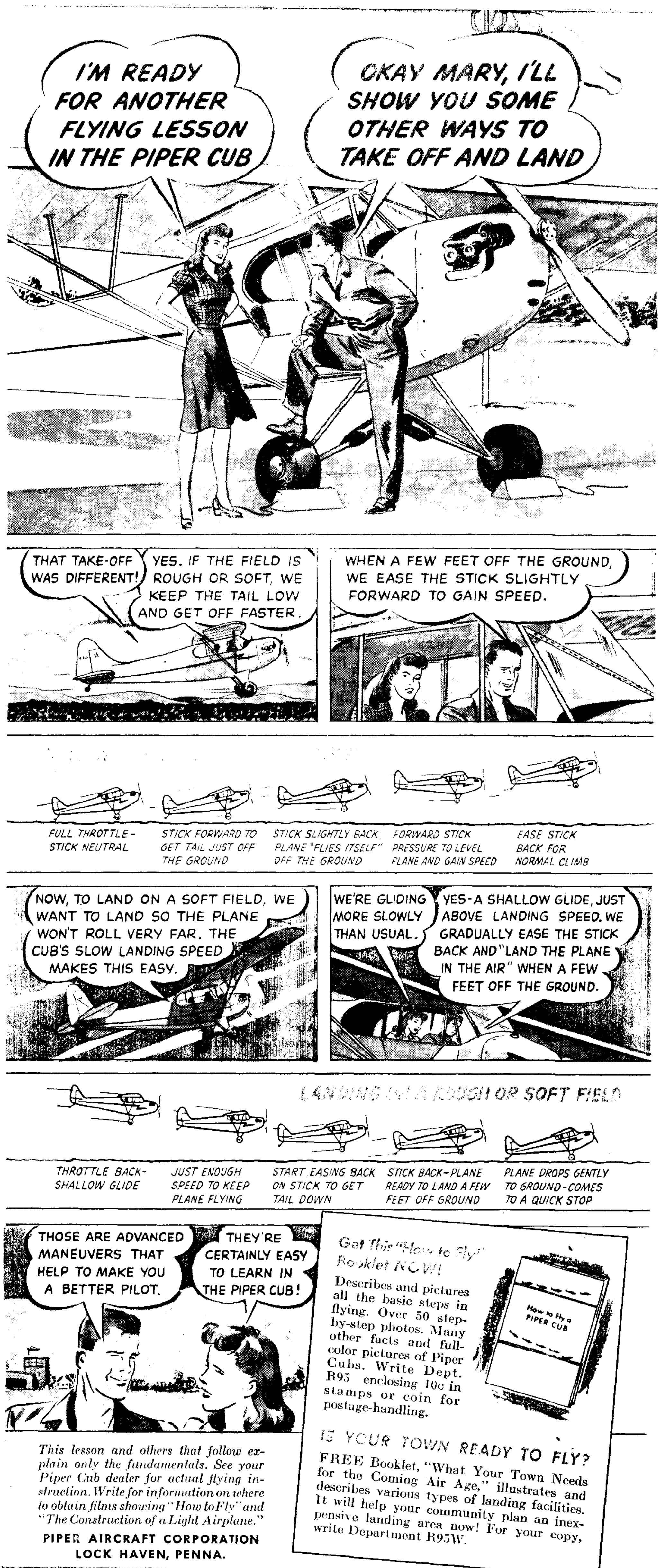
"I can give Abe a break," Henry said.

Olive looked at Nick. "What do you think?"

"I think he wants to put it in the paper," Nick said. "He came in here couple nights ago looking for you. He had your picture, the snap I took out at Coney."

"So *you* took it," Henry said.

"What's it to you?"



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"You wouldn't be moving in on Abe, would you?" Henry said. "Abe wouldn't like that."

"Don't be a dope," Olive said. "Nick's my cousin."

"Shut up," Nick said.

Henry lit a cigarette and looked at Nick. His face was pale and uneasy and he avoided Henry's eyes. Definitely, Nick knew something. Henry glanced at Julia and she smiled and pointed at him, "Henry, you've got quite a mouse."

Henry put his hand to his right eye. It was very sore.

"It's a beaut," Julia said.

If Nick and Olive were cousins, Henry thought, it really made sense. It explained a lot. He looked at Nick and said, "Got a piece of steak to put on the eye."

"Steak!" Nick said. "You nuts?"

"Some kind of red meat, then."

"This is Friday," Nick said. "Chicken I got, and fish. No meat. This is meatless Friday."

"Try mackerel," Julia suggested.

"No little slab of meat out there?" Henry asked.

Nick shook his head. "Nope."

Henry slid off the stool and bolted for the kitchen. He reached the door two steps ahead of Nick and burst through in time to see a flash of movement in a corner, the closing of a door. He ran to it ahead of Nick and threw the door open, disclosing a small room with a cot and wash basin. A forlorn little man was sitting on the cot.

"Come on out, Abe," Henry said.

"Get outa here," Nick shouted.

"You have a sign outside," Henry said. "Patrons are invited to inspect the kitchen. Come on out, Abe."

"That's my short-order cook," Nick said.

"He's also Abe Arnold," said Henry.

"Beat it," Nick said.

"I'm inspecting the kitchen," Henry said. "Also the cook. Yes, sir, it's a nice hideaway. I can see now why you didn't want cops hanging around, Nick. You coming out, Abe?"

"Okay," Nick said. "Come on out."

THE little man got up from the cot. He had a gray face and thin, sandy hair and his eyes looked huge behind bifocals. He came out of the room with a bookkeeper's stoop.

Julia and Olive were at the door. "Is that the man, Henry?" Julia asked.

"That's the man."

"Abe, I'm sorry," Olive said. "I guess it's my fault."

"It's okay, kid," Abe Arnold said. She went across to him and he put his arm around her. He looked at Henry. "All right, who are you? What do you want?"

"Abe," Henry said, "somebody was bound to find you. Me or Mike Koski or the cops. You're lucky it's me."

"Who are you?"

"I'm a newspaperman," Henry said.

Abe's shoulders slumped. "I don't know as I'm lucky."

Julia came eagerly forward. "Shall I take him in now, Henry?"

"Relax," Henry said.

"Who's the dame?" asked Abe Arnold.

"*She's* a cop," Nick said. "A lady cop."

"Detective first grade from now on," Henry said.

Abe shook his head sadly. "Okay, let's go. Let's get it over with."

"Abe ain't done nothing," Olive Stone protested. Her gray eyes were moist again. "Why don't you let Abe alone?"

"He's a material witness," Julia said.

"You can't put him in jail for that."

"Oh, yes, I can," Julia said.

"But he never done wrong. He just kept the ledgers. All he got out of it was fifty bucks a week and his name on the office door."

"Is that right, Abe?" Henry asked.

Abe Arnold spread his hands, sank into a chair. "It was a job," he said. "It was back in 1932 and I hadda have a job."

"You see," Olive said proudly. "Abe ain't no crook."

"Abe is a dope," Nick said.

"Maybe I'm a dope," Abe said. "I ain't no crooked dope."

"You bet he ain't," said Olive, and squeezed his hand.

"Abe," Henry said. "How would you like to have me put it in the New York Record-Star that you're an honest man?"

"I don't want nothing in the paper."

"The way it is now, Abe, everybody thinks you were a crook," Henry said. "Everybody thinks you were knocking down plenty."

"Yeah," Olive said. "Put it in the paper."

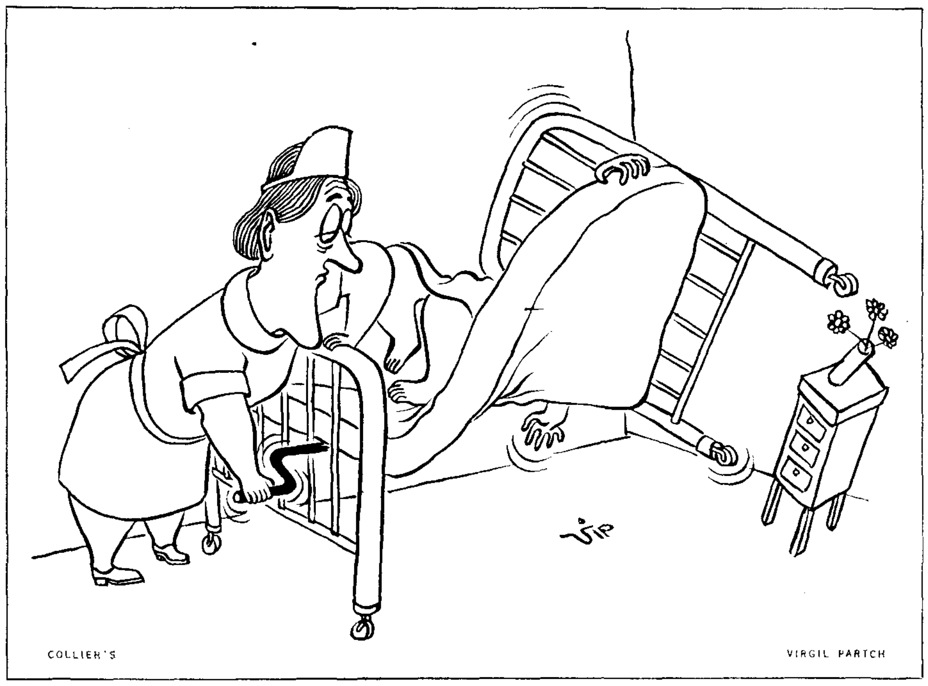
ABE ARNOLD shook his head. "It makes me look like a dope, like Nick said. I don't want nothing in the paper. I guess I *was* a dope, all right, but I knew Mike from away back. He used to go around with my sister when I was a kid, and when I set up business as a C.P.A. he got me to figure out his income-tax return, and then he give me a steady job at forty a week when I was glad to get it."

"You said fifty before," Henry said.

"He give me a raise," Abe said. "Right after that Broad and Wall Trust Company job. I figured he pulled that job and I told him so."

"And you got a ten-buck raise because of it?" Henry said. "They took two hundred grand in that robbery."

"A ten-buck raise," Abe said, "and a gun barrel laid on the side of my head." He ran his hand through his thin, sandy hair. "Mike would call me in each year and he'd say, 'I'm gonna pay about five grand taxes this year, Abe. Fix it,' and I'd work it out. I happened to ask him did he have any savings accounts, because you got to pay tax on the interest and the government checks, and he give me his bank books. He had a hundred grand in twenty different savings banks and he put it in just after that robbery, cash deposits, and then I remembered a couple of other things that wised me up and I knew he pulled that job and the hundred grand was his split."



"So Mike gave you hush money?" Henry said. "Ten bucks a week."

"I earned that raise," Abe Arnold said.

"Abe," Henry said, "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to take you down to my office and we'll take a photograph and put it on page one. You'll be big stuff, Abe."

"No, sir," Abe said.

"Did I tell you?" Henry said. "One of Mike Koski's torpedoes is waiting outside."

"That's true, Abe," Olive said. "He came in here after me and this guy laid him on his ear. It was Gus Pincus."

"So I think you'd better come down to the office with me," Henry said.

Abe Arnold shrugged. "Okay, I'll go."

"Henry, I think I ought to take him straight to the nearest precinct," Julia said. "That's my duty."

"Not until nine o'clock, you won't," Henry said. "I'm going to have it exclusive in the first edition. You can book him as soon as the presses are rolling."

"I don't know about that," Julia said.

Henry frowned. The departmental attitude again. There was a streak of stubborn resistance as broad as a mule's back in every cop, of whatever sex. He said carefully, "Look here, I thought we were co-operating on this."

Julia thought a moment, nodded. "Okay, I'll co-operate."

"Nick, take a look," Henry said. "See if Gus Pincus is still outside."

"Yeah." Nick went out of the kitchen.

Henry took Julia's hand and led her aside, over by the huge icebox. "Honey, we're going to split the glory up in shares. A three-way split."

"How do you mean?"

"You and me and Joe Parelli, the cop."

"What's he got to do with it, Henry?"

"He's been working on the case with me," Henry said. "Remember, you met Joe. I got to make it up to him."

Julia frowned. "I don't see *him* around."

"He's tied up on another angle," Henry said. "Look, honey, I'm writing the story and I'm writing it good. You'll be in it like a shining light, but I got to ring Joe in, too."

"Of course I'm no hog," Julia said. "But I'm a little bit of a pig, and I want the pig's share of it."

"You'll both get a commendation," Henry said. "You'll make first-grade detective and Joe will get out of Queens. I'll have the story I went out to get. Everybody will be happy."

"Everybody but Mike Koski."

"You're right," Henry said uncomfortably. "I had a little talk with him. I don't think he likes me."

"Henry," Julia put her hand on his arm, "you be careful. I don't want anything to happen to you." She patted her shoulder bag. "But we can take care of Mike. Don't worry."

"Julia," Henry said. "For heaven's sake, don't be *protective*."

"But, honey, I . . ."

"I've got a gun, too," Henry said. "I've got Gus' thirty-eight. And I was in the Army. I can shoot, too."

"Of course you can, Henry," Julia said soothingly. "But still, I'm going to keep an eye on you."

NICK returned, shaking his head. "He's out there, sitting in a car two doors down."

"I should have run the little punk in," Julia said.

"Listen," Henry said. "Don't talk like that."

"Well, I should!"

"The language, I mean," Henry said.

"Excuse me," said Julia.

"We'd better get started," Henry said. "I'll take Abe on down to the office and get to work." He hesitated. "What about Olive? They're wise she's here now. Don't think Gus hasn't been on the phone to report it."

"I'll take care of Olive," Julia said. "I'll take her over to my place. Look, Henry, I'll go out with Olive and that will take Gus away. He'll follow us. Then you and Abe can blow."

"We'll go out together," Henry said. "You and me and Olive. Gus will tail us and we'll separate. Then I'll come back here and pick up Abe." He turned to Olive Stone. "You ready to go?"

"I guess so."

"Kiss Abe goodby then. Let's go."

Abe Arnold smiled at Olive and put one arm around her shoulders. "Babe, you sure stuck by me. I'll never forget it. When this is over I'll get me a good job and no more hash-slinging for you. Wait a minute." He went into the small room, returned with a flat package. He gave it to Olive. "Honey, will you stash this away for me?"

"Hey, you wouldn't be kidding me?" Henry said. "That wouldn't be a nice little bundle of dough?"

"It's my insurance," Abe said. "But it ain't dough. It's the records I kept for Mike Koski, and just in case, it's got my notarized deposition in it."

"Julia, you'd better take it," Henry said.

Julia took the package and tucked it under her arm. Henry slipped his hand in his pocket and his fingers closed on the butt of Gus Pincus' thirty-eight. "Well, let's get going," he said.

As they reached the street Henry saw Gus Pincus duck back into the shadows of his car. He and Julia walked on either side of Olive Stone, and at the corner Henry glanced back. Gus was out of the car, standing at the curb. They walked on, and when they turned the next corner Henry said, "I'll leave you here. He ought to tail you two. Be careful, Julia."

"Sure, I'll be careful. I'm worried about *you*, Henry."

"I'll call you as soon as I get to the office."

Henry moved on across the street and turned in the opposite direction. He saw Gus Pincus pause at the corner, then turn to follow the girls. Henry walked on another block and took a cab to Mrs. Mahoney's rooming house.

JOE PARELLI was sitting in the chair and Rodney was crouched alertly on the hearth. Parelli's cheeks were a purplish color as Henry came in.

"Thought it over, Joe?" Henry said.

"What I been thinking, pal, you wouldn't want to hear."

"Joe, let's get together," Henry suggested. "We got in this together. Let's stick together. I told you I could fix it so you'd never see Queens again. I can do it."

"I can fix you up, too, Hank," Parelli said.

"Joe, my paper sent me out to look for Abe Arnold, the missing witness in the Koski case," Henry said. "That's why I'm here. I just found Abe."

"You did, huh?" Parelli pursed his lips.

"I'm taking him down to the office," Henry said. "We're going to get his story. Then if you come down there at nine o'clock and make the arrest, outside the building, you'll get your name in the paper in a big way."

"No, sir," Parelli said.

"You'll get the credit for it, Joe. You'll get a commendation."

"I couldn't do that," Parelli said. "Abe is a friend of mine."

Henry had not lost the capacity for surprise. He stared at Parelli and Parelli said, "Hell, we was in P.S. 21 together. We played on the basketball team at Manual Training. I couldn't do that to Abe."

Henry sat down limply on the bed. "You a pal of Mike Koski's, too?"

"Never saw the punk," Parelli said.

"So you knew where Abe was all along?" Henry said. "You knew he was at Nick's, didn't you?"

"Abe is a friend of mine," Parelli said.

"Joe, that's kind of serious," Henry said. "The cops were looking for Abe and you knew where he was all the time."

"What if I did?" Parelli said.

"The police commissioner could give you the answer to that one."

"Skip it," Parelli said.

"I'm willing to skip it. You want to do a little skipping yourself?" Henry asked, watching Parelli's eyes.

"Such as which?"

"Such as the ideas you had about running me in?"

"To tell you the truth," Parelli said with a magnanimous air, "I guess you didn't rob the Trocadero. I can skip that, but I can't

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skip this here. I been squatting here an hour."

"Maybe getting out of Queens will square it?" Henry said. "I've got it fixed so that you can kiss Queens goodby."

"No, sir. I can't do that to Abe."

"Abe wants you to," Henry said. "He's going to be arrested. He wants a friend to do it."

"Abe say that?"

"He wants to give you a boost," Henry said. "He's expecting you at nine o'clock outside of the Record-Star office."

"Well, okay," Parelli said. "If Abe wants it that way."

"Out, Rodney!" Henry said.

The Doberman dropped wearily down on the hearth. Parelli gave him a doubtful glance, then got slowly to his feet and stretched his arms and legs.

Henry held out his hand. Parelli looked at it, grinned, and shoved his big hand out to meet it. They shook hands.

"Joe, you want to do me a favor?" Henry said.

Parelli's eyebrows went up. "For once you ain't doing *me* a favor?" he said.

"It's the dog," Henry said. "I can't take him out of the house. But a cop can take him. You can take him, Joe."

"I don't think Rodney likes cops," Parelli said.

"Rodney," said Henry. "You want to go out?"

The Doberman whined and wagged what tail he had.

"He's a friendly dog," Henry said. "He'd make a nice playmate for your bambino, Joe. Why don't you take him home with you, keep him for a couple of days, until he cools off. Will you do that, Joe?"

"Nope."

"You'll take him for a walk, though?"

"Okay," Parelli said, and Henry thought that once the Doberman was out of the house Mrs. Mahoney would not let him in again. Joe would have to take care of Rodney.

"Take the leash off the mantel," Henry said. "Let him see you with the leash."

Joe picked up the leash and Henry said, "I don't know much about canine psychology, but Rodney must have a split personality by now. He doesn't know whether he's coming or going. Rodney, see the nice man. He's going to take you for a walk."

Henry bent over and snapped the leash on Rodney's collar. The Doberman stood perfectly still. Henry went ahead and opened the door and Rodney dragged Parelli through it, down the stairs. The Doberman did not care who was at the other end of the leash.

"So long, Joe," Henry said. "See you at nine o'clock."

"Okay," Joe said. "Nine o'clock."

HENRY raced to the waiting taxicab and gave the address of Nick's Bar and Grill. On the short ride there he was worried that Abe Arnold might have taken the opportunity to slip out, but Abe was waiting in the kitchen with his hat and coat on. Henry hurried him to the cab and said to the driver, "Head for the bridge."

Abe Arnold sighed, and leaned back against the cushions. "Trouble with me," he said. "I'm a man who can't make up his mind."

"It's all settled," Henry said. "Just relax."

"I had this job with Mike," Abe said. "I hadda take that job in 1932, but the time come when business picked up and I could of done okay without Mike. I just couldn't make up my mind to quit him. Then I found out some things and I'm on a spot. Mike says I got to keep on or else. And all of a sudden the cops is looking for me and I don't know what to do. I can go to the cops and be tucked away in jail or I can go to Mike and talk it over. I can't make up my mind, so I hide out, see?"

Henry looked through the rear window, studying the cars behind. There was one car that seemed to keep a measured distance in the rear, a dark and unobtrusive coupé. Henry thought that Bennie Smith was probably on the prowl in Queens, too, Gus Pincus must have called Mike Koski for help. He kept watching the car behind.

"When it's over we're gonna start a new life, me and Olive," Abe said. "There's plenty of wanted ads for accountants these days. You suppose I'll have any trouble, not having no references?"

"Abe, let's take one problem at a time," Henry said. "That's my system."

"I'll never have another setup like that one," Abe said. "My own hours. My name on the door. Not much work. It was a good job."

The cab turned into the last block and stopped in front of the Record-Star building. Henry saw the coupé turn the corner and pull up on the opposite side of the street, two hundred feet away. He paid the fare and hurried Abe into the building.

This was his big moment, walking in with the missing witness. As they entered the city room heads turned, but no one seemed to notice Abe Arnold. All stared at Henry, and he saw Bess Williams' worried face. She rose from her chair. "Henry, I hope I haven't got you in another mess."

MITCHELL was at the city desk, scowling, and a big man was standing beside him—Detective Bill Madigan. Henry approached them slowly, still holding Abe Arnold's arm, and Mitchell said, "About time you showed up. The man wants to ask you some questions."

Bill Madigan's customary grin was there, but it wasn't sheepish. It was a hard, insinuating grin.

"Hello, Bill," Henry said.

"How are you, Henry?" Madigan said. "Where's your dog, Rodney?"

"For God's sake," Henry said. "Do I run into that again?"

"You're the sort of newspaperman who believes in making news, ain't you?" Madigan said. "Even if you have to rob a bar."

"Bill, I was here in this office when the Trocadero was robbed," Henry said, and looked into Madigan's eyes. They were unfriendly eyes.

"I don't mean you did it yourself," Madigan said. "You put somebody up to it, just to get a story, just to make that phony story in Queens stand up."

"That story was no phony," Henry said.

"The barman over there said it was just a bag of bones."

"I don't care what he said. It's on the blotter."

"Yeah, it's on the blotter," Madigan said. "Henry, you're a great hand for trading neckties, ain't you?"

"I like nice ties, Bill," Henry said.

"You traded one with Oscar," Madigan said. "It came from Carver, Inc., and there's only one like it."

"It seems there are two."

"Who else did you trade it to, Henry?"

"Nobody," Henry said. Had he been seen exchanging ties with Gus Pincus? Henry's forehead was damp.

"Where is it, then?" the detective asked.

"Right here," said Henry. "In my pocket." He pulled out the necktie.

Madigan looked at it. "How do you like that?" he said. "So you got it back?"

"What do you mean, I got it back?"

"From the guy robbed the bar," Madigan said. "How much you pay him to do it, Henry?".

Henry's mouth was dry; it had all caught up to him at last.

"Henry, I hate to do it," Madigan said. "You and me have worked together on some good cases. But duty is duty. I got to take you in." He took the tie from Henry's hand, looked it over. "It's the same tie, all right. A beauty, ain't it?" A grin came slowly on his broad face. "Want to trade, Henry?"

Henry looked at Madigan's striped tie, and then he looked at the detective's grinning face. He glanced at Mitchell, saw the smile, and then he heard them laughing on rewrite.

"Okay," Henry said, and his hands were shaking so he put them in his pockets. "I fell for it. It was good."

Bess Williams was there, her hand on his arm. "Henry, you should have seen your face! Oh, it was perfect."

"You had your revenge," Henry said.

"Come on, Henry," Madigan said. "I'll buy you a drink."

"I want to talk to you, Mitchell," Henry said. "Bill, go on down and tell Oscar to set 'em up. I'll be down in a couple of minutes."

"Okay," Madigan said, and grinned at Bess. "You coming?"

"I'll come with Henry," Bess said.

"You can keep the necktie, Bill," Henry said. "In it, you'll look good."

Madigan walked away toward the elevator. Mitchell said, "What's on your mind, Henry?"

"Meet my friend," Henry said. "This is Abe Arnold, the missing witness in the Koski case."

"What!" Mitchell jumped up from his chair.

"And *this* is no gag," Henry said.

Bess Williams' eyes were big. "You found him, Henry?"

"Abe, this is Mr. Mitchell, the city editor," Henry said.

"Hello," Abe Arnold said, and put out his hand.

"Has he talked, Henry?" Mitchell's eyes were bright; his shoulders were practically erect.

"Just to me, Mitchell."

"Let's get him out of here," Mitchell said. "Upstairs, to the art department. Bess, come along and keep your mouth shut. Henry, we've got to keep him on ice until the first edition."

"That's the idea," Henry said.

"Up the back stairs," Mitchell said. "Henry, I knew you'd do it. This is the kind of thing that makes me happy I'm a newspaperman. What has Abe told you?"

"Mike Koski pulled that Broad and Wall Trust Company job, for one thing."

"The cops always thought so," Mitchell said. "Can we use it, I wonder? Bess, call the lawyer. Get him down here. He's got to pass on every line we print."

THEY reached the studio, and Bess picked up a phone. Mitchell called a photographer and Abe Arnold was posed sitting in a chair, standing against the wall, grinning, frowning, scratching his head, reading a copy of the Record-Star.

"We'll hold him until the first edition," Mitchell said. "Then we'll call the police."

"It's all fixed," Henry said. "A friend of mine is going to make the arrest, outside the building at nine o'clock."

"However you want it, Henry," Mitchell said. "It's your story." He leaned back in his chair and smiled at the ceiling. "The Record-Star last night turned over to the authorities the . . . No, that won't do for the Record-Star. Too bad we're not a tabloid. How about: Abe Arnold was arrested last night by police after his hiding place had been made known by the Record-Star?"

"All right," Henry said.

"Bess, call the circulation department," Mitchell said. "Tell 'em to send a couple of guys to carry Henry's desk and typewriter up here. This can't get out. We don't want anyone to know what he's writing."

"Okay, Mitchell," Bess said.

"Meanwhile, Bess, call Oscar," Henry said. "Have him tell Bill Madigan I can't get down and have him send up a couple of rye gags."

"Hey," Mitchell said. "You just lay off the liquor."

"If it wasn't for rye gags, Mitchell," Henry said, "we wouldn't have this story."

"Okay," Mitchell said. "Make that one rye gag, Bess."

"Don't you want one?" Henry asked.

"Okay, make it two."

"Three," said Bess.

Henry pointed at Abe Arnold. "Four."

Abe Arnold returned a sallow grin. He looked lost; it was considerable activity for a man who had been cooped up in a small room off Nick's kitchen for a month and would soon exchange it for a jail cell. Henry went over and put one hand on Abe's shoulder. "Come over by the window, Abe. Let's talk."

IT WENT on for two hours, and Henry filled page after page of copy paper with notes. At six o'clock he sent for sandwiches and coffee and for the first time thought of Julia. He went to the phone.

"For heaven's sake," Julia said, "I've been worried. Are you all right?"

"Yes. Everything all right there?"

"Sure. He tailed us here and waited outside for a while, then he went in the candy store across the street. I think he made a phone call, because he left here in a hurry."

"You and Olive all right?"

"You bet. We're making rye gags."

"Julia," Henry said, "go easy on that stuff."

"I bet you've got one in your hand this minute."

"I'm drinking coffee," Henry said righteously. "Black coffee."

"By now you need it," Julia said. "You putting my name in that story?"

"Of course I am. I'm fixing everybody up," Henry said. "I'm Santa Claus."

"Except maybe Mike Koski," Julia reminded him.

"Right," Henry said. "But I've got to get back to work now. Go easy on the drinks, Julia. No more."

"I'll do the policing around here," Julia said. "I'm the law." She hung up. . . .

Mitchell was pacing the floor, and Bess was napping on a chair, with her feet up on another chair when he looked up from the phone. Mitchell said anxiously,

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Figure A Figure B Figure C

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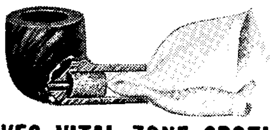

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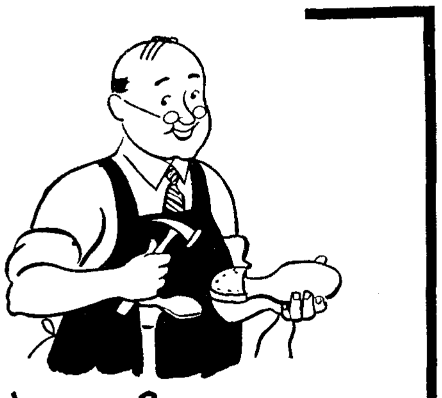

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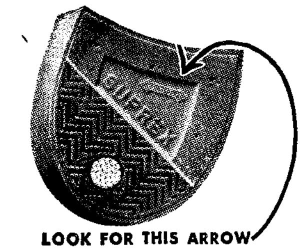

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"Henry, it's about time to start something. We've got to have a start. The lawyer's here."

"I'll get going," Henry said, and moved over to the desk.

Mitchell waited for each take of copy and went over it with the lawyer. Time and time again Henry was called over to rephrase a sentence, to kill a paragraph. A copy girl waited to carry each page down to a copyreader, who sent it along to the composing room. Few of the staff had any idea what was going on.

Seven o'clock came and only half a column had gone down. The concentration of the work was demanding, the interruptions irritating, the discussions delaying and the time fleeting. Henry was surprised when Mitchell said, "Eight-thirty now, Henry."

From then on Henry watched the clock. At five minutes to nine he had not finished the story. He turned his head: "Mitchell, there'll be a cop downstairs at nine o'clock to pick Abe up."

"Write your story," Mitchell said. "Which cop is that? Parelli?"

"Yes."

"Who's the policewoman you're giving so much credit to?"

"That's the girl I love," Henry said.

"What is this?" Mitchell scowled at him.

"She deserves the credit," Henry said.

"Got her picture?"

"Never thought of it."

"That's the trouble," Mitchell said. "No liaison in this office. Reporters should get pictures."

"Mitchell, it's nine o'clock."

"Okay." Mitchell glanced at Bess. "Honey, walk downstairs with Abe, will you? There'll be a Patrolman Parelli waiting."

"Good luck, Abe," Henry said.

A moment after Abe had gone out with Bess the telephone rang. Mitchell picked up the receiver. "No. Can't talk to him now. He's busy."

Henry went on working. "Sorry," Mitchell was saying. "Who did you say? Who? Parelli?"

HENRY jumped up and ran to the telephone. He snatched the receiver from Mitchell. "Hello, Joe?"

"Yeah."

"You downstairs?"

"Nope. Queens General Hospital, Henry."

"Hospital!"

"Rodney chewed me up some, Henry."

"Good Lord," Henry groaned. "Are you badly hurt?"

"I'm okay."

"What happened, for God's sake?"

"I had an idea, Hank," Parelli said apologetically. "I took the pooch for a walk and when we got back the landlady was there and she wouldn't let me bring Rodney in the house. So I says to myself, whyn't I take the pooch down to the station and say I seen him on the street with a blonde and she sicked the pooch on me and got away. It was a pretty good idea, Henry."

"Go on," Henry said.

"I called a cab and I pushed Rodney into it," Parelli said. "He didn't like the way I shoved him, or he don't like cops, or something, and he went for me. We had a tussle, and he run away. I took the hack to the hospital. Hank, we got to find that pooch. They want to check him for rabies."

Mitchell was saying, "What's the matter, Henry?"

"So I don't get my name in the papers," Parelli said.

"Your name's *in* the paper," Henry said. "It's in type already."

"Not that it makes any difference," Parelli said. "I been thinking about it, and the wife has been bending my ear. She says she won't move out of Queens and I been thinking what might happen if I got transferred. I might get sent to Staten Island or the Bronx!"

"Joe, if you hadn't been howling to get out of Queens—?" Henry began. "Oh, well, take care of yourself. I've got to get a cop." He hung up.

"What's wrong?" Mitchell asked.

"That cop," Henry said. "He can't make it."

"He's supposed to be downstairs now," Mitchell said. "Say, we'll have to yank that out of the story, all that stuff about him."

"Can't you leave it in for the first?" Henry said. "We can make a fix for the next edition."

He ran out to the elevator, thinking that if Parelli was lucky the police commissioner might see the first edition of the Record-Star. But obviously Parelli was not lucky.

When Henry got out in the deserted lobby, there was no sign of Bess and Abe Arnold. He ran on to the street and found them standing at the curb.

"It's all off," Henry said. "We've got to get another cop."

"That should be easy," Bess said. "Shall I call one?"

"Maybe Bill Madigan's still at the bar," Henry said.

"After all this time, Henry?"

"Run and see," Henry said. "We'll give him a break." He shook his head. "God knows why I should."

Bess ran to the bar next door and Abe Arnold looked at Henry and spread his hands apologetically.

"It will only be a minute," Henry said.

THE EDITORS OF COLLIER'S PRESENT

A stirring new novel

by

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

Author of All Quiet on the Western Front, The Road Back, and other distinguished works of fiction

ARCH OF TRIUMPH

Beginning Next Week

"You'll be in a nice, warm cell in no time, Abe."

Henry did not notice the car until it turned into the curb and the door swung open. He looked up, and saw the car, and saw Gus Pincus in the front seat and Mike Koski leaning out the rear door. They both had guns.

"Get in, boys," Mike Koski said.

Henry looked up and down the street. If he delayed a moment, and Bess found Bill Madigan at the bar . . .

"Get in," Mike said again.

Abe Arnold moved toward the car, but Henry turned toward the bar. Bess had not come out.

"You want it here, Mac?" Gus Pincus said.

HENRY followed Abe Arnold into the car. Bennie Smith was there, too, completing the family circle, and Bennie also had a gun. The gears screamed as Gus drove away. The car swung right and picked up speed on Eighth Avenue.

"Our little talk didn't do much good, did it?" Mike Koski said. "It didn't seem to make no impression."

Henry said nothing. Mike grinned and said, "How you doing, Abe?"

"Hello, Mike," Abe Arnold said.

"Been spilling your guts, Abe?" Gus Pincus asked, without turning his head.

"I done a lot for you, Abe," Mike said. "I picked you up out of a flophouse and give you a good job and an office with your name on the door."

"At forty bucks a week," Henry said.

Mike scowled. "It was fifty."

"It was forty to start," Henry said.

"I guess Abe has been spilling his guts," Gus said.

"That's too bad, Abe," said Bennie Smith.

In Henry's overcoat was the thirty-eight he had taken from Gus Pincus, but he didn't have his overcoat. He had gone down without his hat and coat. It was cold in the car; at least he was shivering.

"You had your chance, Barton," Mike Koski said. "I tried to work it out nice with you and you turned me down. Just remember, I give you your chance."

"I thought you were retired," Henry said.

Mike Koski chuckled. "I'm back at the old stand now."

HENRY saw Abe's gray face as they passed under a street lamp. His eyes were scared. When he spoke, his voice was thick and toneless: "Mike, I ain't gonna be a witness. I ain't gonna testify against you."

"You bet you ain't," said Mike.

"But you was, Abe," Bennie said.

"I swear I wasn't."

"That's true," Henry said. "We couldn't get a thing out of him."

Mike Koski grinned. "The paper will be up in about an hour, won't it? We'll buy a paper. We'll see."

"We gonna wait till then, Boss?" Bennie said.

Henry was thinking that Bess had not come out of the bar in time to see what had happened. By now they were looking all over the Record-Star building to see what had happened to Henry and Abe. For what good that was worth.

"You ought to listened to me, Barton," Mike Koski said. "I kind of liked you. I liked your taste in neckties."

Gus chuckled. "Boy, that was *some* tie."

"How much dough did you get at the Trocadero?" Henry asked.

Gus snorted. "Sailors! Only eighty bucks."

"Well," Henry said, "I told you the story was no phony."

"It stood up okay," Mike Koski said.

Abe Arnold said throatily, "Mike, what you gonna do?"

"You ought to asked yourself that question earlier, Abe."

"Mike, I swear I never would of talked."

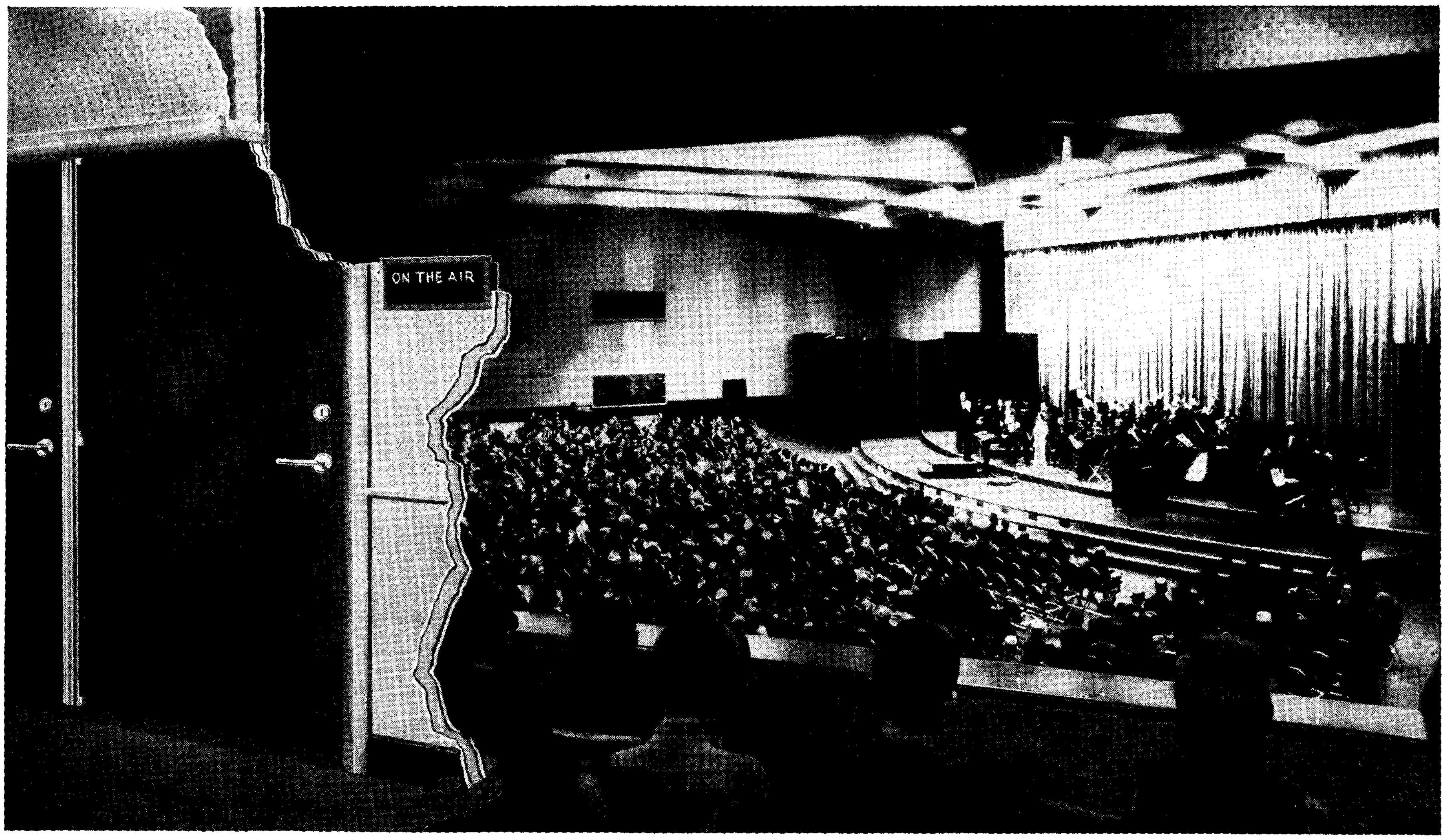
"You won't now," Mike said.

Bennie was grinning and his teeth had an evil shine in the dim light in the car. "This is good," he said. "This is like the old days."

"Ain't it?" Gus Pincus said from the front seat. "I was thinking of that, too. Remember the look on Spud Miller's face when we dropped him in the water, with the cement on his feet? I was thinking of that."

"Them was the days," Bennie said. "I tell ya, it makes me feel good. It makes me feel like I'm living again."

(Continued on page 48)



The Metal

that Hushes Noise . . .

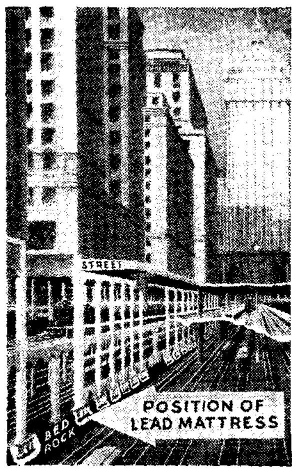
Of all commonly used metals, lead is remarkable in that, when struck, it doesn't ring . . .

For instance, you wouldn't make a bell of lead—because *lead has no voice*. On the contrary, lead *deadens* sound.

In fact, when your favorite program goes on the air at N.B.C.'s Radio City, New York, outside sounds are *kept outside* by this silent sentinel—*lead*. Every studio door is lead-lined (thin sheets of lead sandwiched between layers of wood).

Lead stops sound because its great density per pound and its lack of elasticity make sound waves waste their energy trying to break through. Nothing comes out on the other side but silence.

The Neighborhood that "Sleeps" on Lead Mattresses: New York City is built on solid rock. The Grand Central Station area is honeycombed with railroad tunnels and subways. Any vibration resulting would, ordinarily, be transferred to the buildings and apartment houses above through their foundations, which rest on the bed rock. But structural engineers found that here, too, lead could deaden vibration and clatter. The solution? "Mattresses" of lead, asbestos and steel are sandwiched between the foundations of many of the buildings and the vibrating rock.



Closely allied to noise is vibration—which, of course, sets sound waves in motion, too. For example, when speeding trains rumble under a city, vibrations set up in tunneled rock may be transferred to the buildings above. Where this problem is acute, lead pads or "mattresses" under the building foundations cushion the vibration, hush the din—as shown at the lower left.

Lead also absorbs vibratory shock and noise when placed under bridge supports, railroad station foundations, heavy machinery and other places where vibration must be controlled.

An everyday example of lead's sound-deadening ability is found in trolley cars in some of our largest cities. These cars have large driving gears which formerly set up a disturbing vibratory clatter. Now this noise is deadened—merely by cutting a groove in each gear and filling it with lead.

Even in organ pipes, where the air must vibrate to produce sound, the amount of vibration of the pipes themselves has to be regulated. This is done by making them of, or lining them with, lead alloys.

Whether you want lead for its noise prevention, its corrosion resistance, malleability, weight, durability—or for any of its other useful properties—consult National Lead Company, 111 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

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HOLD WAR BONDS . . . BUY MORE BONDS

G.I. IDEAS

By Clare E. Van Devander

THE G.I. was sloughing his way through the South Pacific brush near the front lines with his grenade pouch hooked onto the back of his belt, whereas regulations said clearly that they should be carried in front. A sergeant, after the manner of sergeants, called his attention to the infraction of rules.

"I know what I'm doing," said the G.I. resentfully. "That's how a lot of guys get knocked off. I'll carry 'em my own way and take no chances."

The soldier had made a very interesting discovery: that Jap sharpshooters had been aiming at the grenades. A hit scored meant not merely a man wounded but one or more men killed. The Army has a method of taking quick advantage of such battlefield improvisations. The G.I. was sought out, in due course, by a "technical detective," who interviewed him and recommended a change in the regulations.

The "technical detective" was one of thousands of members of the Intelligence Division of the Army Service Forces who are constantly on the hunt, on every front and at embarkation ports, for ways to improve weapons, equipment, food, medical service, transportation and the thousands of other items needed to wage successful war. These scientific sleuths are headed by Colonel James M. Roamer.

They are on the alert for a chance remark by a soldier—private or general—which may lead to improvements. It was a chance remark by a paratrooper that resulted in development of a new type of safety belt in gliders, which has prevented an inestimable number of broken backs so prevalent in the early days of their use.

In another case, an Intelligence officer, interviewing a wounded enlisted man who had been one of a bazooka team in France, was told that at one time his unit had to stop firing because it had run out of dry-cell batteries.

"Was that when you were wounded?" asked the officer.

"Oh, no, sir! That didn't stop me. I had a good target and I let them have it. I used flashlight batteries."

Knowing that flashlight batteries are too large to fit into the "stovepipe," the officer's interest quickened. Further questioning brought out a method of firing the bazooka with a battery attached *outside* the weapon. This method has since saved lives in emergencies.

Pfc. Robert Tabb was a sign painter in Clarksville, Mississippi, before he became one of Merrill's Marauders. In a hospital, he was interviewed by an Intelligence officer.

One of the major difficulties the Marauders experienced, Tabb said, was in bringing to earth supplies from parachutes snagged atop trees, sometimes 75 feet up. In the hospital he devised a "red tab target." He gave the officer sketches and a description. In essence, it's a 6-inch bomb attached above the supplies and below the cords of a parachute. Painted a bright red it is visible to riflemen on the ground whenever a chute becomes entangled in treetops. When hit by a rifle bullet, the bomb severs all the cords in the chute, and the heavy container of supplies falls. Tabb asked that it be protected by patents in his name. Many ask, and get, this protection for their ideas.

Sergeant Clarence L. Jones who has received the Silver Star was given a battlefield promotion for his contribution. In northern Italy his outfit was faced with deep German dugouts about 100 yards away. They had tried just about everything in an unsuccessful effort to rout the Germans.

"We knew," Sergeant Jones said, "that if we could get white phosphorus into those dugouts, we could smoke them out."

THEY dared not use phosphorus mortar shells for fear of spraying their own men; and the range was too great to heave phosphorus hand grenades. The unit solved the problem one night in a bull session. By ingeniously combining parts of a hand grenade and a fragmentation rifle grenade, they improvised a white phosphorus rifle grenade that exploded on contact and did the trick.

After witnessing its effectiveness, their commanding officer had more of the grenades made at the ammunition depot and sent up to the lines. Back home on furlough, these men were met by Technical Intelligence detectives. Their device was sketched and rushed to Ordnance experts in Washington.

Although there haven't been many cases where the enemy has produced equipment new to our designers, examination has enabled them to make short cuts in the designs they were working on. The German "butterfly" antipersonnel bomb has been redesigned and adopted for use by the Army Air Forces; the SCR "Gibson Girl," used as sea-rescue equipment by our own forces, was copied from the German Notsender N-52. As a result of a study of the German 4-meter base range finder, several of the design features have been incorporated in a United States design.

But the major part of our discoveries has come from our own soldiers. If a weapon has a weakness, they'll find it, and by the time they're through tinkering, they'll have the weakness eliminated and probably suggest a few improvements in it. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT GREENHALGH

It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog

Continued from page 46

"It stirs up your blood," Gus said. "Like needle beer. Boss, you suppose the old days will ever come back?"

"Soon be spring," Mike Koski said. "Just another month. I think of spring and I think of flowers. I think of flowers and I think of Patsy Lugano's funeral. Ten thousand dollars worth. There was a guy, that Patsy. Had a hunerd slugs in him when they picked him up."

"Boss, how we gonna give it to these babies?" Bennie asked. "Let's make it good, for old times' sake."

The sentimental tone of the conversation chilled Henry's blood. He looked at the ceiling of the car and said, "Mike, you can take care of Abe, and you can take care of me. What are you going to do about the records Abe kept?"

"What records?"

"Abe kept some books," Henry said. "He put it all down in black and white."

Mike Koski looked at Abe.

"And what are you going to do about the deposition Abe made and signed before a notary public?" Henry asked.

There was a moment of digestive silence, then Mike said, "You're bluffing."

"It's true, Mike," Abe said eagerly. "I put the deposition with the records and stashed them. If anything happens to me the D.A. gets the records."

There was silence again, then Henry said, "Not so good, is it, Mike?"

"I think you're bluffing," Mike Koski said. "It's no bluff. Maybe you'd better pull up to the curb and let us out. We'll forget this little incident."

Gus Pincus turned his head. "Boss, she had a package."

"Who had a package?"

"Olive. That is, the other dame carried it, but they didn't have it when they went in."

"Went in where?" Mike asked.

"This jernt over in Queens, where Bennie picked up Abe and this guy lamming out."

Mike prodded Henry with the muzzle of his gun. "How about it? What was in that package?"

"How should I know?" Henry said.

"Was it the records?"

"I don't know," Henry said.

"I tailed 'em to this other dame's house," Gus Pincus said. "Second floor front. Name of Andrews. That's where they went."

"Maybe we better drive over to Queens," Mike said.

"You know who this dame is?" said Bennie. "She's a cop."

"A cop?" Mike said. "You're nuts."

"She pulled her shield on me last night, Boss."

"And she talked about running me in," Gus said. "She talked like a cop, Boss."

"Well, so she's a cop," Mike said. "Let's head for Queens."

HENRY shut his eyes. What chance did a lady cop with a thirty-two have against three thugs with thirty-eights, particularly when the lady had been drinking rye gags? She had sounded fairly well oiled over the telephone. Henry winced inwardly. He hoped Julia wouldn't go for the thirty-two.

Gus drove across town to the Queensboro Bridge. The lights of the river shone far below and the air was fresh and cold. Henry breathed in deeply, needing the air. His lungs felt cramped and his stomach was crawling around his ribs.

The car rolled down the ramp into Queens, where it had all begun. If he hadn't gone to Queens that night, if he hadn't run into a cop who wanted to get his name in the paper—Queens, the city's largest and fastest-growing borough. Henry remembered that there were twenty cemeteries in Queens.

The car slowed and Gus said, "This is it, Boss."

He stopped the car at the curb and Henry looked up and down the street, in the desperate hope a policeman would appear. This was Joe Parelli's beat, where nothing ever happened, and Patrolman Parelli was in the hospital. If he were on duty now he would have his chance; he would get his name in the paper, in all editions.

"Bennie, you wait here with Abe," Mike said. "Gus and me will go up with Barton." He tapped Henry's shoulder. "You're gonna go with us. You're gonna knock on the door and say it's you. That's all you're gonna say. Check?"

"Check," Henry said. That was all he intended to do. He didn't intend to say anything that would get Julia into trouble, with only a thirty-two.

They got out of the car, and Henry felt Mike's gun against his back. "Keep moving," Mike said, and Henry went ahead of him into the vestibule, Gus Pincus coming last. "Press a button," Mike Koski said. "Any button but Andrews."

HENRY pressed a button, without even noticing the name. The buzzer clicked and Mike opened the door. He called loudly, "Sorry, I forgot my key."

"Oh, that's all right," a woman's voice said from two floors up, and they heard the slamming of a door.

"Upstairs," Koski said.

Henry went slowly upstairs to Julia's room.

"Knock," Mike said.

Henry knocked and Julia's voice called, "Who is it?"

"Henry."

"Well, gee whiz," Julia said, and the lock clicked. "I've been trying to get you. I . . ."

She stood staring at the guns.

"Sorry, Julia," Henry said. "I had to do it."

Mike pushed into the apartment, said, "Hello, Olive."

Gus Pincus shoved Henry in and followed. He said, "There it is, Boss, on the table."

Mike Koski picked up the package and ripped the paper off. There was a gray ledger with red corners and inside it a loose page of foolscap, Abe Arnold's deposition. Mike scowled as he read it. He looked at Henry. "You wasn't bluffing, was you?"

Julia whispered to Henry, "Mike Koski?"

"Shut up," Gus Pincus said.

"Sorry to disturb you girls," Mike Koski said. "Better get your coat on, Olive."

Olive Stone looked as if she were about to faint, but her muscles were too stiff to collapse. She began putting on her hat.

Julia had moved around behind the sofa, and Henry saw what she was after. Her shoulder bag was at the end of the sofa, just out of reach.

"No!" Henry said sharply.

Her startled blue eyes met his, and Gus Pincus waved his gun and said, "She packs a rod in that bag, Boss."

Mike Koski stepped forward. "Let's see that bag." He opened it, and saw the thirty-two. He took it and dropped it in his pocket.

"You'd better come along with us," he said to Julia. "Just keep your mouth shut and maybe you won't get hurt."

"I'll need my coat," Julia said. Her voice was steady and she did not seem frightened.

"Okay, get it."

"It's in the bedroom," she said.

She took two quick steps to the bedroom door and jerked it open. Henry heard her shrill, excited shout, "Get 'em, Rodney!"

A black figure shot through the bedroom door, an apparition of shining teeth and open jaws and ferocity and loyalty. An awesome growl came from the Doberman's distended throat and his bunched muscles sent his seventy-five pounds hurtling toward Mike Koski. Henry had a glimpse of Mike's startled, horrified face, then Mike went down and the gun fell from his hand. Julia dived for the gun, and Henry suddenly came alive, an instant ahead of Gus Pincus.

Gus was holding his gun in nerveless fingers, gaping at the Doberman, and Henry struck downward on Gus' arm. The gun fell, and in the same moment Julia was on her knees with Mike Koski's gun in her hand, pointing it at Gus, crying, "Out, Rodney!"

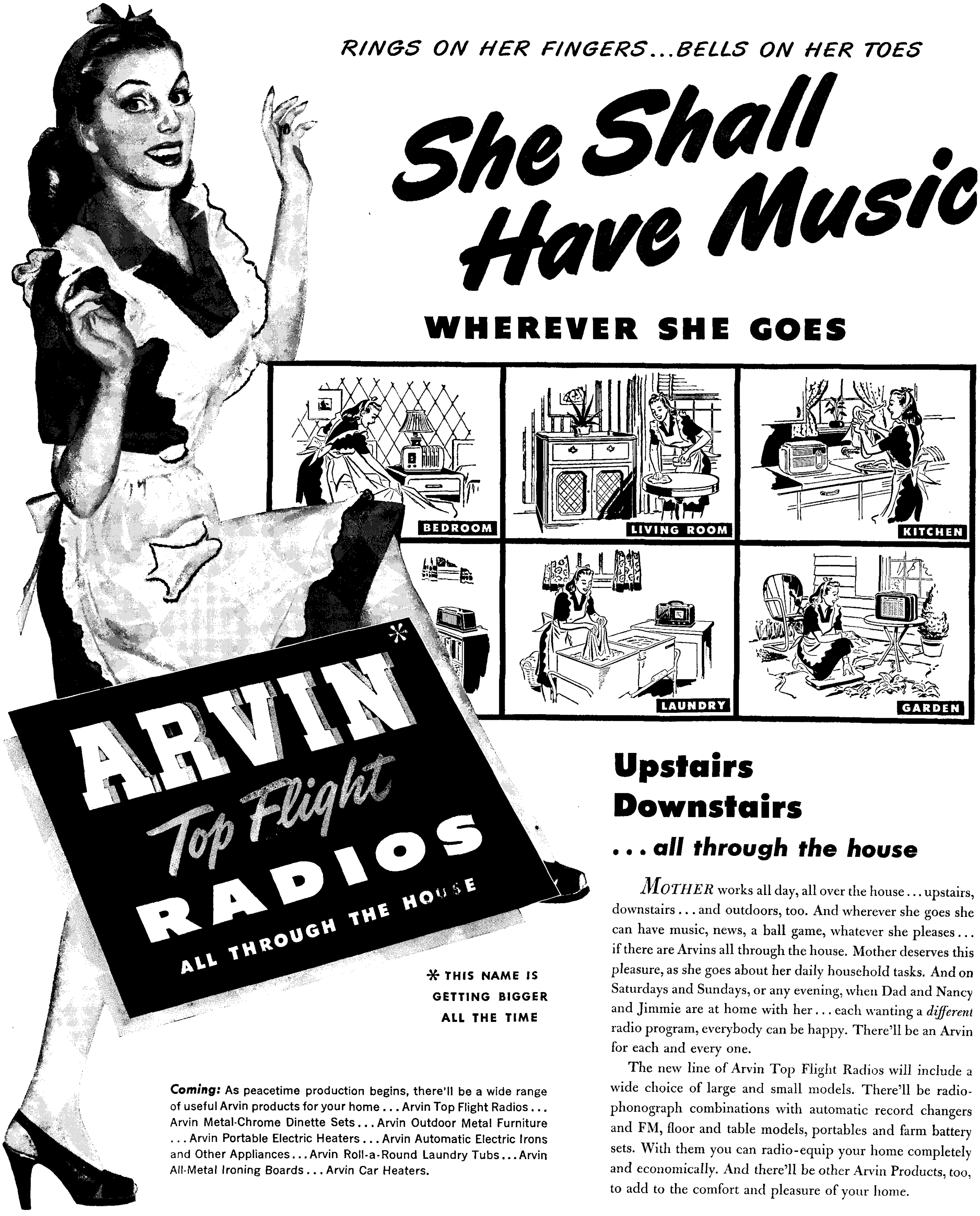
Gus Pincus never moved. He stood and stared, until Henry put his hand against his chest and pushed him down into a chair.

Mike Koski lay prone, shielding his head

RINGS ON HER FINGERS... BELLS ON HER TOES

She Shall Have Music

WHEREVER SHE GOES



*** THIS NAME IS GETTING BIGGER ALL THE TIME**

Upstairs Downstairs

... all through the house

MOTHER works all day, all over the house... upstairs, downstairs... and outdoors, too. And wherever she goes she can have music, news, a ball game, whatever she pleases... if there are Arvins all through the house. Mother deserves this pleasure, as she goes about her daily household tasks. And on Saturdays and Sundays, or any evening, when Dad and Nancy and Jimmie are at home with her... each wanting a *different* radio program, everybody can be happy. There'll be an Arvin for each and every one.

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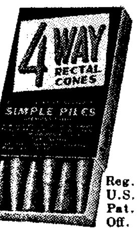
4-WAY RECTAL CONES



Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

and face with his arms. The Doberman stood over him, one paw on his back, his bared teeth near the gangster's neck.

Henry was nearly as shaken as Gus Pincus. He looked at the incredible, imperturbable young woman kneeling on the floor with the big thirty-eight in her hand, and the shock of surprise on top of so much cumulative nervous strain left him feeling utterly helpless. His voice was only a whisper. "For heaven's sake," he said. "Where did *he* come from?"

"Good boy, Rodney," Julia said. She knelt by the dog and hugged him, then looked up at Henry. "He found his way home. All the way from Manhattan, Henry!"

"From Manhattan?" Henry said stupidly.

"Those brutes must have turned him loose on the street. We were sitting here and I heard a dog barking outside. I ran downstairs and there was Rodney." She stood up. "Henry, what are you up to?"

"What am I up to!" Henry cried. "Look, that's Mike Koski. Another of his torpedoes is waiting downstairs with Abe Arnold. They snatched us, Julia."

"Downstairs?" Julia said. "Pick up that gun. Let's get him." She bent and took her thirty-two from Mike Koski's pocket.

Henry picked up Gus Pincus' gun and said, "Not you. I'll go down."

"Where are they?"

"Sitting in the car."

"Well, you can't go, Henry," Julia said. "As soon as you walk out the door he'll mow you down."

"Let's call the cops," Henry suggested.

"*I'm* a cop," said Julia. "Honey, this is the pitch. I'll take Rodney for a walk, just a girl out walking her dog, and I'll maneuver to the curb. Rodney will take care of that. Then I'll just step up to the car and poke my gun in his face. It will be easy."

"Julia, Bennie will recognize you," Henry said. "He saw you last night when we nailed him with Olive. And he'll recognize Rodney."

"Olive," Julia said. "Can you use a gun?"

OLIVE STONE was sitting on the sofa, very pale. Her eyes had a glazed look and Henry went over to her. As he came near he saw what was wrong. Olive wasn't faint; she was stiff. She'd stowed away too many rye gags.

"Leave Olive out of it," Henry said.

"Well, the two of us can handle it," Julia said. "I'll slip out the back way, go through the garden, and hit the street a couple of doors down. It's a community garden for this whole development. Henry, you go down with Mike Koski. Use him as a shield. We'll have Bennie caught in the middle."

"How about Gus Pincus?" Henry said, nodding to the chair where Pincus sat.

"That's Rodney's job," Julia said. "Guard him, Rodney!"

Gus Pincus groaned and closed his eyes. Julia poked her toe into Koski's ribs. "Get up, punk."

"Such language," Henry said. "Even for a cop."

Mike Koski got to his feet, shaking his head.

"I'll get going," Julia said. She looked doubtfully at Henry. "Now you be careful."

She went quickly down the stairs and Henry waited two minutes before he started down with Mike Koski. The gangster walked ahead of him, his hands at his sides.

"You know enough not to talk," Henry said.

"Okay," Mike Koski said.

"Open the door."

Koski opened the door and passed into the vestibule. He went ahead of Henry to the street.

Bennie flipped away a cigarette when he saw them coming and opened the door of the car. He stared at Mike and said, "Where's Olive?" and then he saw Mike's face and reached for his gun.

But Julia was there, on the other side of the car, behind him, and Henry heard her sharp voice, "Never mind the roscoe, Bennie."

Bennie's mouth dropped open and he raised his hands. Henry opened the door of the car and said, "Get out."

"Upstairs, everybody," Julia said crisply. "We'll call the wagon. Henry, you take Mike, and I'll bring his boy."

"His what?" Bennie said.

"Upstairs," said Julia.

Bennie got out of the car and said dolefully, "How did it happen, Boss?"

"Shut up," Mike Koski said.

"I told you she was a cop," Bennie said.

They climbed the stairs to Julia's apartment, where Gus Pincus sat facing Rodney.

"Everybody sit on the floor," Henry said. "Stick your legs straight out."

The three men sat down, staring across at one another, and Julia called the precinct.

Henry grinned at Mike Koski. "This time you *are* going to retire," he said. "For a long, long time." He turned his head. "Abe, there's some rye somewhere around. Maybe you need a drink. I do."

ABE ARNOLD went to the sofa and sat beside Olive. He bent and kissed her, then looked up at Henry and blinked.

"That is, maybe there's still some rye," Henry said.

Julia finished her call and hung up. Henry smiled at her. "Detective Andrews," he said, "I love you."

"It's just my uniform that's turned your head," Julia said.

"I've never seen your uniform."

"Henry," Julia said, "I think I love you, too, in a crazy sort of way. Even if you are a woman-hater."

FOR YOUR BOY IN THE NAVY

This message is sent to the friends and families of Navy men overseas, at the request of the Navy Department.

Do not send any Collier's subscriptions to your boy overseas. Here are the reasons:

1. The Navy Department makes copies of Collier's (and other magazines) available to its personnel both at Navy bases and on board ship. And, of course, these copies are newer than any we could mail to your boy direct.

2. This procedure lightens the load of the Post Office Department and

3. Enables your letter mail to get through more quickly.

We know you want to bring every possible comfort and pleasure to your Navy boys—and girls. But in the case of Collier's, the Navy is taking care of them. And they'll get their copies earlier.

"I'm not a woman-hater," Henry said. "I was just ignorant about women. I never knew a lady cop before."

He moved toward her and Rodney stiffened and growled, his body crouched.

"Take it easy, Rodney," Henry said.

"Keep an eye on him, Rodney," Julia said, smiling.

"Hey!"

"For the time being," Julia said. "Henry, I've done my duty. Better do yours. Call your paper."

"That can wait."

"So can I," said Julia. Her eyes were soft and the smile was full and warm. "But not too long," she said.

Henry dialed the number of the Record-Star and asked for the city desk.

Mitchell was excited and his voice snapped on the telephone. "Henry, where have you been? What's the idea, ducking out on a deadline without finishing your story? Bess Williams had to finish it up."

"I've got a new lead on that story, Mitchell," Henry said. "Abe Arnold and I were snatched by Mike Koski and a couple of his torpedoes. They were waiting for us outside the building."

"Snatched?" Mitchell said. "You all right, Henry?"

"Unharmed," Henry said. "Thanks to that lady cop, the one who's in the story. She and Rodney saved the day."

"Rodney!" Mitchell shouted. "That dog?"

"That dog," Henry said. He had not realized how it would sound to Mitchell; he visualized Mitchell clinging to the telephone like a desperate man to sanity.

"Henry, what are you drinking?" Mitchell said in a tone of relief, accepting the readiest explanation. The most plausible explanation, in fact.

"If you listen, you'll hear the sirens," Henry said. "That's the cops, coming to take Mike Koski away. Mitchell, I'm not drinking, but I need a drink. I need one badly."

Julia stood beside him, her blue eyes sparkling. She still held the thirty-two in her hand. Henry reached out to put his arm around her and Rodney growled menacingly.

"Hear that?" Henry said into the telephone. "That was Rodney."

"What fantastic nonsense is this?" Mitchell said. "Get back here and finish your story."

"It's a fact," Henry said. "That was Rodney."

"Henry, I'm going to throw the whole damn' story out," Mitchell said. "You're drunk. You're fired. *Was* that Abe Arnold you brought in this afternoon? Who was it?"

"Mitchell, let me talk," Henry said. "This lady cop had a dog named Rodney and he was stolen. Mike Koski is a dog fancier and he got hold of Rodney somehow and it was his torpedo, Gus Pincus, who held up the Trocadero. I can prove it. Then they turned the dog loose and he found his way home and was here to spring us when Mike and his boys were taking me and Abe for a ride."

"Is that so?" Mitchell said, in the soothing tone of a maniac's guard.

"They brought us here to pick up Olive Stone and some books Abe had left with her," Henry said.

"Books?" said Mitchell. "Best-sellers? What books?"

"Some records Abe kept for Mike Koski," Henry said patiently. "Abe gave them to Olive for safe-keeping and the lady cop was keeping Olive and the records under guard at her place. Then . . ." He broke off. "Look, Mitchell, why don't you just put Bess Williams on? I'll tell her what to write."

"Bess Williams is walking around somewhere on some cloud," Mitchell said. "The managing editor just told her she's going to Europe."

"Europe?" Henry said. "Well, that's what she wanted. Put me on a rewrite man, then, Mitchell."

"I'll put you on Sam Black," Mitchell said.

HENRY put his hand over the mouthpiece and looked at Julia. "You know, they're going to be asking *you* questions, too. Every cop in town is looking for Rodney."

The sound of the sirens had died away on the street below and the doorbell was ringing violently.

"When they barge in here and see Rodney," Henry said. "When they see that tattooed Doberman, Julia, they're going to start asking questions, and then they're going to trace Rodney through the Army and find that his owner is a beautiful blonde named Julia Andrews."

"I'm not worried about that," Julia said. "You can explain it, Henry. It will be a cinch for you."

She hurried to open the door. The police were tramping up the stairs and Sam Black's voice said in Henry's ear, "I guess you heard about Bess, Henry."

"Mitchell just told me."

"Shows what a by-line on a good story can do for you," Sam said. "She's got you to thank for it, Henry."

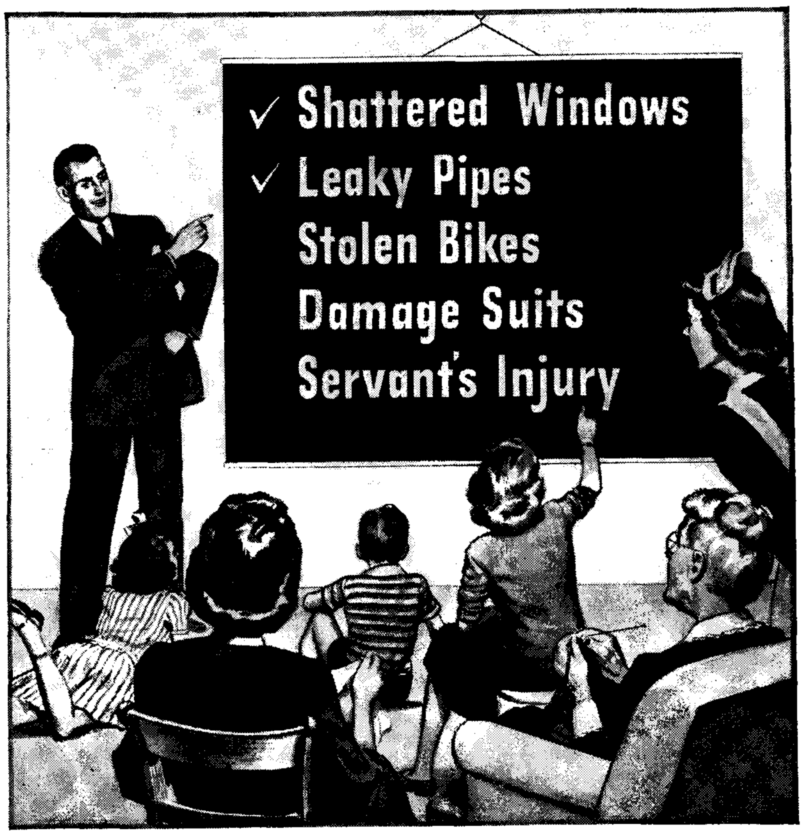
"You going to put in for Europe, too, Sam?" Henry asked.

"Europe's too far to chase one blonde," Sam said, and chuckled. "Now, Henry, what *is* all this?"

Henry began explaining.

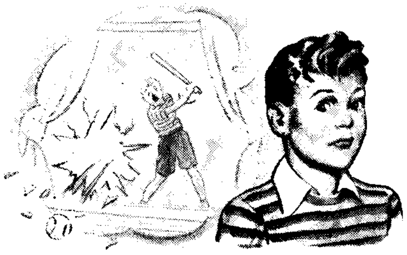
THE END

Try this one on your family—



You'll be surprised how many risks exist right in your own household. Just ask your family! Another surprise: a single insurance policy—just one piece of paper—now covers many of these everyday hazards.

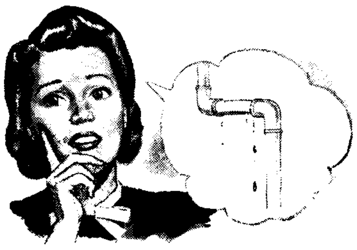
After you "try this one on your family," ask your Hartford agent or your insurance broker about our "All-in-One" plan of protection.



"Guess shattered windows means me, Pop"

If your youngsters play baseball and other games, it will be smart to have your home covered by glass insurance. The Hartford "All-in-One" policy pays for replacing glass breakage which results from flying baseballs—or any other cause except fire.

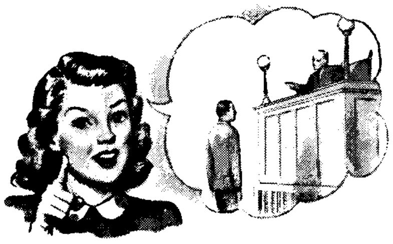
"I worry about leaky pipes"



—says Mother. And she does, too, because she knows how quickly plain, ordinary water can ruin ceilings, wallpaper and floors. Of course, she'll stop worrying the minute she knows that house and contents are insured against water damage.

"Ooh! Suppose a thief gets my bike?"

Bicycles, jewelry, money, silverware, furs . . . there's plenty of valuable property around your house to tempt thieves and burglars. So every member of the family—and your guests and servants, too, need the protection of Residence and Outside Theft insurance. Is it included in the "All-in-One" policy? Sure is!



"And, Dad...maybe you ought to think about damage suits"

For instance, think how just one damage suit might cost you $1,000—$5,000—$10,000! It *can* happen. And often does! Your child leaves a toy on the sidewalk—your dog bites someone—a visitor falls on a staircase.

To think about more pleasant things, do you know that the very same "All-in-One" policy will give your family protection against injury claims and damage suits? Covers golf, hunting and fishing, too!

"Say...how about me ...what if I get hurt?"

Servants often are injured at their work. So the "All-in-One" policy takes care of them too*, paying for necessary medical care, including doctors' and hospital bills, etc., up to $250 per person (or more if you like) without any question as to who's responsible. Full-time and part-time household help are all covered—*and your guests too!*

*If you reside in New Jersey or California, inquire about Workmen's Compensation Insurance.

Hartford's "Family All-in-One" policy

Includes all these forms of protection, and more! Or you can omit any which do not apply to your family. This protection may be tailored to your needs. It's a modern, flexible kind of policy. Get all the facts, without obligation, from your Hartford agent or your broker.

Hartford Insurance

Hartford Fire Insurance Company • Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company

Writing practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance • • Hartford 15, Connecticut

Crazy Over 'Chases

Continued from page 18

mane, tempestuous Invader, and steel-coated old Iron Shot, the solid horse.

Iron Shot, grandson of immortal Chance Play, was racing on the flat in 1940 when Mr. Widener decided to have him converted into a hunter. "I'd like to give him to my granddaughter Ella," he told Trainer Maurice H. Dixon.

That fall the handsome three-year-old was dispatched to Norman Brown's steeplechase school at Newtown Square, Pa. His classroom was a walled corral about the size and shape of a circus ring. Most horses instinctively shy away from obstacles, but Professor Brown used no whip on Iron Shot. The big gray easily mastered hurdles, conquered higher barriers, finally vaulted fearlessly over a four-foot wall. "By spring, I'd taken him on cross-country jaunts," Brown relates. "I notified Miss Widener that he was ready."

Not a Lady's Horse

Old Iron Shot glanced at his new mistress, then sniffed. When she tried to ride him, he balked. "He's no lady's man," Brown chuckles. "And he had a mind of his own; he was determined not to be a hunter. Racing was in his blood. He longed for the thrill of it and the roaring, cheering crowd."

That summer, Iron Shot, Norman Brown up, captured the fashionable hunt club handicap at Radnor, Pa. He's been winning ever since—the Belmont Grand National, Pimlico's Manly Cup and many other state events. Now in his eighth year, his earnings have averaged $15,000 annually.

'Chase-crazy turfmen study yearlings closely. Rawboned, narrow-waisted animals with heavy hocks and shoulders are tapped for jumping. Such horses qualify when they are three years old, reach their peak between six and eight. Duettiste won the Brook Handicap at the venerable age of thirteen; today's champion, Burma Road, took the Grand National and Temple Gwathney at five.

Purses for such races are now from $15,000 to $50,000. Although only a few jumpers earn their keep, owners do not care. They are multimillionaires—the Weirs, Pews and Mellons of Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. F. Ambrose Clarke and the Bostwick brothers of Meadowbrook's polo set, and the Du Ponts of Delaware.

Indeed, today's ruling monarch of the 'chase is William du Pont, Jr., who owns two steeplechase courses on his farm at Bellevue Hall, Maryland, another at Fair Hills, where the swanky Foxcatcher Hunt Cup handicap is run, and Delaware Park, America's finest public course. A perfectionist is Mr. du Pont, who called off the Delaware Park meet in '37 because the grass wasn't tall enough to satisfy his exacting eye. He's an inventor, too; his Du Pont fence, a cleverly camouflaged wall of solid earth, topped by hedge, is used nationally.

Jockeys argue endlessly about fences: Timber is safest, hurdles dangerous, the Liverpool, with its wooden take-off board, most perilous of all. The Liverpool originated on the treacherous course at Aintree in old England, a fiendish stretch of murderously high barriers, hairpin turns over water. Sixteen of Aintree's thirty Grand National entries went down to their doom one year. In 1913, twenty-six started: Glenside, a cross-eyed nag with a cough, strolled home alone to collect the $40,000 prize.

"Speaking of the Liverpool," says Norman Brown, "here's a lad who can tell you about the one at Belmont Park."

Leo Sessa, a dark-eyed young man in a blue serge suit approaches. He shakes his head, speaks softly: "Yes, one day in '41 I fell afoul the Liverpool. I was born in Brooklyn, hung around the tracks as a kid. I did right well as a jockey. That morning the trainer told me to school a likely three-year-old, Singing Torch, over the Belmont jumps.

"The Torch made all the fences look easy until he saw the Liverpool. That piece of wood lying out there in front of the hedge must have flickered in a corner of his eye. He faltered at the jump. I tried to fall free—I knew what was coming. Then everything went black. . . ."

The ambulance arrived. Sessa was almost cold. They packed him in ice for days, kept the spark of life in him. Broken neck, said the doctors. He wore a steel brace for fifteen months.

"I'll never ride again," he mournfully concludes. "At that, I was lucky." He turns to the jockeys. "Remember Bennie Kleeger?"

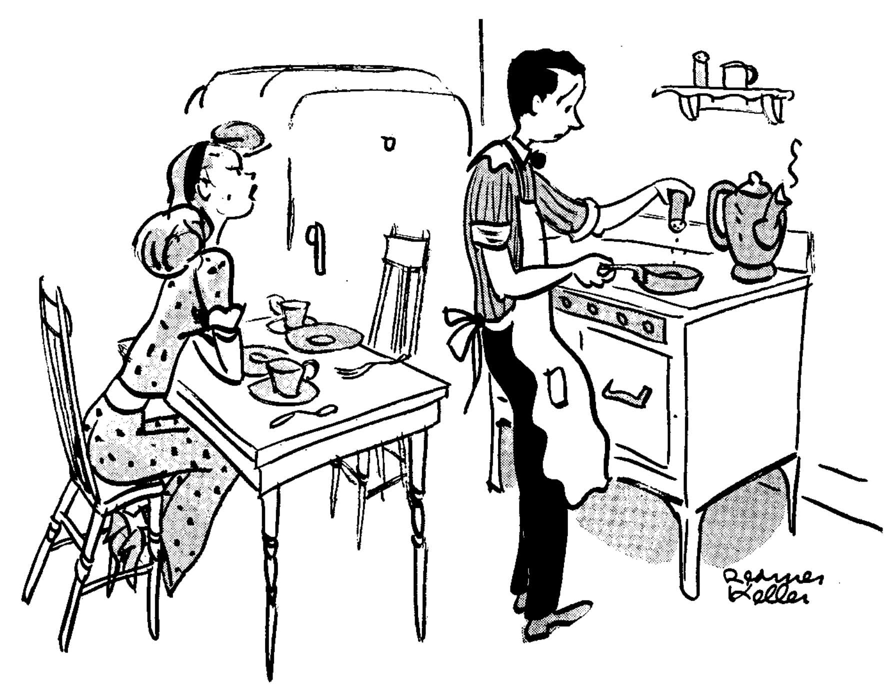
"I remember Bennie," says one.

"I was there that day," Sessa continues. "Bennie rode Rollicking Princess more'n ten years ago. She rollicked all right, showed her heels as she swung into the clubhouse turn. There, at the last hedge, she lurched. Bennie crashed through the wings. Wooden staves pierced his lungs. Blood spattered the green. He never knew what hit him."

No one keeps records of jump jockeys' lives lost on the lush grass of the infield.

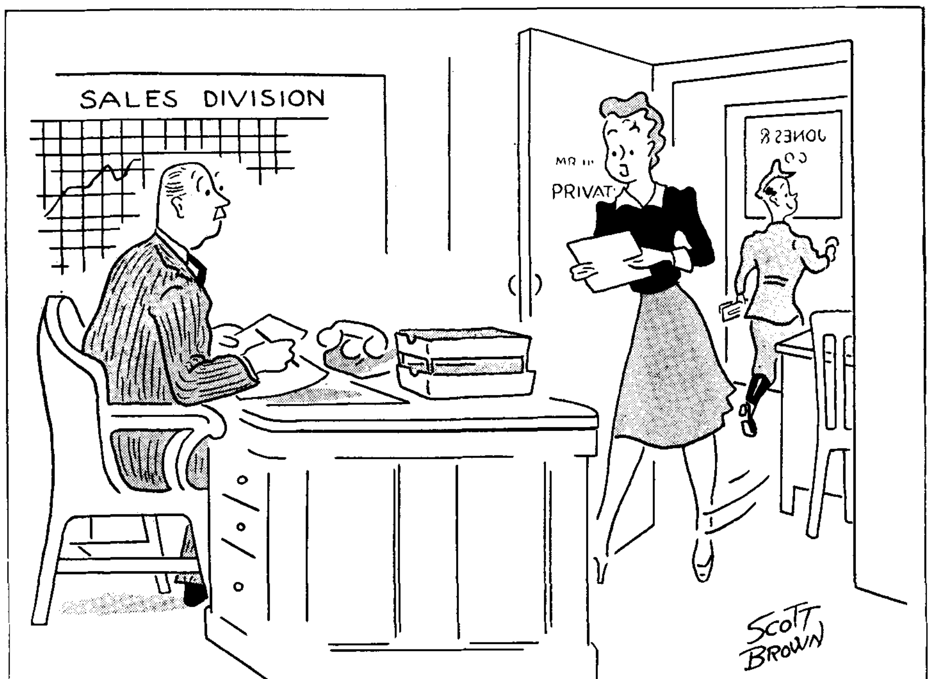
"Let's see." Norman Brown scratches his head. "There was poor Charlie Crawford, trampled by a horse named Brightness; and Al Williams down at Pimlico . . ."

And forgotten others. Headlines and purses go to the flat-track stars. Ted Atkinson, champion of the flat, rode 1,088 races to 200 triumphs in '43. Billy Owen, ace jump boy, broke all records for the steeplechase with 22 victories. Atkinson collected 10 per cent of a juicy $497,697, plus fees and bonuses. Owen earned a tenth slice of $40,745—and little more.



"What about that promise you made about bringing my breakfast up to me every morning?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER



"It's a wire from the hotel confirming your room reservation, sir. They request you bring along your own linen and theirs, too, if you have any"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

Owen rose slowly from exercise boy to jockey on the flat where pay was high. Came the fatal day when his weight rose above 100 pounds. "Then I hit 110. It was the jumps for me or nothing."

Sixteen Years of Rough Riding

Gray-haired Emmett Rogers, veteran of sixteen seasons over the fences, joins the group: "I win about six races a year. And always land in the hospital once. Tasmania fell on top of me one day at Aqueduct. My lower jaw was broken in four places, upper jaw twice, nose smashed, skull fractured. That clumsy horse near put my lights out!"

They talk, the jockeys, about blue-eyed Tommy Roby, paralyzed for three years—Sir Bluesteel's metal hoof ripped into his brains one high-skied June afternoon.

"That might have been me," comments olive-skinned Howard Cruz. "Every bone in my body's been broke, I figure. But still I wouldn't quit if I could. What else could I do? Rub horses for a living?"

Black eyes flashing, Cruz speaks for the two score crack 'chase boys of the Eastern tracks: "Some people say we throw races to one another, that we gamble, make a hundred grand a year. 'Why,' they say, 'a jump jockey'd be foolish not to get what he can while he's all in one piece.' "

He explains how ugly rumors rise: "Fans see us hold reins tightly as we make the first dash past the grandstand. That's because we 'rate' our horses for the stretch, where power wins—not early speed. No horse can sprint for two to four miles, taking five-foot fences in stride.

"When we lose, we get all the blame. We're accused of not trying. A horse bumps another, or knocks over a beacon, or goes looking for a bag of oats—and it's our fault.

"Some day soon, all of us sitting here will be washed up—maybe in the Leo Sessa or Tommy Roby way. When we're through, what then? Every man here would like to go back to the farm where he started; he'd like to own a horse or two, work from dawn to midnight until he could come back to the big time as an owner—"

"Stop dreaming!" Norman Brown interrupts. "There's the bugle!"

It's the Brook Handicap today, two miles and a half, with eight champion jumpers competing for a purse of $8,750. Grooms lead the handsome horses from the barns; owners and trainers chat in the paddock. The jockeys join their mounts in the open stalls, follow them to the parade circle under the tall old oaks.

The boys, in gay colors, climb into saddles. The parade begins. Slowly around the circle, then through the bridle path to the open track the horses plod. Fans pack the grandstand, place final bets; they've wagered $416,354, the tote board indicates. Now a brown and black ambulance wheels to the center of the infield. Eight brawny jumpers jog to a far corner, stamp on the grass, move into position. The starter's yellow flag goes up, then down. Eight broad-backed beasts surge forward. The race is on!

"Ah!" cry betting thousands as the fencers glide smoothly over wall and water. They turn abreast, Rouge Dragon leading. There, across the backstretch they speed, faultlessly flying over fence after fence. Into the far turn they swerve, down, then around. Now the thoroughbreds thunder for a second time past the stands. Wraps are off. They're racing furiously. And now—there's the tricky Liverpool.

"Rouge Dragon leads by a length," bellows the loud-speaker. "Invader second, Iron Shot third—no . . . Iron Shot has lost his rider!"

A Hair's-Breadth from Tragedy

There he is, willful old Iron Shot, romping along alone. Norman Brown lies in the grass, face down. Look out, Brown . . . Aah . . . metal hoofs miss his head! The ambulance churns through dust.

Norman Brown is forgotten as all eyes sweep toward the far turn. Can Rouge Dragon hold the pace? Will Invader pass him?

"I told you not to bet on them jumpers," a cocky little fellow barks to his wife. "You was a fool to lay those two bucks on Iron Shot!"

"Ain't it worth two bucks to watch this race?" the lady snaps.

And here they are, sweat gleaming on bulging muscles, whips cracking against tender flesh . . . the stretch drive! Rouge Dragon wins . . . Invader fades . . . Burma Road is second. Holders of winning tickets grin, push through the throng.

In the emergency hospital, Norman Brown lies flat on a white enameled table. A doctor flashes light into his eyes. "No concussion," he grunts. He lifts Brown's left leg. "Bruise. A little Mercurochrome will fix that cut." Red stuff splashes on the jockey's white skin.

"Can I ride tomorrow, Doc?" Brown asks.

"Must you?"

"I'm up on Mateson, Doc. And I got a hunch. . . ."

"I don't see why not."

Brown winces as he stands on his feet. He limps slightly, but a smile spreads over his leathery face.

"And they call bullfighting a tough game," he says, as he takes his white satin jacket from a hook.

THE END

THESE MEN
Are Getting Ready Now to take Over

How these babies can eat—and grow! And no wonder. Not just three times a day, but every four hours, a lusty wail announces that a husky appetite is all sharpened up again. Eleven pounds at two months, 16½ pounds four months later. The most scientific diets ever to be set before an infant are today building sturdy bodies and alert minds to take over tomorrow's more complicated national affairs.

A majority of the dry cereal formulas forming the daily diet of America's younger generation are enriched nutritionally with specially grown food yeasts supplied by Anheuser-Busch.

Other food yeasts, rich in protein and high in Vitamin B Complex factors, are being supplied to processors to fortify the diets of Army and Navy forces. For the pharmaceutical and food field, Anheuser-Busch is the largest source of natural B Complex vitamins. *Do not confuse these specially grown dry food yeasts with the compressed fermentable types you've previously known.*

In close co-operation with the national effort to provide better nutrition for all, the ten laboratories of Anheuser-Busch are deep in an expanding program of nutritional research which we know will ultimately contribute much to the enjoyment of a healthier, happier life and may even contribute to a lengthier life span.

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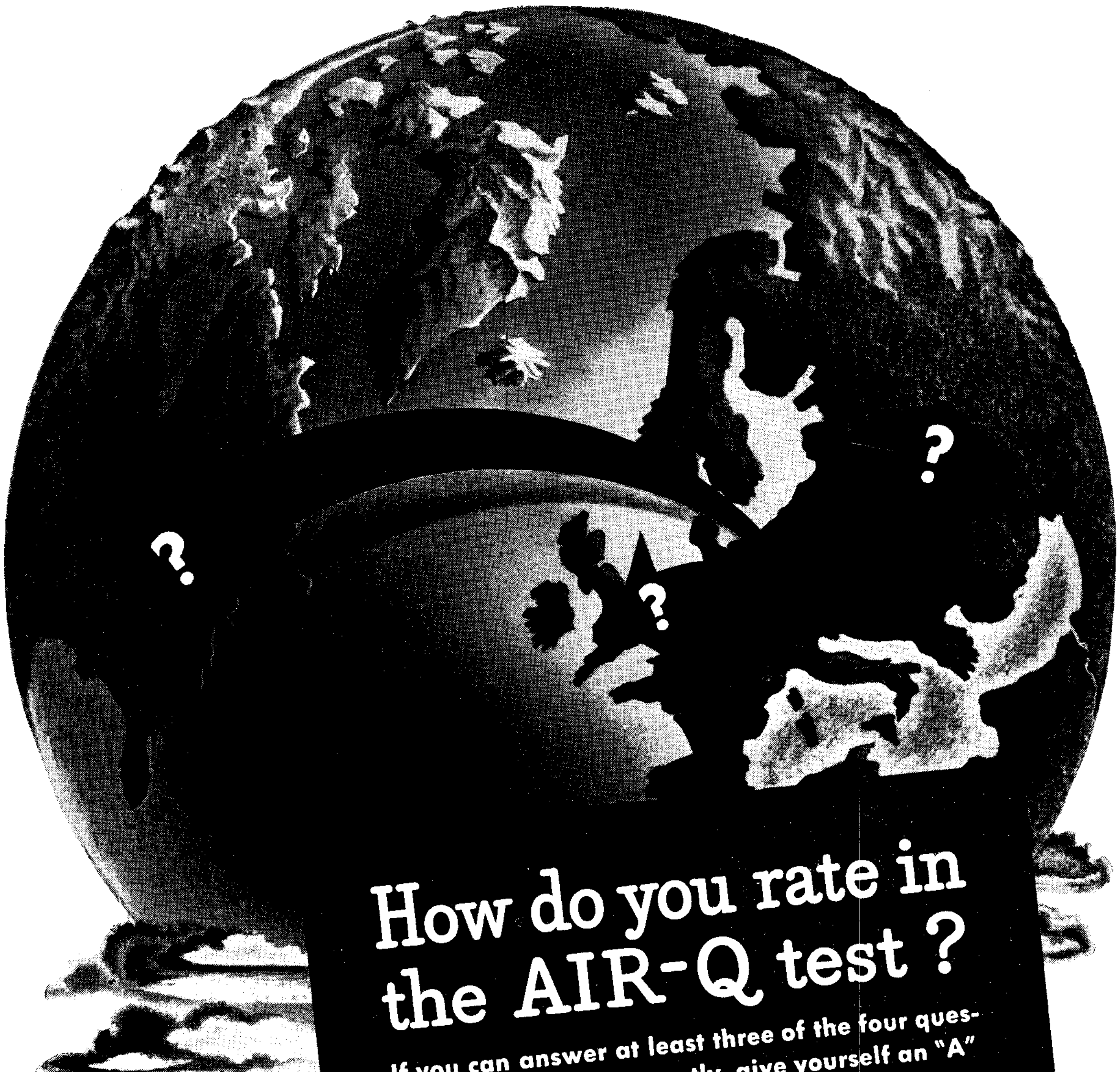


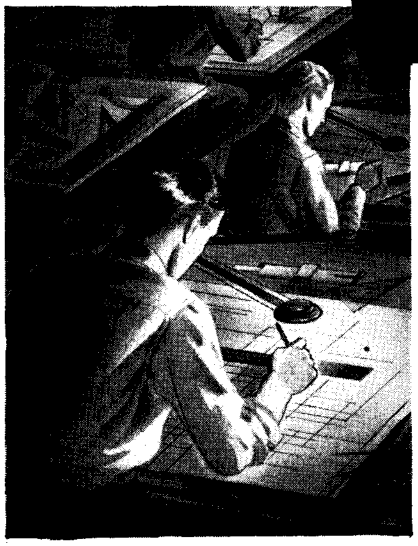
How do you rate in the AIR-Q test?

If you can answer at least three of the four questions on this page correctly, give yourself an "A" in Aviation. You're one of a steadily increasing number of Americans who realize that, in the future, "Airpower is peacepower."

If Hitler could do it again, which country would he crush first?

England ☐
America ☐
Russia ☐

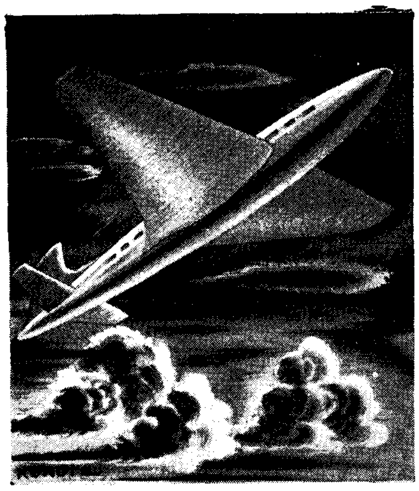
Probably America. Evidence: Germany by V-E day had developed aircraft capable of reaching and destroying our homes and factories. Hitler realized too late that it was America's production genius that turned the tide. That's why, in the future, we must always be prepared for a sneak attack. *For maximum security, America must maintain an up-to-date air force.*



How many drawings were needed to design the P-51 Mustang?

100 ☐ **700** ☐ **2800** ☐

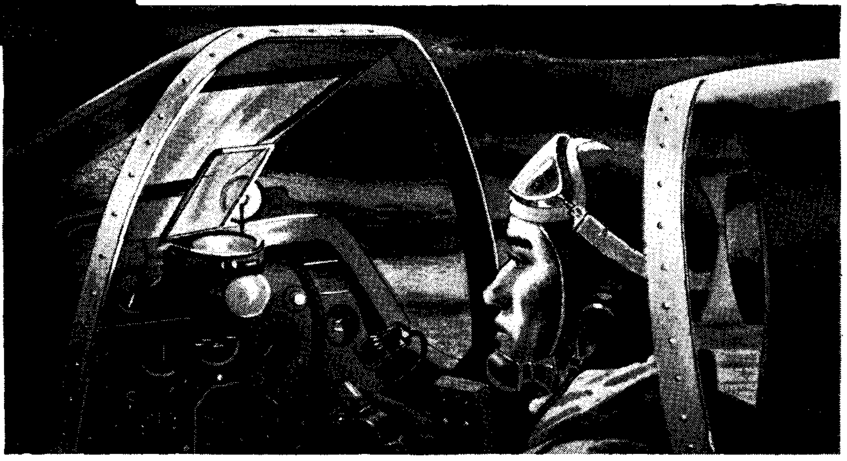
It took 2800 original drawings to design the first Mustang. Add to this, months of wind-tunnel research, detail engineering, testing, tooling, assembly line set-ups and personnel training and you'll see why it takes more than a year to get a new airplane into quantity production. Yet a war can begin in a matter of minutes. That's why *it's imperative that tomorrow's planes be designed today!*



Will America's future aircraft be:

Rocket-Powered? ☐
Jet-Propelled? ☐
Propeller-Driven? ☐

All three answers are correct—provided we continue our present development of aircraft designs and production of improved planes. North American Aviation designers are constantly experimenting with new and wonderful aeronautical ideas. These men know that *when the aircraft industry is through making changes—it's through!*



How many gadgets in a fighter cockpit?

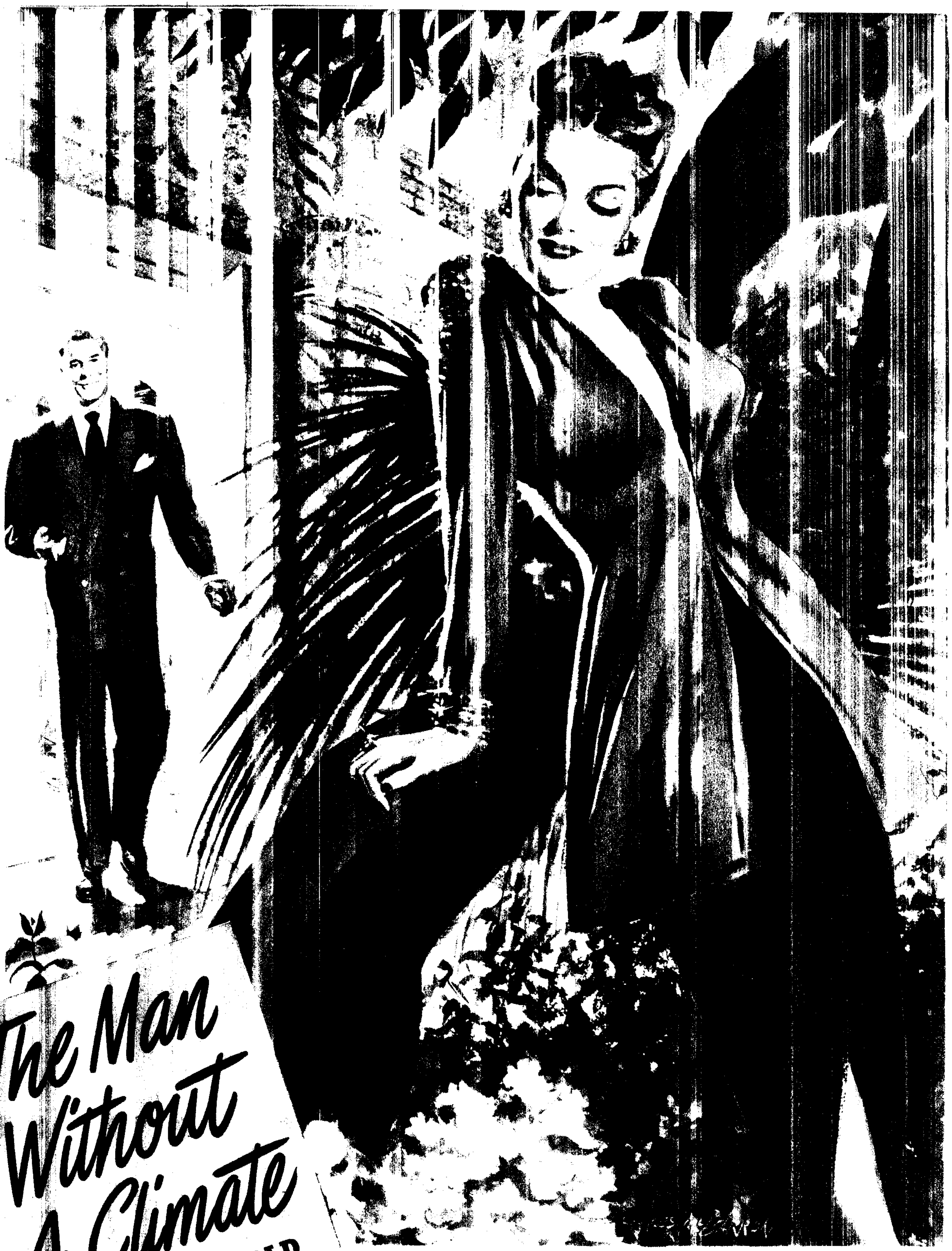
55 ☐ **70** ☐ **100** ☐

100 or more is the correct answer—and, in a P-51 Mustang, they all fit into a cockpit that's only 35 inches wide! Yet pilots have no trouble finding the right "gadget" at the right time. Through constant research North American Aviation engineers scientifically group controls according to frequency of operation. Result: orderly roominess, greater pilot efficiency. *In designing, engineering and producing military planes, North American Aviation sets the pace!*

North American Aviation
Sets the Pace

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS of the P-51 Mustang fighter, the B-25 and PBJ Mitchell bomber, the AT-6 and SNJ Texan combat trainer. North American Aviation, Inc. General Offices, Inglewood, California. Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

The weather is blamed for a lot of things, but seldom a broken heart. Yet Hawkins really believed that one moonlit evening had willfully wrecked his love



The Man Without A Climate

BY ZACHARY GOLD

As I came out I could see her waiting in the shadow of the grotto, leaning with all the negligence of a coiled asp against the bole of the tree. I flew—trippingly, of course—toward her

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES McBARRON

HE WAS perched on one of the stools at the fountain, a tall man with a head of magnificent hair that seemed almost like a halo. The skin of his face was firm and brown, deep-toned; and he had a certain grace and dignity, a quality that actors sometimes refer to as "presence." He was imposing in a perfectly pleasant and charming way. His name was Everett Hawkins.

You may remember him. Hawkins had been a famous name on the New York stage, full flight in a brilliant career, and then with that inexplicable suddenness which is sometimes the penalty of too huge a success in a certain manner, he dropped from sight.

I wasn't particularly surprised to find him in Hollywood; death and despair are major industries in southern California. Still, Hawkins looked as if he were hardly prepared for the first and scarcely a victim of the other.

I must have been staring at Hawkins, for my companion at the lunch table, a producer, said suddenly, "You know Hawkins? Want me to bring him over?"

"Hawkins? He wouldn't know me. And what in the world would I say to him?"

"There's always the weather."

He was out of his chair before I could stop him and he brought Hawkins back to the table. Close up, Hawkins was not quite so imposing. The heavy tan was mostly make-up; and he was wearing a half-sleeved white shirt open at the neck, unpressed seersucker slacks and an openwork arrangement of straps which in Los Angeles passes for a shoe. He was eying me expectantly and I realized that he was waiting for me to say something.

"Still raining," I remarked.

Hawkins glanced through the plate-glass window that rimmed the commissary at the studio. It was raining with the incredible patience of California rains, steadily, evenly, permanently. The sky was gray, listless and sodden. It seemed to be raining up as well as down.

Hawkins said, "Yes."

That seemed to cover the matter. He stayed for a while longer and then took his leave. He was due back on a set. Being a writer, I was due nowhere; and the producer, of course, was due everywhere as soon as his ulcer digested lunch.

"What does he do?" I asked him.

"Hawkins? Bit parts. Extra work."

"It seems a little pitiful," I said.

"Does it?" said the producer; he swallowed a small white pill. "That's Hollywood."

IT WAS still raining when I finished work that day. Global Studios, like all of California, is in Los Angeles; still it was a double streetcar run and a bus ride to the hotel where I was staying, and I waited wetly under the leaky shelter of the streetcar stop. A car drove up. A horn honked shrilly. Someone called my name. It was Hawkins driving a battered old car. It looked dry and snug, and that was all the invitation I needed. I climbed in gratefully. Hawkins threw the car into gear at the same instant.

He drove with that breath-taking nonchalance the West Coast seems to breed. I carefully avoided watching the road and stared at the passing scenery. The green hills hunched and undulated over the countryside like arched and spineless cats; the small houses, white and stuccoed, clung desperately to the slopes at sharp and ridiculous angles.

"First time out here?" Hawkins said.

"Yes."

"How do you like our city?"

"Should I?"

"Los Angeles!" Hawkins said. "A fistful of concrete confetti tossed on a picture-postcard landscape. A little vale of rain and sun. When did you leave the East? And how is New York?"

"Dry," I said.

We came through finally to Hollywood Boulevard, and Hawkins pulled the car in close to the curb. A streetcar runs down the boulevard—one terminus in Los Angeles proper and one in Beverly Hills, a full ten-cent gamut.

Hawkins reached in his pocket and extracted a single, bent cigarette. He said, "What are you doing tonight?"

"Nothing. I don't know many people in town."

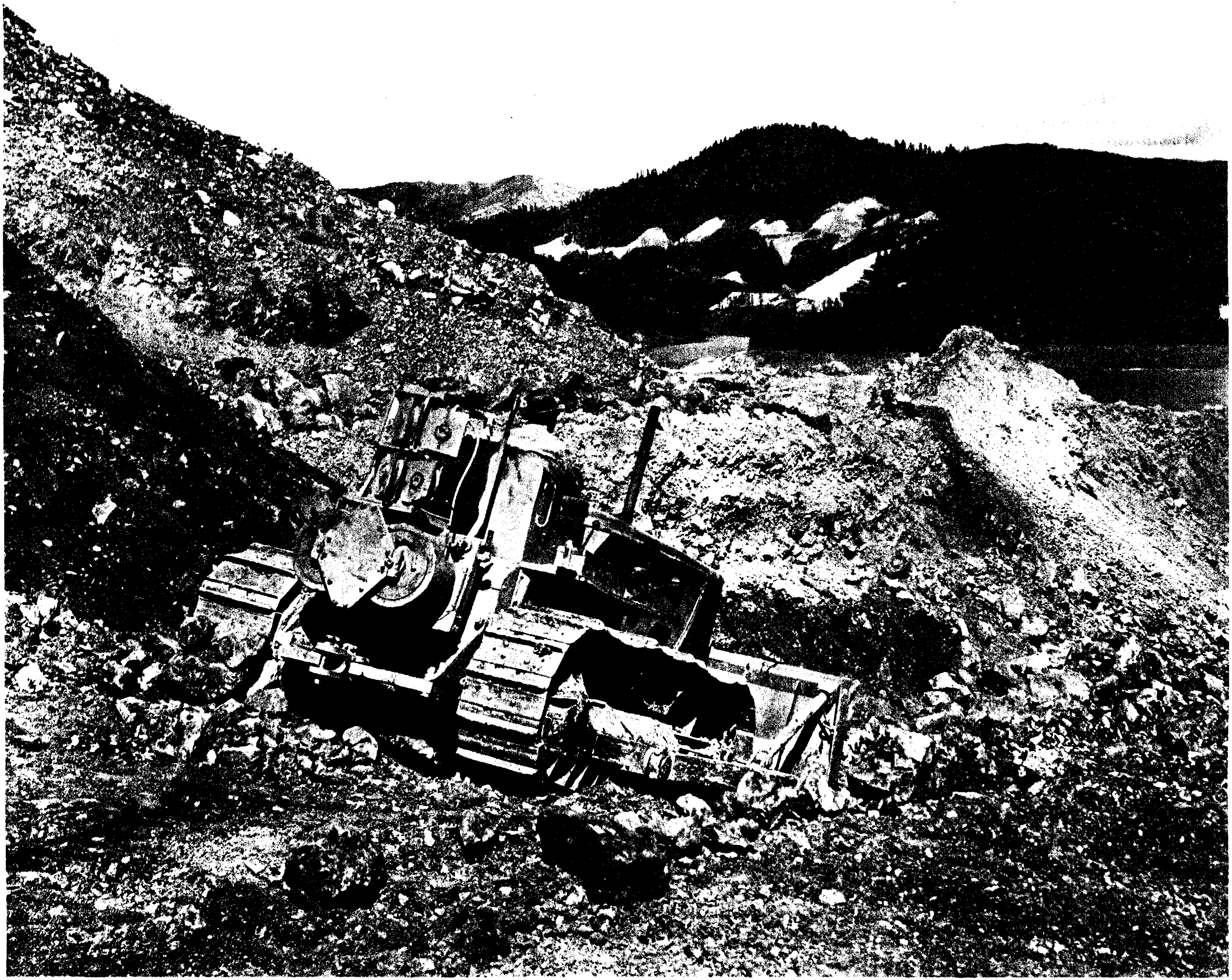
"Come along with me, then. You'll go mad staring out of your hotel window at the rain."

"I wouldn't want to be a bother," I said.

"Bother? I can smell autumn still in your clothes. Did you know there's never an autumn out here? The leaves never turn. The flowers bloom forever. It's a form of torture. I have seen the devil in Santa Monica dickering with the real-estate agents over a little development he wanted to add to his estate."

HAWKINS lived somewhere between Beverly Hills and the Palisades of the Pacific. His home was a white wood bungalow shaped rather like a box with a tiny ell tacked to one side. The omnipresent front lawn was a square of lush grass, well tended, close cropped; a hand-painted board sign in the

(Continued on page 72)



CHANGING THE FACE OF THE EARTH

Countless projects, carrying inestimable benefits to mankind, have become realities through the ability of modern equipment to move vast yardages of earth and rock with speed and economy.

In an era of constantly rising prices, *earthmoving* costs have come down. "Caterpillar" Diesel equipment has been largely responsible. In it, industrialists, contractors, governmental officials and taxpayers have found a "two-edged sword for cutting costs": the *economy* of Diesel power plus the versatile *work-power* of machines noted for bulldog ruggedness and dependability.

Highways, railroads and airports have been built faster and at lower cost than ever before. The courses of mighty rivers have been changed—floods controlled—water power harnessed—all in record time. And the projects we have seen are but the forerunners of those that lie ahead.

In the reshaping of a better world, there will be jobs without end for men at peace. And "Caterpillar" will continue to provide the most dependable and economical tools to get them done.

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CATERPILLAR DIESEL

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ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS • EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

THE DISCHARGED VETERAN WEARS THIS EMBLEM. REMEMBER HIS SERVICE AND HONOR HIM.

They See Without Looking

Continued from page 33

negligible proportions. Then the French cadets were transferred to another field, and Van DeGraaff Airport was turned over for commercial use. Next the Air Corps program at the University of Alabama was closed down. The healthy young men began to disappear.

Meanwhile, construction of the Northington General Hospital was progressing. On September 5, 1943, just five days after the Service Center took over its new home, it was dedicated. Soon many Pacific casualties were routed to Northington General Hospital. Betty Morley, who is also a member of the Recreation Council of the hospital, saw this change of balance from two sides, the Service Center and the hospital, and appreciated its significance. If the Service Center was really to serve, it would have to re-orient its program. And it would have to do it *fast.*

Betty Morley called a meeting of all the hostesses and discussed the situation. From the first, these hostesses had been carefully chosen. Between the ages of eighteen and thirty, they include teachers, students, professional and business girls. They were checked carefully and, once accepted, had to take a five-hour indoctrination course in such subjects as Military Security (conducted by Northington General Hospital's Director of Intelligence); Boy Meets Girl in Wartime (conducted by a member of the faculty of the University of Alabama); Dress and Approach (by the Bureau of Home Economics, University of Alabama); Physical Health in Wartime and Sex Hygiene (delivered by a county health nurse).

Now these girls, about one hundred twenty strong, were called together and told the story. The able-bodied soldiers were being shipped off to war. They were being replaced by the very sick and wounded, the men who were brought back for extensive hospitalization and treatment, the long-term war casualties. This was the new job. Those who were not interested or did not feel up to it were invited to resign. No one resigned.

Then began a short intensive course. Appropriate articles were studied. There were group discussions. Again and again the girls were impressed with the fact that a bad error on their part could invite psychological catastrophe. The girls were taught the art of *seeing* without *looking*—to see the whole without looking at the injured parts.

To conclude the course, the chief of plastic surgery of Northington General Hospital, Major John Francis Pick, delivered a talk on the type of cases they would most likely come across. This talk was illustrated with "before and after" slides. They were gory slides indeed, but then the reconstruction of a mangled body is gory business. There were nervous giggles in Major Pick's audience, and some of the girls turned green and gray when certain slides flashed on the screen. But no one resigned.

Thus it was no accident that the wounded who were routed to Northington General Hospital were met by intelligently trained, human *and* good-looking girls. They did not turn away, and they did not shudder. They smiled, carried on friendly chitchat, looking directly and steadily into the faces and eyes of the scarred and wounded men. No one resigned.

One girl confessed that she couldn't sleep after her first date with a bad plastic case, but she hadn't let the man down; he had no idea of what was going on inside her head. Several evenings with this and similar plastic cases, and she accepted the men for themselves; she saw the men, not the injuries.

Necessary Ingredient for Recovery

It has been that way right along. There is a weekly dance in the auditorium at the hospital, and daily entertaining in the Service Center. The physicians and surgeons of Northington General Hospital are uniformly delighted with the accomplishments of the Center. For self-confidence is a necessary ingredient of any cure. Without it the doctor's load is increased; with it the patient's cure is much speedier.

The men are urged to go down to the Service Center—especially during the in-between stages of complicated plastic work. They go down, frequently with hesitation, and discover that they are not pariahs, that they are accepted as human beings on a plane with other human beings. Their self-confidence flares high.

The dance and the entertaining are the least exacting parts of a full program. These ambulatories who can leave the hospital to visit the Service Center are men who are on the road to recovery. But there are many wards filled with the seriously wounded: the paralyzed, the shocked, the burned. For these, teams of junior hostesses have a weekly schedule of ward rounds. This work calls for unbelievable tact, patience and kindness.

The girls must sense what the man in the bed has on his mind (the war, his girl, his kids, his plans for when he gets out, perhaps a date with the girl he's talking to when he finally becomes an ambulatory), and frequently they have to lead the conversation in that direction. When they play checkers or cards, they must know when to win (if they can) and when to lose. They do skits, frequently of their own authorship. "Sometimes we get into costumes and act gay and silly. We do what we think will give them an hour away from their hurt." After a while, these girls develop a sixth sense; they are marvels of imaginative generosity.

The progress from bed patient to ambulatory patient confined to the hospital, to visitor at the Service Center, to gradual absorption into the stream of normal civilian life, is apparent in this typical story: Only a few weeks ago, there were three bed patients in Northington. One of them had a bashed-in face, with the jaw shoved way over to the left side. The second was a bad burn case, the skin crackled and red, with slits for eyes that were rheumy and glazed, the burned hairless scalp splotched pink and white. The third had one eye gone, a section of the nose clipped away, the upper lip twisted into a challenging grimace.

It was during their time as bed patients that they met the junior hostesses at ward parties. After a few weeks they became ambulatories, it being necessary to wait for the first stage of their work to heal properly before the second stage could be embarked upon.

During the ambulatory period they were persuaded by the girls to get out on the floor during the weekly dances. Finally, toward the end of the healing period they were allowed evening and week-end passes. But these three soldiers didn't go out. They looked into their mirrors and remained in the hospital.

Three girls, with their highly trained perceptions, realized what was happening. They went to the hospital and cajoled the men into a promise to visit the Service Center. The soldiers were as good as their word, and they came to the Center the very next Saturday afternoon. That short two-mile journey from hospital to Service Center was the first voyage made on their own since the day they were hit on the battlefield! They were not in an Army ambulance or an Army hospital train; they were not surrounded by doctors, nurses and wardmen. They were in a public conveyance. They paid their five-cent bus fare, sat among civilians.

The Girls Have a Way with Them

It was a difficult journey. They hunched down in their seats, hiding their faces, and the Service Center, when reached, was a haven of refuge. At the Center, the girls met the men with whoops and cries of joy. They were made to feel at home, put at their ease. After a suitable interval, one of the girls casually—most casually—suggested they take a walk through the town on this lovely, sunny afternoon. The men held back; the girls insisted. More persuasion, more cajolery, and finally they started out.

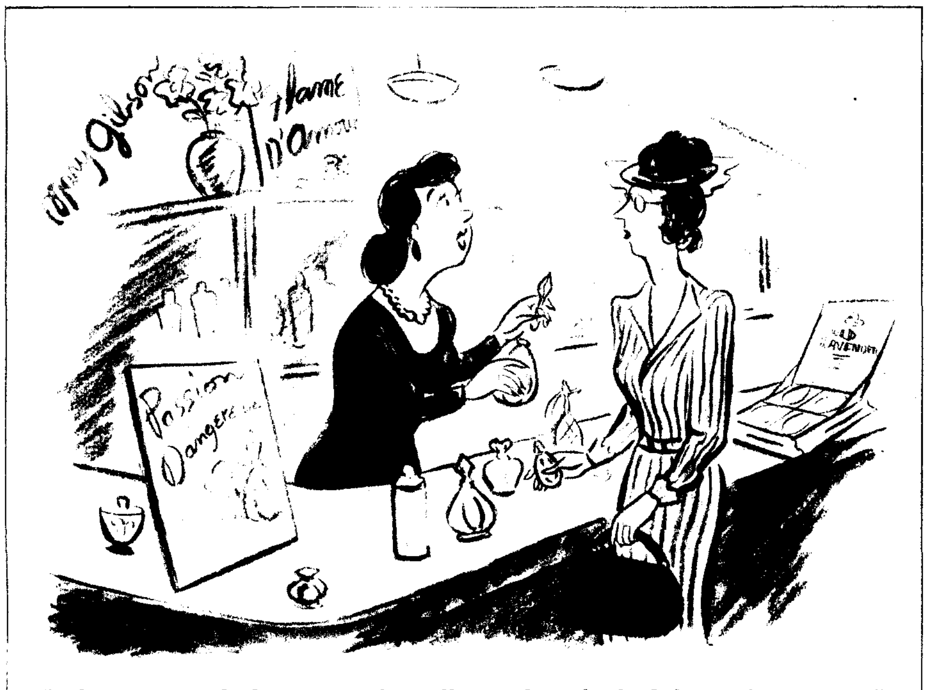
What happened on that walk? Nothing happened. Nothing at all. Therein lies its wonder and glory.

In the backs of their minds, for months on end, the men were frightened of the public's reaction to their blasted, torn faces. They were frightened at the prospect of the staring eyes and the gaping horror of the citizen approaching on the street, and then, after passing, the craning neck and the cluck-cluck of sympathy, the eyes and cheeks stiffened with fright at the sight of these walking wounded.

But nothing happened. The six bantered and chatted, and for all their wary watchfulness, the three men couldn't find a single citizen of Tuscaloosa staring at them, craning back at them, commenting about them. They were taken in stride—which is precisely the way they want to be taken. Indeed, one of the great worries (perhaps *the* greatest worry of these wounded) is fear of the reaction of their families and friends to their disfigurement.

There are cases upon tragic cases of men allowed furloughs and not taking them, afraid to go home, afraid of that first look, that first minute, that first hour, that first day, that first week, that first month, that first year, that entire lifetime. If those who have had the fortune to stay at home want to maintain the love and respect of that returning soldier son, husband or friend, they had better measure up to Service Center standards.

THE END



"Dilute it with a little water and it will provoke only the loftiest of sentiments"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

PIONEER
Cordovan
BRACES
Genuine shell Cordovan, handsomely custom-crafted. At your favorite men's wear counter $2.50

PIONEER
Cordovan Pad
GARTERS
Elastic webbing, in comfortable easy stretch. Varied smart patterns. $1

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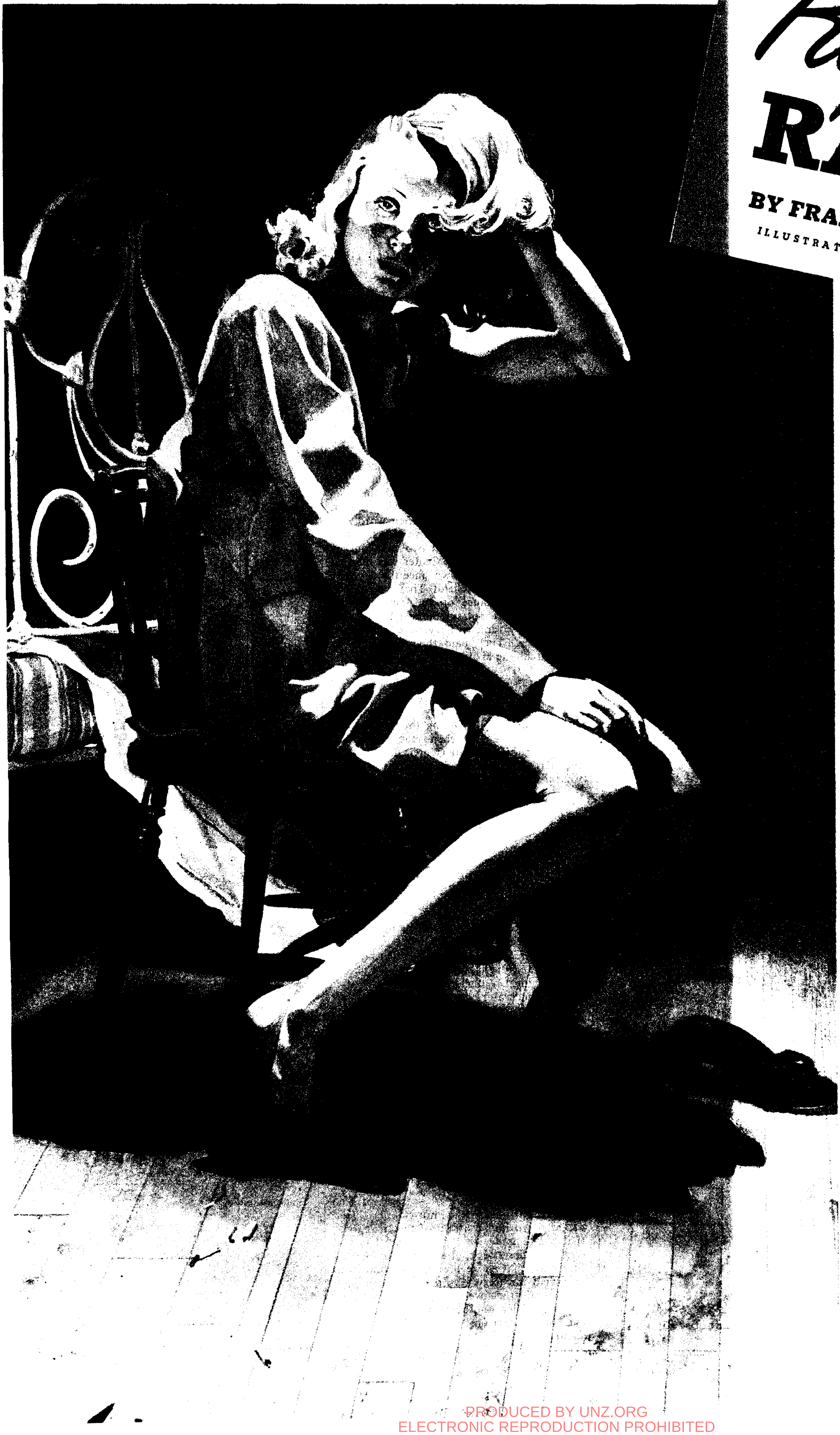
Philadelphia 1, Penna.
Belts • Braces • Garters • Wallets
"For Men Who Care What They Wear"

Right as RAIN

BY FRANK O'

ILLUSTRATED BY



She tried to smile, but her mouth refused to follow her impulse. "Hi—whoever it is," she said. "Take a chair. Have a drink!"

She was a fugitive from love, but love searched her out at last and brought her back

THEY sat all afternoon in the transport plane, watching the rain come down outside, a slow mountain rain that played soft wet melodies on the windows and ran off the wings and motors. Sitting and thinking, smoking now and then, they saw the land below flatten out as they neared the Gulf and swung north and east toward Brownsville. Late in the afternoon the rain piddled out like the last few drops from a glass dripping into the sink, and the sun broke through for a few minutes and then it was dark, all dark, with faint pink streaks across the sky and no more.

They had thought about her all afternoon, not mentioning her name once, but now, approaching Brownsville in the early blackness, catching a quick flash of city lights under the port wing as they banked into the field, it was like having her in the cabin with them. That was how strongly Regan could feel her when he saw bright lights shining and smelled fresh rain in his face.

"Think she's really here?" Jack Carter asked.

"We got the wire," Regan said. "Her father wouldn't lie."

He didn't feel like talking about her, but Jack persisted. "Sure, but why down here?" That was Jack's way of angling toward the crux of their thoughts. Jack was that way, quiet and sober, but always thinking about her.

"Why down here?" Regan said. "If you were blind drunk, you'd end up most anywhere, wouldn't you? Is that what you're trying to spit out?"

"I guess so," Jack said lamely.

The panel light flashed on: Fasten seat belt—No smoking. Jack said, "Why is it, when it rains we always remember her?"

Regan thought how true that was. Even if they hadn't got the wire in Mexico City he would always remember Lou Haviland when it rained; it was the rain being a blood brother to Lou, he thought, fresh and good smelling at times, or rattling hard and bitter against the glass, but always one way or the other, clean cut, and no vacillations to cross a man up. Or maybe it was saying goodby to her in the rain three months ago, standing under the marquee in the Los Angeles Union Station that night, the rain beating like a drunken drummer on the wet pavement, and the taxis black shadows with two wet yellow eyes skidding around the corner. It must have been that night when Lou said, "Goodby, you bums," and Jack said, "You all right, Lou?"

"Sure," Lou said. "Right as rain."

"No jokes," he said. "Are you?"

Behind the scenes with Nelson Eddy

ROBERT ARMBRUSTER AND FRANK GRAHAM

OF *"THE ELECTRIC HOUR"*

STARTING ITS SECOND SEASON SEPTEMBER 16th.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS—CBS—4:30, EWT.

(*Sponsored by 167 Electric Light and Power Companies*)

Nelson Eddy, with orchestra leader Robert Armbruster and announcer Frank Graham on the stage of Studio C, CBS, Hollywood. Hear "The Electric Hour" every Sunday on your CBS Station—4:30 EWT, 3:30 CWT, 2:30 MWT, 1:30 PWT.

Welcome back to "The Electric Hour," Nelson. We missed you this summer.

Go on. I'll bet you say that to every baritone you meet. But thanks, Bob. It *is* good to be back.

Would you have a word of greeting for your announcer, Mr. Eddy?

Well, read my meter if it isn't Frank Graham! What's new in electric light and power, Frank?

I could let you in on some real news, Nelson. There's a great day coming, with more and better things than you ever dreamed of.

Mmmm. All run by electricity, I'll bet.

You said it. Cheap, dependable and plentiful electric power, produced under sound *business* management by tax-paying electric companies.

That sounds familiar, Frank.

What I always say is when you've got a good story, stick to it.

What you always say is that the average family gets about twice as much electricity for its money today as it did fifteen years ago.

That's a fact, Nelson — and it's due to efficiency, experience and sound *business* management — to the same American enterprise which built our nation, and on which its future depends.

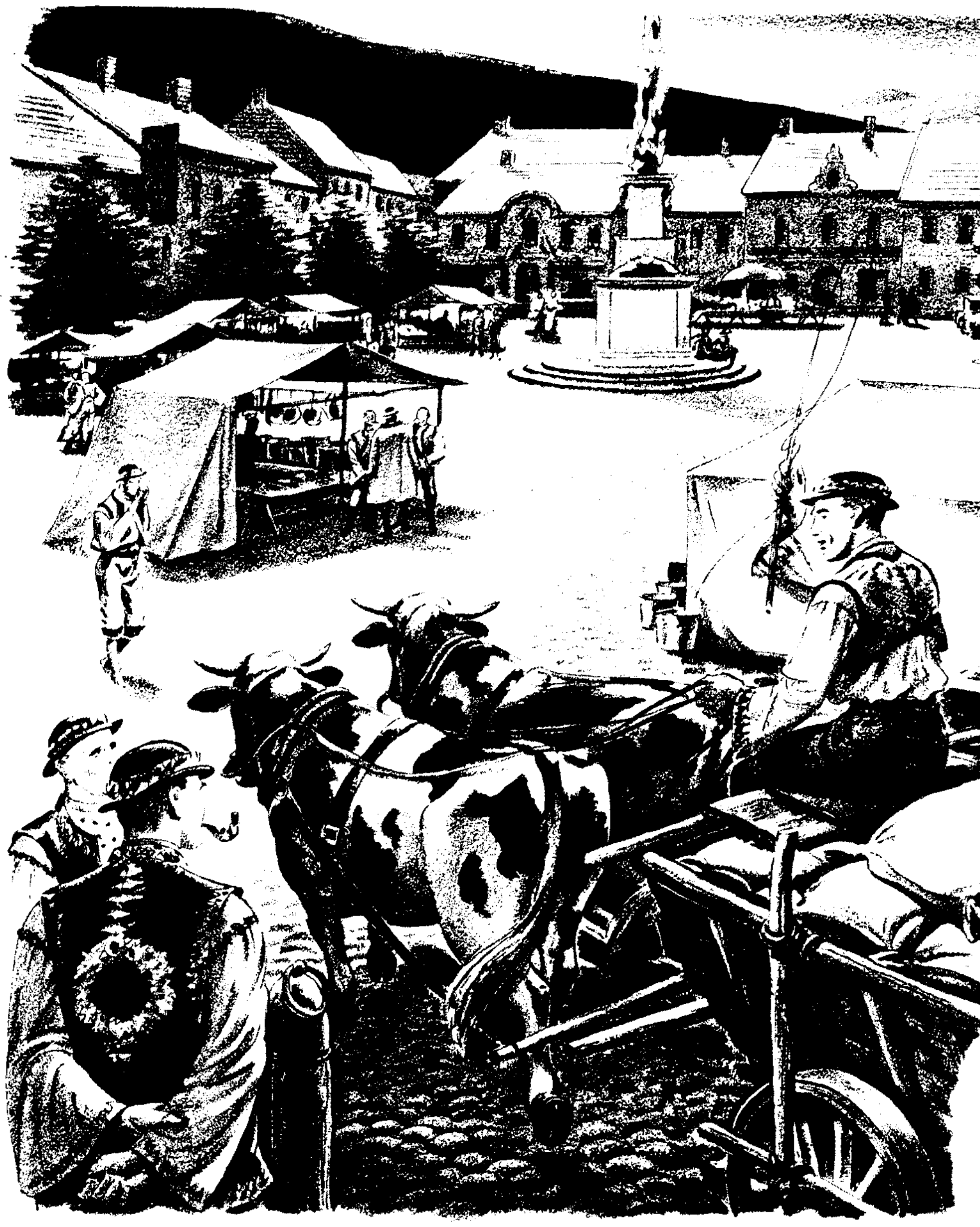
Amen to that! Now, gentlemen, shall we get to work?

News about Martinis you have waited 3 years to hear!

Gin of pre-war quality made from pre-war *imported* botanicals

1 Today Hiram Walker brings you gin made with the same imported herbs, roots and berries used in the making of Hiram Walker's pre-war gin.

2 And remember, between Repeal and Pearl Harbor Americans bought more Walker-made gin than any other kind.



Today, you can once again enjoy the pleasure of real, pre-war quality gin.

For Hiram Walker's Gin is made not only to pre-war formula... ***but from pre-war imported botanicals which are unobtainable today.***

The reason we now have these rare botanicals, like cassia from China and coriander from Czechoslovakia, is this: Prior to the war it was our policy to purchase these botanicals in the best crop years and far in excess of our annual requirements. This enabled us always to have on hand a treasured reserve.

When we suspended gin distilling in favor of war production in February 1942, this priceless reserve was carefully preserved and sealed away.

Today, it's these pre-war, imported botanicals that give Hiram Walker's Gin its real, pre-war quality. The quality which, between Repeal and Pearl Harbor, led Americans to buy more Walker-made gin than any other kind.

Choicest coriander from Czechoslovakia... prize Valencia peel from Spain . . . cassia from China . . . these and all the other rare herbs, roots, and berries used in making Hiram Walker's Gin today come from a supply imported before the war.

Hiram Walker's
HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN AND IMPORTED HERBS IN ACCORDANCE WITH A RENOWNED PRIVATE FORMULA AND BOTTLED BY THE PROPRIETORS
90 PROOF DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC. PEORIA · ILLINOIS

HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN

90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain.

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill., Copr. 1945

He remembered the long, flat glance she gave him. "Mike," she said, "is that rain right out there?"

"If it doesn't ruin my press," he said sourly.

"Then I'm right," she said, and kissed them both, lightly, and the loud-speaker announced their train and they looked up and she was gone. They walked slowly through the patio, passing the long line of servicemen waiting for the San Diego Special, and went down the ramp to their train. And that had been all, no letters, until they got the wire from her father, a long, incoherent message, begging them to catch her in Brownsville.

"I wonder what happened," Jack asked.

"You name it," Regan said. "I'm in the dark."

Jack smiled ruefully. "Fine friends we turned out to be. Gone three months and nobody to help her."

Regan knew exactly what he meant, but he also knew it wasn't their fault. A man has to eat and the way they ate was to write, and the only way to keep writing was to dig up fresh material. So they had been in lower Mexico three months, south and east of Merida on the mahogany lease of a mutual friend, working up a new story for the studio. They had to do it and Regan reflected that he'd be a liar if he said he hadn't enjoyed every minute. But now, Lou had to mess up everything. Her being in Brownsville, or so the wire said, didn't make sense.

They landed and cleared through customs and caught a taxi uptown to El Jardin hotel. Riding fast through a sloppy drizzle, Jack couldn't relax. He played a finger tune on his knees and stared through the foggy window at the rain.

"Remember how it started?" Regan said, making conversation. "That night in Paso Robles."

"Too well," Jack said glumly. "I'd like to have that guy's neck under a machete."

"No good," Regan said softly. "He's too dumb to know the real thing, and she had to go all out for him, and that's where it is tough."

"How so?"

"Because Lou's at fault," Regan said patiently. "That sounds cruel, knowing her like we do, but she was."

"A chemical reaction," Jack said. "She couldn't take it or help it. The guy was big and handsome. Bang, she fell."

"Stop writing dialogue," Regan said dryly. "This won't be funny."

"Here we are," the driver said. "Fifty cents, gents."

Regan tipped the driver a half, and the man grinned and carried their bags into the hotel. "Thanks," he said. "Hope you all have a nice stay."

"Yeah," Regan said, and started for the desk.

SHE wasn't in their hotel and it was the best in town, so they ate dinner and got going. It was raining harder and they had no raincoats, but there wasn't much they could do about that, so they kept up their search until they found her in a little place on a dark street. The clerk, a dowdy old man with tobacco spittle running down one side of his mouth, consulted his register and gave her name and room number.

Jack took the stairs three at a time and Regan followed slowly, his legs aching from the walk in the rain. They knocked on the door, pushed it open, and went into a small room with cracked shades and a plain iron bed—and Lou.

She was sitting beside the bed on a chair, staring at the floor and shaking her head. There was a bottle of whisky near her. She looked half starved. Her hair was mussed and loose, and had none of the fine sheen Regan remembered. Her face was hollow and white, and had no make-up on mouth or cheeks, and her suit had spots on the front and was wrinkled as if she had slept in it for a week.

Regan saw her shoes were muddy and the heels run-over. She looked up when they came in, looked a hole through them and out the door, as if they weren't there, and Regan knew she was a long way down the road. She was too far gone to feel or care or hear.

Jack said, "Lou!"

TOM HENDERSON

"Don't forget to stop by the bank on your way home"

COLLIER'S TOM HENDERSON

She tried to smile, but her mouth refused to follow her impulse. She said, "Hi—whoever it is. Take a chair, if there is a chair. Have a drink!" She didn't know them; she was blind drunk with the old fear and sorrow and agony.

Regan said, "You know us, don't you?"

"Sure," Lou said. "Room clerk. Good ol' room clerk. Get me 'nother bottle, Joe. I love him, I love him not, have a drink."

"Let's go, Jack," Regan said. "You bring her down. I've got something to do."

Regan went downstairs and spoke his piece to the miserable old moron behind the desk. Regan was boiling with an old anger, and in anger as he was, and big as he was, with his black hair flopping over his forehead and his fist balled up, he was a mean and unpredictable man. He told the room clerk what he thought of a man who would get whisky for a sick woman. He told him he'd have his job, his heart, his liver and his lungs for this. He paid Lou's bill, and Jack came downstairs, carrying her, and they took her out to a taxi and drove to their hotel. When they got upstairs, Jack laid her on the bed in the smaller of the adjoining rooms.

"Fill the tub," Regan said. "Not hot, just warm."

Jack filled the tub, and Regan undressed her down to her slip. She was pitifully thin, and her face was sunken and thin with something people had to know about before they understood her. Regan carried her into the bathroom and let her down in the water, easy, slow, afraid the shock might get her. She tried to say something, but then the words didn't make sense, and then she leaned back and closed her eyes weakly. Regan washed her face and arms and rubbed her feet. He made the water colder, and she shivered and opened her eyes.

"Get some food," Regan called. "Soup, coffee, toast."

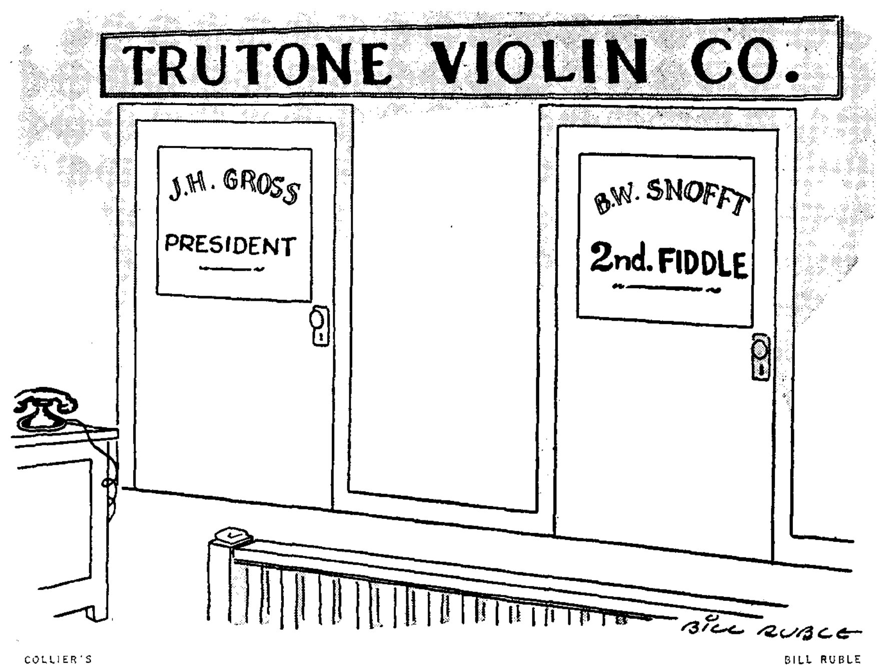
"They're closed up," Jack said. "I don't—"

"The hell with it!" Regan said viciously, rubbing her arms as he talked. "Go downstairs and make it yourself if you have to. And I want it fast."

JACK went out, the door closing softly, and Regan grinned, thinking how you had to prod the guy to make him assert himself. He carried Lou back to the bedroom, wrapped the big bath towel around her, pulled the wet slip off, rubbed her dry and warm and covered her with blankets. Jack was back with the food in twenty minutes, and Regan put his arm around her shoulders and spoon-fed her soup and coffee and toast. She didn't know she was eating, and she was starved and listless, but Regan got everything down inside her just before she closed her mouth and leaned back heavily. She was coming out of it, for she fell asleep and breathed slowly and clearly.

They watched her in turns, snatching some sleep between shifts, and she slept for eighteen hours, from one in the morning until seven the next evening, not moving, just lying there, her breath slow and even, her face white and tired. At seven, she opened her eyes, looked around the room and saw them, sanely, for the first time. She said, "Hello, you bums."

"Lou," Jack said. "What happened?"



COLLIER'S BILL RUBLE

"I don't know," she said. She covered her face with her hands and started crying.

Regan knew it was the natural reaction. He rubbed her neck and shoulders, and lifted her up against him. She needed something to lean on, something to hold to. She held Regan's hand and cried for a few minutes. Then she said, "How did you find me?"

"Your father wired us in Mexico City," Jack said. "We couldn't figure it out. Then we flew up here."

"I didn't want that," Lou said. "I wanted to get away and get it over with."

"You almost did," Regan said. "You liar, you damned liar!"

"No," Jack said. "Don't say that to her, Mike."

Regan shook his head. He had to jar her loose, get her talking. The way she was, so crammed up inside, she had to talk or die.

She said, "I'm a liar, Mike. I'm anything you want to call me."

"You promised us," Regan said. "That night at the station. Remember?"

"I know," she said. "I lasted until a week ago. Then it snapped."

"And you started out," Regan said bitterly. "You went out to drink yourself to death. How come you sent your father a wire or called him, or what?"

"I don't know," Lou said. "I can't remember. I must have been so far gone I did it without knowing."

"Thank heaven!" Jack said. He was looking at her, and his heart was hanging out of his eyes.

"Why don't you go away and let me finish it?" Lou said. "I'm no good, Mike. You know that. I've lost my nerve, everything."

"Why?" Regan said.

"It was a week ago," Lou said shakily. "I hadn't been out since—since you left. I went out for dinner, alone. You know that little place on Wilshire where they have good steaks. I felt good. I ordered a steak and looked over in the corner, and there he was, with that redhead. Something snapped in me. He saw me and laughed, and she laughed, and I got out of there and started walking. I walked—I don't know how far. I got on a bus and rode for two days. I stopped in Tucson, I think, and started drinking. I had a hundred dollars left. I took another bus and ended up here. I don't even know what town it is. I got the room and kept drinking."

"When did you eat last?" Regan said.

"I don't remember," Lou said. "Long time ago, Mike."

"Hungry now?" Regan asked her.

She shook her head. "No, but I'll eat. If I don't, you'll make me, so I might as well."

"Right," Jack said. He walked over and kissed her on the cheek. She smiled at him—the first time she had smiled.

Regan said, "Take it easy. I'll rustle the grub."

When he went out, Jack was rubbing her head and she was crying again, but he knew she was all right.

Regan went into the dining room and ordered everything he could think of. He ate a piece of pie à la mode and drank some coffee while he waited. He thought back over everything, back to when it had started, September in '41. . . .

THEY were driving back from the première in San Francisco and stopped at the Sulphur Springs Hotel in Paso Robles for dinner. They were feeling good and very happy. The picture was a hit and Lou had her new contract signed, sealed and delivered for five years. She was worthy of it, Regan knew, for she was a fine actress and on her way to the top. She was a tall girl with dark chestnut hair, a narrow face with more strength than beauty, and a way of looking at you that was good and clean.

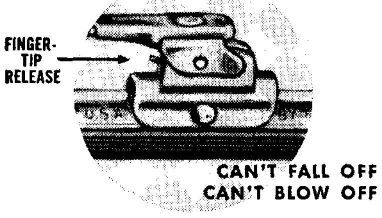
Regan and Carter had known her for three years, ever since they wrote her first part into a picture. To put it another way, Jack loved her in a quiet, unspoken fashion and she liked him, and she liked Regan.

They were eating and talking about the picture when Lou glanced around the room and saw the big dark boy, about twenty-five, sitting with a red-haired girl at a side table. She said, "Who?"

Jack grinned. "Tim Douglas, the would-

ANCO RAIN-MASTER
"Dead-Locker"
WINDSHIELD WIPER
ARMS and BLADES

BLADE SNAPS ON... STAYS PUT



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He's doing the best he can. Sure, he knows how dangerous it is for you to drive your car... in stormy weather... with your dull old windshield wipers that smear and smear. He'd gladly put on for you quickly a pair of keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Wiper Blades and Arms. He has them. But he forgets to remind you? Too busy? It's the war! You can't shoot him for that.

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After all, it's *your* car to protect. So *you* remind *him*. Get RAIN-MASTERS... patented features... original equipment on many makes of high grade peacetime cars... used on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too... because ANCO RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner... last longer. May save you a costly smashup.

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Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s. Placement counsel and help. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

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	YES	NO
Poor Digestion?	☐	☐
Headachy?	☐	☐
Sour or Upset?	☐	☐
Tired-Listless?	☐	☐

Do you feel headachy and upset due to poorly digested food? To feel cheerful and happy again your food must be digested properly.

Each day, Nature must produce about two pints of a vital digestive juice to help digest your food. If Nature fails, your food may remain undigested—leaving you headachy and irritable.

Therefore, you must increase the flow of this digestive juice. Carter's Little Liver Pills increase this flow quickly—often in as little as 30 minutes. And, you're on the road to feeling better.

Don't depend on artificial aids to counteract indigestion—when Carter's Little Liver Pills aid digestion after Nature's own order. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills as directed. Get them at any drugstore. Only 25¢.

be great outdoors star, or whatever you want to call him."

Lou said, "What a man," and that was all, it was so simple and direct, and they forgot about it, driving on home and arriving in town at dawn, with the sun breaking over Arrowhead and all of them tired but very pleased. And a week later Regan saw Lou and Douglas at the Derby and tried to figure it out.

They saw Lou every day at the studio and she was the same, only Regan could see, knowing her as he did, something bright and new in her face; and Jack didn't say anything but lost most of his drive for several weeks. He had never told Lou he loved her, and Regan knew he had no reason to feel he was slighted, but that was how things stood. The war was with them then, and they tried to enlist and were turned down because of bad knees, backs, feet and other small items, and sent back to build morale or whatever it was the soldiers and civilians got from pictures.

Lou and Douglas were everywhere together, and the writers gave them a big column play. Regan didn't say anything, but he hoped Lou had enough sense to realize that Douglas was hanging onto her skirt and getting a free ride to a better contract. It had been done so often. Then they were called East to work on a script for the War Department, and a year passed and Douglas had made no move toward popping the question. Regan wanted to get back, but their next jump took them to England and Africa, writing script for a comedian touring the camps; it was in Algiers that they picked up a magazine and read the story. Jack stared at the news for a long time, trying to make sense.

The story told how Lou Haviland had been arrested for drunken driving, breaking all speed limits, resisting arrest, drinking everything from wood alcohol to rotten gin, all because she had been jilted by that rising young star, Tim Douglas. Regan read between the lines and saw the truth, and then some officer said, "That's the way it goes with those gals out there. No good." Jack made for him, his face white, but Regan dragged him away and they got away from everything for a while.

THEY flew home the next week, their government work finished for the time being, and found Lou, now out of a private hospital on her honor, living in her little home in the hills. She looked about the same but she wasn't; it was like something being the same on the surface, as long as you leave it alone and don't probe around, but stick your finger in and try to see what goes on inside, and it jumps up and goes completely haywire. That was the way she was when they saw her.

Regan got everything out of her. Douglas had promised her undying love and they saw each other for a year straight, and then he had a better contract, and the redhead was still around—she had always been around—and he gave Lou the brush-off. Regan knew Lou better than Jack—better than anyone in the world, probably—and he knew a man couldn't do that to a woman like Lou and expect her to take it lying down.

She hadn't. She threatened to kill herself and then she got despondent and moody and started drinking. One morning, she turned up tight on the set, and that is no good, so she went home and told them to go to the devil. And finally she wound up in the sanitarium.

During this time Douglas had been doing the town with the redhead, had finally married her; and there was Lou, her contract gone, her health undermined, her spirit lost.

They took her over, Jack and Regan. They stayed with her constantly, talked to her, ate with her, went around a little where people didn't know them, just the three of them slipping out for supper at night or sitting by the fire in Regan's apartment, talking. They worked with her all that summer and when they had to leave for Mexico, she looked fine.

And now she was killing herself, trying to forget. It didn't do any good to sit there and moralize, or philosophize, or do any of the things people had told Regan to do in such a case. Not when he knew her as he did, knew how decent and fine and wonderful she was, and then to see her as she was now, pale and nervous, no fight in her, her career gone, caring for nothing but death! And because of a no-good two-timer. It made Regan want to go out and commit murder, murder of just one guy, not because he hated him so much—Douglas was that way and couldn't change his spots—but because that guy should have known Lou wasn't like most women.

REGAN picked up the tray and carried it out to the elevators and they shot up to eight. The boy offered to help him but Regan shook his head and went down the hall to their rooms. He kicked on the door, and Jack let him in. Lou was sitting up in bed, looking a little better. She smiled when she saw the food.

"Old slave driver," she said. "Won't leave me alone a minute."

"Feed her," Regan said. "Stuff her till it comes out her ears. Lou, you eat, or else."

She ate. She had soup and toast and creamed chicken and ice cream, and Regan made her drink two glasses of milk. He lighted a cigarette and allowed her two puffs. She leaned back, and her cheeks were faintly red. All this time, they hadn't said a word about Douglas or why she was here, or what they were going to do.

"What now?" Lou said. "Take me home?"

"Later," Regan said. "We'll talk tomorrow. Get some more sleep."

"All right," Lou said. She was too tired and weak to argue, even after eighteen hours sleep the night before.

She was sound asleep in ten minutes. Regan tiptoed over to the window and sat down in the big chair.

Jack whispered, "Think she might?"

"Can't tell," Regan said. "Go to sleep. I'll wake you up later on."

He couldn't take a chance, not while she was still thinking about him. She might wake up and try to jump or get away, if he left her alone, and Regan wasn't going to have that. He watched her all night. She woke about four in the morning and turned her head toward the window. Her voice was soft.

"Mike," she said, "did you think I might—"

"Go to sleep, darling," Regan said.

"Yes, Mike," Lou said softly. "I would have."

REGAN toured the stores the next morning and bought the best they had in town. He had some difficulty with the shoes but after convincing the lady it was for a good cause, she accepted his stamp and brought out a lovely pair of high heels, the kind Regan knew Lou liked. He had a tan gabardine suit and some silk underclothes, a full kit of make-up, stockings, bobby pins, the works. He carried it upstairs—it was just noon—and laid it on the bed.

Lou looked at the boxes and smiled. She was sitting up and her hair was pushed back from her forehead. Her face had more color, not much, but enough to make Regan feel better.

"Poor Mike!" she said. "A regular maid. I don't deserve this."

"Don't be an ass!" Regan said shortly. "We will now turn our backs for three minutes. Get into the essentials and say when."

"Go into the other room," Lou said.

Regan looked at her calmly. "Right here," he said, and turned to the window.

He watched a passenger train pull away from the depot and wind across the flat bottom land. He supposed Jack was studying the composition of the wood in the door. Lou said, "When," and they turned around. She had the skirt on and a white blouse Regan had picked out. She sat down at the dressing table and opened the make-up box.

"Do a good job," Regan said.

"You look fine," Jack said softly. "Just like you always have."

"Don't," Lou said. "I don't, and you know it. Be truthful."

"Get it on," Regan said brusquely. "And fast. We're late for lunch already."

Lou made up her face and put on the tailored coat; it fitted nicely for a ready-made. She brushed her hair out loose and smooth, and it looked better but still dull. They took her arms and walked to the elevator and went downstairs. They had lunch in the dining room, and Regan thought, watching her, that she was the most beautiful woman they had ever had in the place—sick, thin, pale and all. They went outside and Regan took her to the best beauty shop in town. He sent Jack out to get a haircut and sat down in the corner.

"Are you staying here, sir?" the operator asked curiously.

"I always watch my sister get dolled up," Regan said. "Give her the full treatment."

"Everything?" the operator said.

"The works," Regan said, "and not too slow."

Lou was like a passive small girl in the chair. She looked at Regan, and he knew what she was thinking: Not out of his sight for a minute. Well, that was the idea.

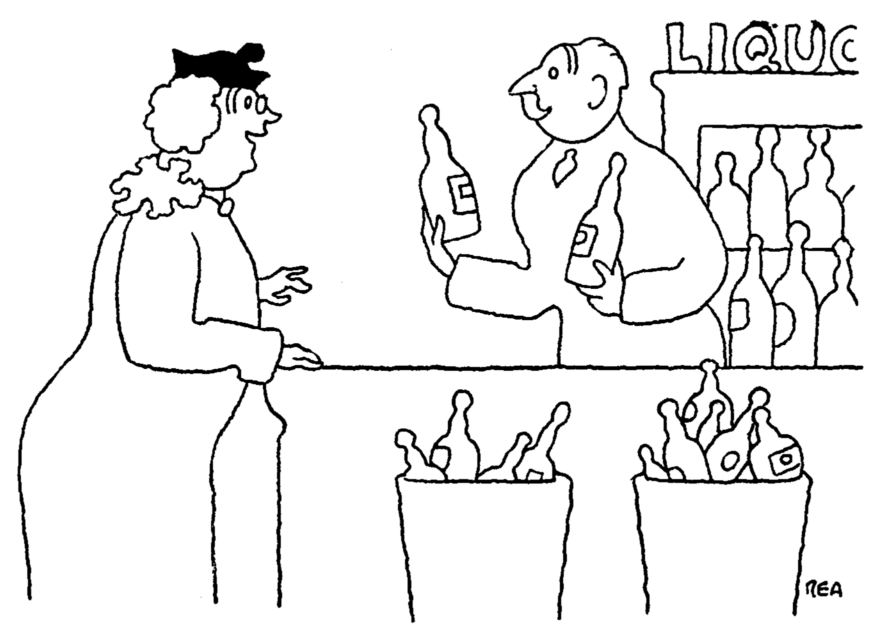
It took three hours; it was worth every minute. She walked out of that shop close to the way she had looked in the past. Fifteen pounds more and she would be, Regan decided. They walked down the street and Jack came from the barbershop and fell in beside them.

"I had the works," he grinned. "The barber thought I was crazy. A haircut, shave, three massages, shampoo, manicure, everything I could think of."

"You smell good," Lou said.

"You, too," Jack said, blushing. Regan thought: A man of thirty-five, eight years in Hollywood, and he blushes!

They went to a show. They drank malted milks. They walked around the town until it was time for dinner. Lou ate mechanically,



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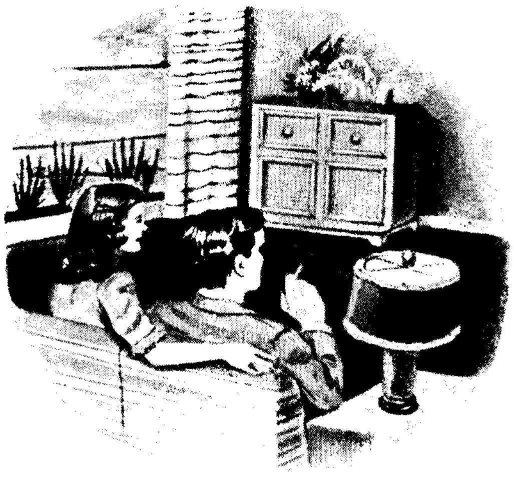

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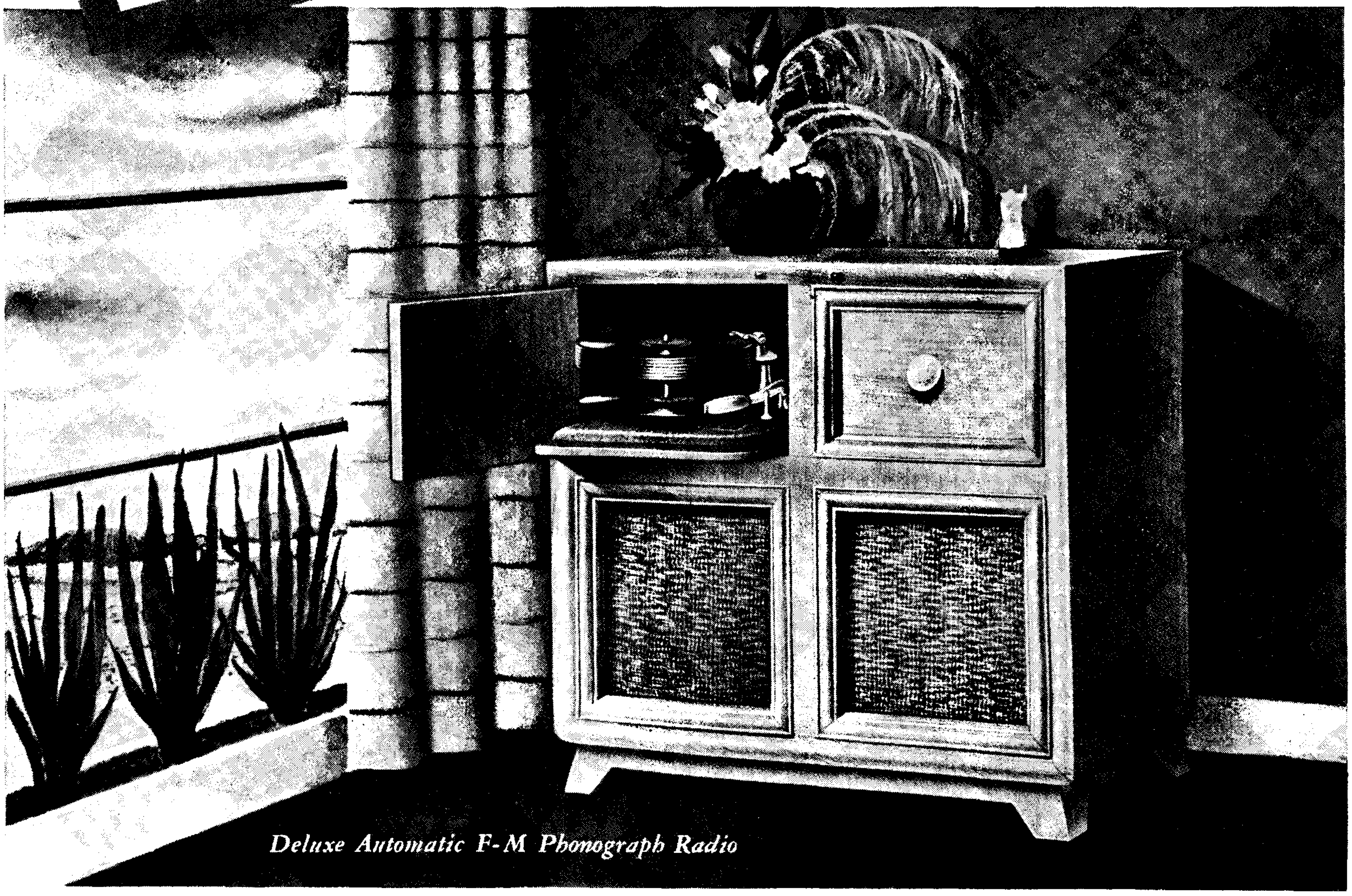

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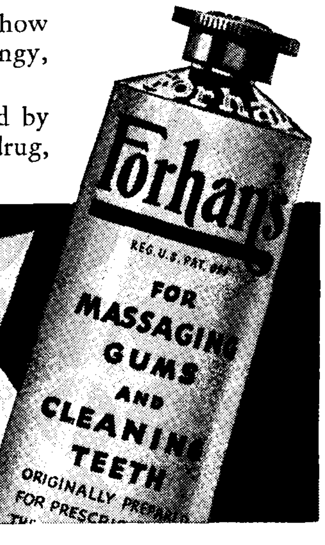
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drank three glasses of milk, and said nothing. Jack was bubbling over, telling her about their new story, their stay in Mexico, the trip up, flying in the rain and thinking about her. They didn't mention Douglas or anything that had happened. Lou knew they were dodging it and she loved them and hated herself while they talked. Regan could see this. He could see it in her eyes, on her face. Her mouth was set in that strong, mobile, expressive face. Her eyes were always talking silently. That much nothing could kill, not all the sorrow and drink in the world. Deaden, yes, but not kill. That was why Regan had hope.

Jack was like he always was around Lou, good for nothing but looking at her and loving her with his eyes and hands but never saying it. Regan wondered, watching him, if it was love or pity or what. It was hard to tell. Jack was such a funny guy, short and thick with thin hair combed across a round, balding head and a neat little mustache cutting his face into two irregular sections. He was a fine man, and highly intelligent, but with Lou he was never able to speak his mind.

They went upstairs and sat in the big bedroom. Regan tossed Lou a cigarette, and she smiled. "May I?"

"Won't hurt you," Regan said. "Want a drink?"

Her eyes blurred over. "No," she said. "Not now."

It was coming. Regan could feel it. She couldn't hold it inside much longer.

She said, "Why keep this up, Mike? You know it won't do you any good. Jack, you know it. You can't watch me forever. I'm afraid of myself now. Sooner or later I'll slip again, get away, finish it up. I don't know what I'll do. Why bother with me?"

"You can't, Lou," Jack said. "You just can't, darling. You have too much to live for."

"To live for," Lou said slowly. "What? Name one thing. And don't say love. Who would love me now?"

Regan knew then what was really wrong. It was all coming together in his mind; and thinking these thoughts and placing his facts, he heard Jack get the words out after six long years.

"But, Lou," he said mildly, "you know I love you."

SHE looked at him carefully. She was thinking straight now, seeing herself in the eyes of other people, and hating what she saw. She said, "Jack, you don't love me. Not that way, I mean, not like I wanted him to, not like I've wanted love for so long. You think you do, but it isn't that kind. It's more pity than love, and friendship. Like old Mike—" she smiled at Regan. "Mike loves me like a sister, don't you, Mike?"

Regan said, "Sure, Lou. Like a sister."

"So what's the point of all this?" Lou said. "You'll take me back to Father. He'll try all over again. And it won't work. I spent six months in one sanitarium. I won't do it again." Her face worked over emotions, several memories, none of them good. "Treated like a child, a criminal. Watched, like you're watching me now. Not again, ever. So what's the use?"

"Lou," Jack said earnestly, "will you marry me?"

Regan watched her struggle with words, and say a fine and honest thing. "Jack, I'd marry you, yes, if you really wanted me to. But how long would it last? It might work a little while, but marriage is a two-way deal. With us—it would be one way, and that wouldn't be fair to you. I don't love you, Jack, not like that. Don't you know it by now?"

Regan knew Jack was feeling bad. He got up and bit his lower lip. Jack was like that, showing his emotions honestly on the outside. He was seeing things as she saw them, seeing his own kindness and care for her and realizing it wasn't the love she needed so badly, not the explosive all-out love she had felt for that other man and gone unreturned for her agony. Jack saw it and was sick inside, not at her, but at himself, because he thought he had failed her when she needed him most.

"All right, Lou," he said quietly. "I'll keep it under wraps from now on. But this hasn't changed the other, has it?"

"Never," Lou said. "Never, Jack."

"Did you wire Mr. Haviland?" Regan asked suddenly.

"Today," Jack said. "I told him to expect us soon."

"Look," Regan said, "why don't you go on back tonight and break things to him easy? I'll bring Lou on the next plane. It might be better that way."

He wondered if Jack knew what he really meant; that it was better for Jack to get away and ease up and cool off and forget this.

Lou said, "Why don't you, Jack? Father will be worried, terribly worried."

Jack looked at Regan. "If you think so, I will. I can catch the last plane tonight. I checked today and it wasn't full."

Regan felt as if he were watching a play, a good play, with the lines coming from the heart and not a pen. Jack packed his bag and kissed Lou goodby, and Regan gave him the script and shook hands. They went out in the hall for thirty seconds, and Jack said, "Take care of her, Mike."

"I got an idea," Regan said. "I'll see you."

HE WENT inside. Lou was on the bed. She hadn't moved. They sat for fifteen minutes and didn't say a word. Lou took off her coat and pushed her hair back with her hands. She was trembling again, and Regan knew she was thinking about Douglas and herself, and wishing she had a drink and then another one, until all was oblivion again. He gave her another cigarette and found a deck of cards in his bag. They played gin rummy for two hours; it was twelve o'clock. The westbound plane roared overhead and faded away.

Regan put the cards away. He was dog-tired, didn't know it, didn't care. All he knew was, Jack was gone because he didn't fit and he was there with her, alone, and hating every minute of the time and knowing why. Hiding something for six years was tough work.

"I'm tired," Lou said. "Please go to bed, Mike."

Regan said, "No," and turned around, facing the window. He had the door key in his pocket. "Get into bed," he said. "I'll give you five minutes."

Her voice was worried. "Mike, you haven't slept for two nights."

"What's another night?" Regan said. "Get into bed."

"Why do you do these things for me, Mike?" Lou asked.

Regan turned around. He couldn't help it. She was across the bed, the white blouse soft against her throat, her face still hollow and wan above the ruffles. "Don't ask foolish questions," Regan said. "Because somebody has to, Lou. Somebody has to keep you going, try to straighten you out."

"But why?" she asked. "All you'll have in the end is nothing, Mike. I'll get away sooner or later. It's like keeping a wounded man alive, Mike—a desperately wounded man, when he's better off dead. Why not let me go when I have something left? You're getting nothing, Mike. Friendship doesn't carry this heavy a load."

Regan felt the string snap in his chest; it was badly frayed after so many years winding and unwinding around his heart. He went around the bed and took her arms and shook her hard—harder than he knew—and set her down on the bed. It was coming out and he couldn't stop it.

"Lou," he said, "Jack went home because he didn't fit. Maybe I don't fit, either, but I'm going to tell you something for your own good: You think that nobody gives a damn for you, because you went batty over a hunk of muscle that isn't worth the ground your feet cover, only you can't see that, because no one would tell you. You couldn't see it because you thought nobody could love you the way you wanted to be loved, deserved to be loved. So you blew your top and lost everything—your contract, your friends, your health. You thought you loved a man, but you loved a shadow, Lou, because he wasn't there. The body, yes, but not the heart. You tell me I won't have a thing in the end, Lou, from you, not a thing. All right, Lou, you go on loving a shadow and drink yourself to death, and the hell with you!"

Regan forgot himself completely then, and it all rolled out: "Go ahead, jump out the window, leave town, get drunk. Jack woke up finally and saw he hadn't loved you, not the way you should be loved, like that other bum couldn't or wouldn't. Not the way I've loved you for six years, Lou, afraid to tell you because I knew you didn't care, because I couldn't hurt Jack." He took out his wallet and threw some bills on the bed. "The hell with it! Do whatever you want to do! You're right!"

He went outside and leaned against the door, rubbing his eyes. He didn't remember what he'd said, except that everything had finally bubbled over—his thoughts and his beliefs—and if they sent her straight to hell itself, she'd be happier dead and he'd be happier without her. He went downstairs and walked into the street. Everything was locked up but a hamburger shop across the intersection. He went over and perched himself on a stool.

They were about ready to close, with just the cook and a little Mexican girl behind the counter holding down the job. Regan ordered a hamburger and coffee and stared at the wall. He knew what he was waiting for. He wanted to hear the shouts and running and know the window was open and that was all, or a taxi going away from the hotel to the bus station and out of his life forever. He thought about her father and Jack, and wondered how he would tell them the truth.

The hamburger came, and Regan bit into it and drank the coffee. It didn't taste good; food wouldn't be good for a long time. Somebody came in behind him and closed the screen door. He hoped it was a Mexican who couldn't speak English. He didn't feel like shooting the breeze with anybody just then.

"Is it good, Mike?" Lou said, behind him.

Regan was afraid to look around, honestly afraid. Then Lou put her hands on his shoulders. She said, "Is it good, Mike? That's your cue."

And then Regan knew what she meant, partly anyway, and he didn't understand how it had happened or why, but he turned and took her hands, and her face was smiling at him, and it looked rested and happy and had some odd, new wonder in it, as if she were looking at him for the first time in bright light and finding something rare and good.

She said, "Mike, did you mean what you said up there?"

"Every word," Regan said.

"Do you remember every word?" Lou asked.

"No," Regan said. "I was too mad."

"You said you loved me, Mike," Lou said. "Did you mean that?"

"I meant it," Regan said. "Can't you see, Lou?"

HER hands were over his, and she was smiling the way she had in the old days, with something new added, and it made Regan feel good.

Lou said, "I can see now, Mike. But take it easy, will you? This has to be slow, and I'm afraid, Mike—terribly afraid."

"Of what?" Regan asked harshly.

"Of losing you," Lou said, "after I found you. That would finish it, Mike, for good. If you mean it, be sure, Mike. It's forever or nothing."

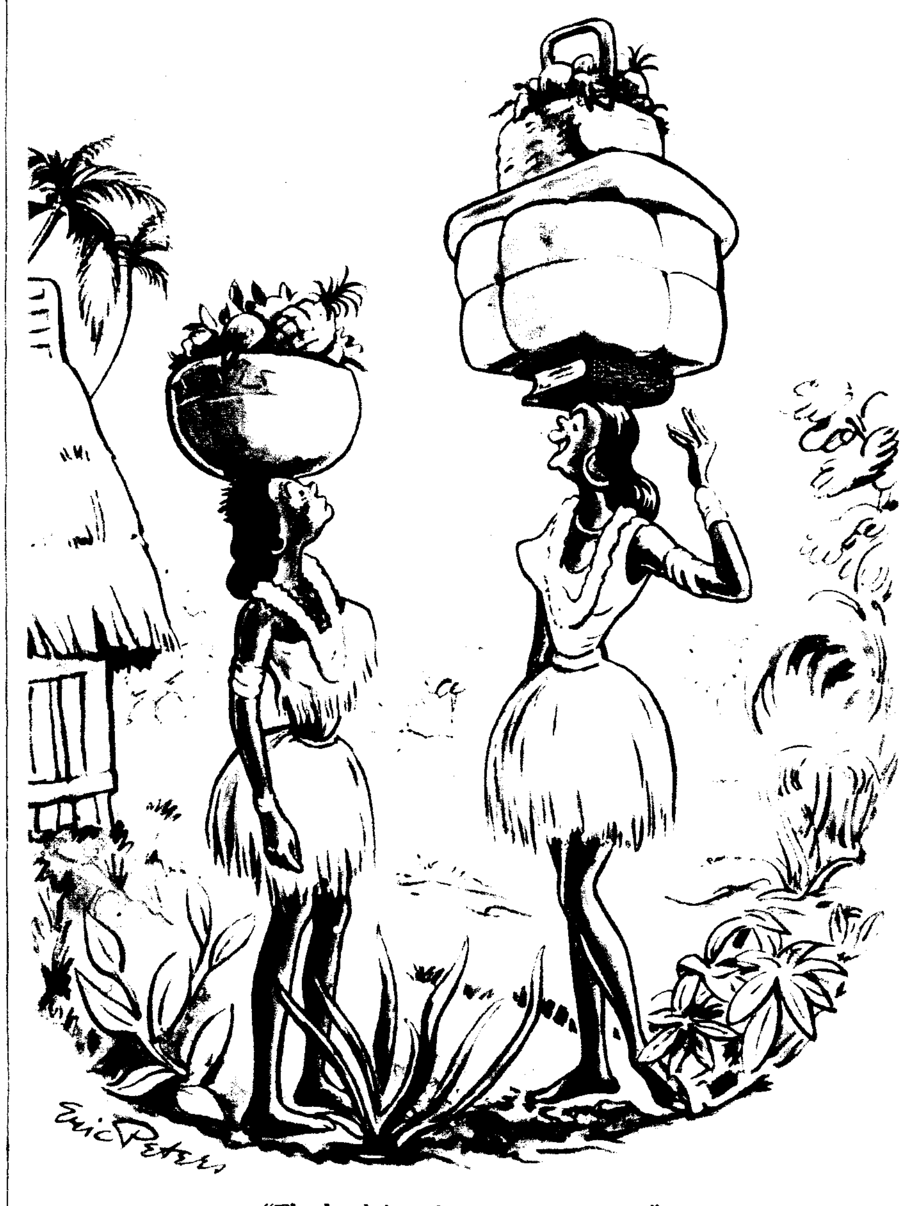
"Have a hamburger," Regan said. "When I tell you again, I want you to be full and comfortable. That's the only way you'll be able to stand up under the shock."

They looked at each other, and Regan saw her eyes, and they were in his and out again, understanding him, believing in him, and best of all, clear again, so damned clear it hurt to see them.

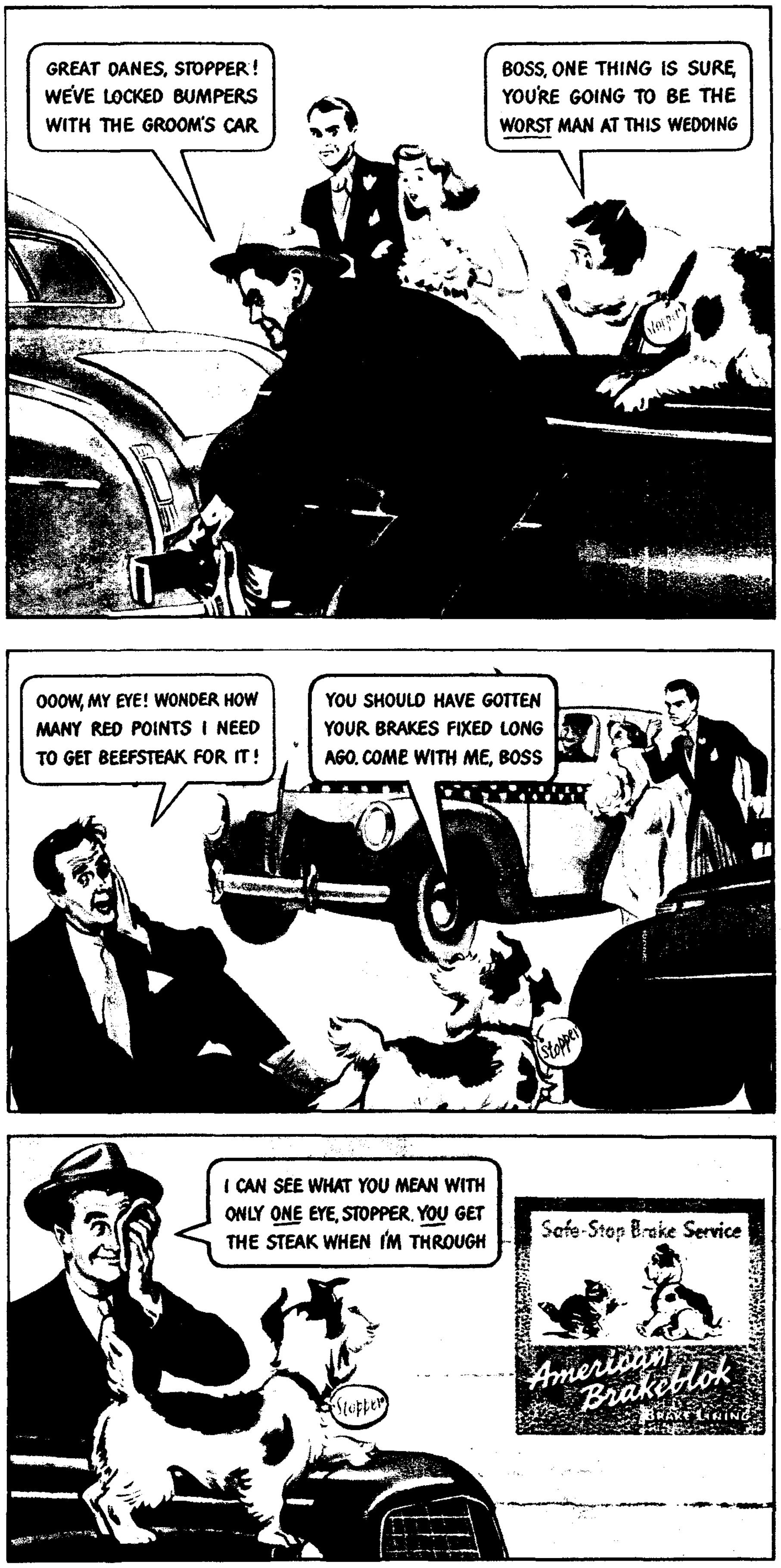
"Hamburger," Lou said. "Cup of coffee."

"Make it two," Regan said to the little girl, and she went away to call the order.

THE END


Eric Peters

COLLIER'S "The book is to improve my posture" ERIC PETERS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BOSS, ONE THING IS SURE, YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE WORST MAN AT THIS WEDDING
Stopper
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YOU SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN YOUR BRAKES FIXED LONG AGO. COME WITH ME, BOSS
Stopper
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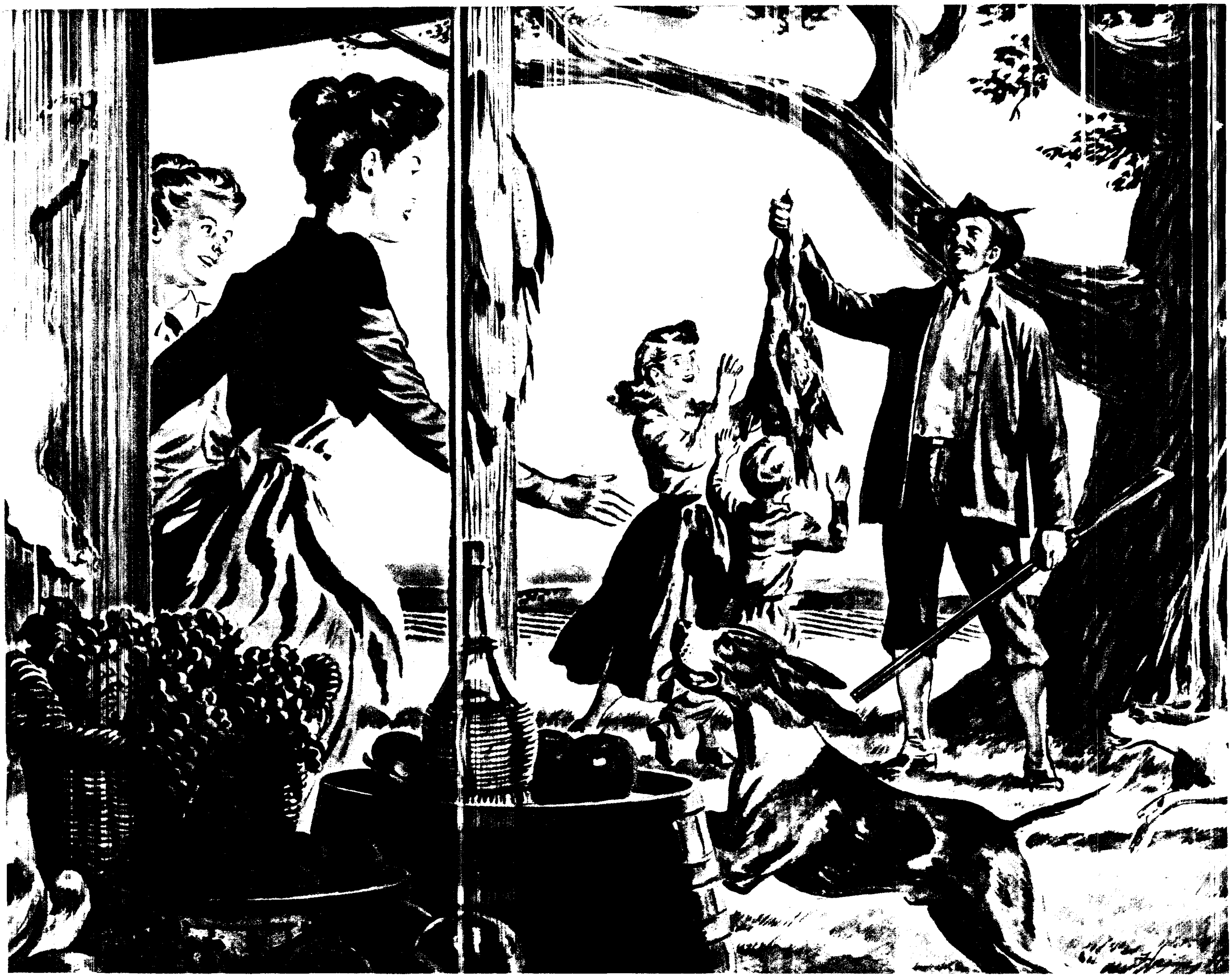

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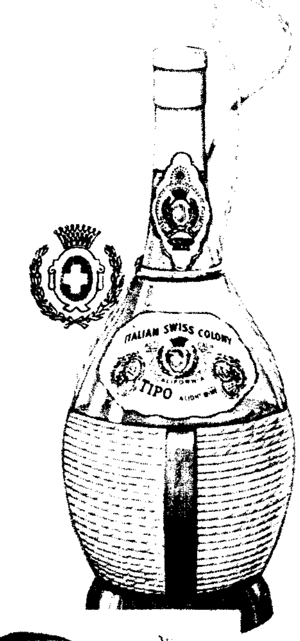

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Where's All the Sugar?

Continued from page 20

certificates although some are still waiting for them. These they took to their grocers where fruit was piled in polychromatic piles, and learned that the storekeepers had no sugar. Their allotments either had not arrived or had been quickly sold.

City folks who didn't do much home canning didn't mind particularly, but the rural people who normally depend on home-canned fruits and homemade jams and jellies for the long winter months minded quite a lot. They howled. An elderly lady in one Maryland town sailed into the local rationing board holding aloft a mangy spray of berries and a raisiny-looking bunch of grapes.

"Look," she squeaked, "at what's happened to my berries and my grapes. The beetles have got at 'em. If you'd have given me my sugar this wouldn't have happened. I'd have my fruit put up by now. . . ."

She pounded the desk of the board's volunteer director so hard that her false teeth fell out, but there was nothing the rationers could do about it. The lady hadn't even filed an application for canning sugar.

The incident was one of thousands which occurred throughout our broad and smiling land. Outraged people couldn't understand why there should be a shortage of sugar. Wasn't the war over in Europe? And hadn't everybody said only last May that warehouses were bulging with sugar?

Actually warehouses were far from "bulging." Our reserve stocks were dwindling. The munitions makers gnawed into them, and so did American civilians, who have the biggest single sweet tooth in the world next to Australians. We are accustomed to eating 104 pounds of sugar a year, every man, woman and child of us.

Nevertheless, there had been a surplus of sugar up to 1941 and at least enough, thanks to rationing, to go comfortably around for the next three years. Why the deficit now? The bewilderment of ordinary citizens was compounded when they heard the explanations of the pressure groups and special pleaders.

A Dry U.S.A. to Come Home To

The professional Drys, for instance, are engaged in a national campaign to install local antiliquor laws wherever possible and to arouse public opinion preparatory to an attempt to restore prohibition before the G.I.s come home. Up and down the country, they're saying that there's a famine in sugar because it is being taken from the mouths of the people to be shoveled into the maws of the boozemakers and brewers. The claims of the Drys, though false, sound reasonable. Everybody knows that alcohol can be made from sugar.

No sugar is being used by whisky and beer makers. But a lie, as Adolf Hitler knew so well, is often far more effective than a truth, and every day from 400 to 500 letters, postcards and petitions arrive at the offices of congressmen, the White House, the Department of Agriculture and the OPA, protesting against the diversion of sugar from home consumption to use by distillers and brewers. Most of the complaints bear the imprimatur and contain the language of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Anti-Saloon League.

The complaints also reflect the propaganda of pressure groups and special pleaders of the sugar industry. Sugar is a billion-dollar-a-year business in this country. Entire communities in the Middle West and the South depend on it for their livelihoods. Sugar, therefore, has important political and economic ramifications and, consequently, it has its lobbyists.

Among the most vocal of these are those of the sugar brokers, the big commission agents and middlemen of the industry. In peacetime all sugar flowed through their hands from domestic and foreign producing areas to the refineries and large industrial users.

On Pearl Harbor Day the government closed their Sugar Exchange and largely took over their functions. The amount of sugar they handled decreased to a dribble and middlemen's profits diminished accordingly. A powerful minority of brokers resent the government's control of their industry and are trying to blame Washington for the shortage.

One of the claims advanced by the industry's brokers is that there would be plenty of sugar if we didn't give it all away to the French, the Czechs and the Greeks. They're right. There would be plenty of sugar if we kept it all here, but if we did that we would be contributing nothing to saving human life in Europe, and even less to Europe's economic and political rehabilitation.

Public-opinion polls have shown that at least 7 out of every 10 Americans want to share what they have with less fortunate members of the United Nations. They won't mind the cuts in their individual rations. The propaganda of the brokers doesn't mirror public dissatisfaction quite as much as it does the gripes of the middlemen's former customers—the bakers and bottlers and candymakers. These industrial users of sugar have been operating on roughly half as much as they had in 1941 for civilian use. But by 1941, the "base year" upon which all subsequent allotments were made, the manufacturers had already doubled their high 1939 and 1940 volumes of business. The industries got all the sugar they wanted for manufacturing goods for military use.

The worst disservice rendered to the public by the industry's lobbyists, however, occurred last year. With their market letters and by inspired articles in the newspapers, they helped to create the myth of sugar abundance. This resulted in a popular outcry against rationing and a demand for more sugar. The public got it, almost 800,000 tons more than it should have had, out of our reserves. Our stocks totaled 2,613,000 tons in 1940. They dropped to 2,356,000 tons in 1941; 2,149,000 in 1943 and 1,761,000 tons in 1944. They're down now to an all-time low of 1,300,000 tons.

It would be unjust and inaccurate, however, to lay all of the responsibility for the current mess on the doorsteps of the brokers. A lot of the blame must be shared by the general public. The OPA overissued 800,000 tons of sugar in 1944, but it did so against sugar stamps and coupons presented at the stores by American citizens. It developed that hundreds of thousands of those stamps were counterfeit and as many of the home-canning coupons were awarded on the false statements of people who said they were going to use the sugar to can, and didn't. They hoarded it or sold it to black-marketeers who in turn furnished it to moonshiners and wildcat candymakers at as much as $25 for a 100-pound sack.

When householders apply for their canning certificates they are required to state how many persons are in their families. There has been considerable chiseling here. Some folks asked for far more canning sugar than they'd need. One woman listed an unborn child as a candidate for canning sugar. The rationers disallowed the application, but the evidence wasn't always as easily verifiable as that.

According to government surveys, this kind of petty grifting has been prevalent throughout the country. It's been responsible for one of the leaks in our national sugar bowl throughout the war years. By the same token it's been one of the causes of our current deficiency of sugar. How much sugar has gone down the drain due to the falsification of consumers' ration claims is impossible to assess, but a good guess for 1944 would be about 100,000 tons.

Much of this has gone into moonshiners' stills. The bucolic hoochers of the South and Middle West have kept the federal men busy in recent months in the hills of Arkansas, and especially in Kentucky where revenue agents captured and destroyed 140 illicit distilling plants in the first half of 1945 alone.

Sugar makes potent popskull quickly. Legal distillers with obligations to their craft and to consumers' stomachs cannot use sugar because it speeds up the processes too much. Reputable distillers would no more think of using sugar to produce beverage alcohol than of adding old tennis shoes to their grain and malt. But to the mountaineer 'shiners time is of the essence. They use sugar.

COLLIER'S "I thought it was a compliment when he named his B-32 after me, until I got to thinking it over!" BO BROWN

The overactivity of the moonshiners, plus the shortage of legal liquor, moved the government to grant the distillers a holiday from making wartime industrial alcohol in July to manufacture the kind you drink. Prices of legal liquor had gone up and consumers in a nation 81 per cent wet complained. The holiday was a heaven-sent opportunity for the Drys, but they should have been more careful of the facts. The distillers didn't use an ounce of sugar. They never had used sugar. They couldn't, therefore, be blamed for the shortage.

Although the diversion of 900,000 tons of sugar to the synthetic rubber industry last year and the simultaneous overissuance of 800,000 tons to consumers by the OPA contributed to the current scarcity, you'd still have all you could want if some other things hadn't happened. One of those things was beyond the power of man to prevent. Last November a drought hit Cuba, our principal single source of sugar, and Puerto Rico, also a large supplier. It lasted seven months.

Earlier, throughout all of 1942 and during most of 1943, the submarine war against our shipping contributed heavily to our current sugar difficulties. U-boats sank about 700 ships in the Caribbean, many of them sugar-laden out of West Indian ports. We didn't feel the effect of these losses immediately, but our stocks suffered and we are feeling the cumulative result of the sinkings now.

The submarines wrought other havoc. The West Indies were virtually blockaded from Pearl Harbor Day until the U-boats were subdued in the late summer of 1943. This meant a reduction in the quantity of food which reached the islands, all of them dependent on food imports for their very existence. Famine threatened the entire Caribbean, particularly Puerto Rico. Everywhere, except Cuba, cane acreage was reduced and the farms planted in potatoes, beans and corn. Even in Cuba, marginal acreage which might have been planted in sugar was devoted to truck farming and cattle raising.

In Puerto Rico, too, the blockade kept out fertilizer, and of all the Caribbean countries this island needs fertilizer the most for cane farming. So sugar production dropped steadily. In 1944 it was at its lowest in many years. This caused unemployment and strikes in the sugar industry. On top of all this came the drought which kept Cuba rainless from last November until this June and lopped about 1,000,000 tons and possibly as much as 1,200,000 tons from our 1945 Cuban supply. It also cut at least 200,000 tons from our Puerto Rican supply for this year.

The urgent need for food in 1942 and 1943 also caused the diversion of thousands of acres of land from beet production in the United States. The beet sugar industry produced nearly 2,000,000 tons of sugar in 1941 but by 1944 production was only 1,100,000 tons. In 1942 and 1943 the crops of the beet farmers were also smaller than average by at least another 800,000 tons. This, they say in Washington, was unavoidable. The Army needed its beans.

Home-Grown Sugar Drops Sharply

Domestic cane production, too, was affected by the lack of manpower and the diversion of acreage to other food crops during the critical years of 1941 through 1943. The resultant reduction for the three years may have totaled as much as 400,000 tons. Sugar, obviously, was a casualty of the war like a lot of things, including girdles.

If you'll add up the losses from one cause and another—the OPA's overgenerosity, the drops in domestic production, the mandatory diversion of sugar tonnage for rubber making, the drought—in 1944 alone you'll find we had approximately 4,000,000 tons less sugar than we might have had.

Yet, if the drought hadn't entered the calculations, you'd still have plenty of sugar for the grape jelly and the canned pears. Neither civilian chiseling, nor OPA largess, the shrinkage of domestic production, nor the requirements of the synthetic rubber industry would have affected the level of your sugar bowl appreciably. The diminished Cuban crop was the worst blow to our sugar position since we lost the Philippines in 1941 and with them more than 1,000,000 tons of sugar a year.

Next to the drought, the war itself had most to do with our present troubles. The whole world sugar production system was blown apart, figuratively and literally, when those bombs fell on Pearl Harbor and Manila. The map of the world's sugar sources was redrawn in favor of the enemy. Nearly two thirds of the sugar-producing areas were destroyed, occupied or otherwise controlled by the Japs and the Huns and their satellites.

Global sugar production before the war was roughly 30,000,000 tons, of which the Orient produced a third, Europe including Russia another third and the Western Hemisphere the rest. By the end of 1941, all of the United Nations had to fall back on the sugar available from Hawaii, the United States, the Caribbean countries and Latin America, plus the relatively small output of the United Kingdom and the British Commonwealth. The entire amount available for export to the United Nations was, roughly, 12,000,000 tons.

The situation was serious, but far from desperate if everyone exercised a maximum of unselfishness and prudence. All the sugar in the free world was pooled and the Big Three and their Allies drew upon it according to their requirements. Subsequently as nations were liberated, their needs also had to be met.

Of all the United Nations, the U.S. had the most sugar and was closest to supply

FLASH!

FAMOUS "90 SECOND CAR HEATER" IS COMING BACK!

Gives Hot Heat Even on Shortest Trips . . . and Most of Your Trips are Short!*

A PREWAR sensation, the South Wind car heater's fast-acting "sealed flame" principle is coming back from the wars . . . *battle-proved* in the air, on land and at sea!

The average length of *all* trips is under 5 miles—driving to school, for example is under three. On such trips —and to the store, church, work—you're almost there before an ordinary car heater even warms up. Not so with the South Wind. In 90 seconds flat you'll be out of the shivery "frigid zone", driving in billows of healthful, living-room heat from the feet up—even before your engine gets warm! And a full hour of snug driving comfort will cost less than a stick of gum.

Watch for announcement that the war-proved South Wind is again available. Get one for your *present* car. Insist upon one in your coming *new* car.

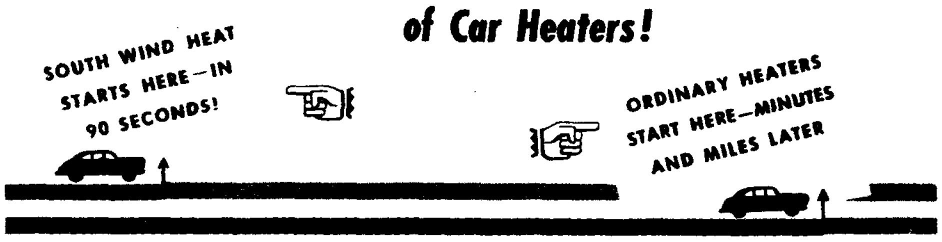
Before the War America's Fastest Selling Quality Car Heater

Although South Wind costs no more than a good ordinary heater, its performance is unmatched. It burns fuel from the carburetor in a patented sealed metal chamber. All fumes go out through the exhaust. The complete unit is small, quiet, automatic, always ready for use. Bears the seal of Underwriters' Laboratories.

Easily installed—no hose to cut, no thermostats to buy.

*National survey by Automobile Manufacturers Association.

Look at the Big Difference in Performance of Car Heaters!


SOUTH WIND HEAT STARTS HERE—IN 90 SECONDS!
ORDINARY HEATERS START HERE—MINUTES AND MILES LATER

South Wind CAR HEATER

Another Product of STEWART WARNER

HEATS HOT IN 90 SECONDS

Heater Division, Stewart-Warner Corporation, Chicago 14, Illinois

sources. We had enormous surplus stocks, we produced about 400,000 tons of cane sugar and nearly 2,000,000 tons of beet sugar. In addition we had 900,000 tons from Hawaii, the last Philippine crop of some 850,000 tons; 1,000,000 tons from Puerto Rico; 2,700,000 tons from Cuba; about 225,000 tons from various Latin-American countries and a 5,000 ton bit from the Virgin Islands. This made a total of 8,080,000 tons—well over our requirements in spite of a war.

But things began to happen quickly. The Philippines passed out of the picture. Our proximity to Cuba and the Caribbean countries turned out to be almost theoretic, thanks to the U-boats, and for two years, 1942 and 1943, we dug into our reserves. In spite of everything, however, the sugar situation was good in 1944. Cuba came through with a walloping 3,710,425 tons from the second largest sugar crop in the island's history, in addition to 900,000 tons for synthetic rubber. This was because in 1942 and 1943 Cuba's cane fields hadn't been harvested completely. There was no sense in cutting the cane, grinding and boiling it when it was impossible to ship the sugar through the tight blockade. With warehouses already full the planters "stored" their cane in the fields.

Cuba's bumper crop was due to the abundance of what planters call "carry-over" or second-growth cane which is taller, thicker and contains more sugar than normal. But (and here's where human frailties enter the sugar pattern) Washington should have foreseen that for 1945 there wouldn't be any carry-over cane to cut. The supply would be naturally smaller.

Several experts foresaw a shrinkage in the Cuban crop for this reason, and last November when the first drought signals were flashed from Cuba, they recommended immediate cuts in distribution of sugar to civilian users. Their warnings were acted upon too late. We will receive only 2,544,000 tons of sugar from Cuba for 1945, about 1,200,000 tons less than in 1944. The drought was responsible for 1,000,000 tons worth of that reduction and the absence of second-growth cane for the rest.

Happily, Hawaii, in spite of the Japs' Pearl Harbor raid and the reduction of cane acreage which occurred when fields were plowed up and turned into airports, kept its production up close to normal. It did so notwithstanding severe labor and equipment shortages.

All told we'll have this year an estimated 6,141,000 tons of sugar or roughly 2,000,000 tons less than in 1941 and 1,000,000 tons under the amount available last year. The total nevertheless makes an enormous bowlful, equaling more than 60 per cent of the entire United Nations' supply. Out of the 6,141,000 tons must come approximately 1,100,000 tons for strictly military use, leaving the poor civilians with 5,041,000 tons or just about half of all the sugar in the free world.

Use a Little Less—and You Can

There is at least 600,000 tons available for home canning, and they say at the Department of Agriculture that's enough to can and preserve all of the fruit this country's people could possibly use for domestic purposes. Both the Department of Agriculture and the OPA have published pamphlets on how it can be done without sacrificing flavor and quality. Grandma liked to can "weight for weight," using a pound of sugar for a pound of plums. This, they say at the Department of Agriculture, is unnecessary and wasteful. Actually most fruits can be canned and will keep without sugar.

You won't, however, be asked to can without sugar. You'll be required merely not to waste canning sugar or use it for other purposes. Above all, don't do what a certain lady in a small Kentucky town did. In a burst of misdirected patriotism she put up batches of applesauce without sugar and then barged into the ration board and demanded 80 pounds worth of sugar coupons with which to sweeten the applesauce when she served it. She didn't get it.

To meet the crisis in this vital commodity the OPA, under pressure from the Department of Agriculture and in an effort to compensate for its 1944 openhandedness, is scanning all applications for home-canning sugar more closely this year. All stamps turned in by grocers and wholesalers are being scrutinized under ultraviolet lamps which show up counterfeits. In the first six months of 1945 the OPA sifted about 6,000,000 pounds worth of bogus stamps out of the pasted-up lots turned in by suppliers. Sugar issued against fake stamps will be debited to the stores which will get that much less sugar in their new allotments. The OPA hopes in this way to save us several thousand tons in the last half of the year.

In addition to the reduction in the amount of canning sugar to be issued, the individual ration was cut from five pounds a person for three months to five pounds for four months. All institutional users like hospitals, hotels and restaurants were cut 10 per cent. All unused 1944 sugar stamps, except No. 34, issued last November 16th, were invalidated to make certain that housewives would receive their fair share of 1945's sugar stocks.

It's highly unlikely that the OPA will jump the rails again in any case. A forthright gentleman named Clinton P. Anderson has become Secretary of Agriculture with full powers over the allocation and distribution of all farm commodities, including sugar. The handsome Mr. Anderson is determined to plug all sugar leaks and to pare down the requirements, real or imagined, of everyone concerned.

Tightening the World's Belt

By the end of July, for instance, he had sliced off about 68,000 tons of sugar from what the Army thought it needed in the last quarter of 1945. He had, also, just about halved the stated minimum requirements of the liberated countries. Originally about 1,450,000 tons from stocks and current supply had been earmarked for Europe. The applicants were told to dig into their own stocks and to expect no more than 700,000 tons from us and the United Nations' pool.

By doing so Mr. Anderson isn't truckling to the lobbyists who want to freeze all sugar stocks here, but simply and practically is trying to build up our reserves against the possibility of shortages in the future.

Mr. Anderson would, if he could, be particularly tough with the neutral countries which depend on the United Nations for sugar. He wouldn't give nations like Franco's Spain, which was neutral against us, even a teaspoonful of sugar if he could help it. But 60,000 tons of West Indian sugar were allocated to Spain to help pay for quantities of tungsten ore purchased from the Spaniards so that the Nazis wouldn't get it. There is nothing our Secretary of Agriculture can do about it.

Mr. Anderson's presence in Agriculture promises to cut across coils of bureaucratic red tape which slow the procurement, allocation and distribution of all foods. In addition to the OPA there are nearly a score of other agencies involved in the handling of sugar including the WPB, ODT, WSA, FEA, WMC, WLB, the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion and the Office of Economic Stabilization, Selective Service, the Army and the Navy, the Bureau of the Budget, and the Departments of Agriculture, State and the Treasury.

The bureaus and departments named, of course, handle thousands of items in addition to sugar—everything from aluminum to zinc. Most of them have only an indirect responsibility in sugar. The net result of the activities of the wartime agencies has probably been good for the greatest number of people with, undoubtedly, some hardship and injustices for a few. They've managed to keep the cost of living down and have held the lid on a boiling inflation. Maybe this is magnificent hindsight, but it does seem that the maze of bureaus and their experts, warned as they were that there *might* be a critical shortage of sugar in 1945, could have taken precautions to prevent or mitigate the deficit's effects.

Now the burden for conserving available stocks and making them last falls on the people. Luckily all Americans aren't chiselers and petty grifters. On the contrary the files of the OPA abound with heart-warming stories of the co-operative spirit of the plain people of this country. When a woman in Magee, Mississippi, for instance, realized the seriousness of the sugar shortage she wrote to her rationing board enclosing 10 five-pound stamps and saying:

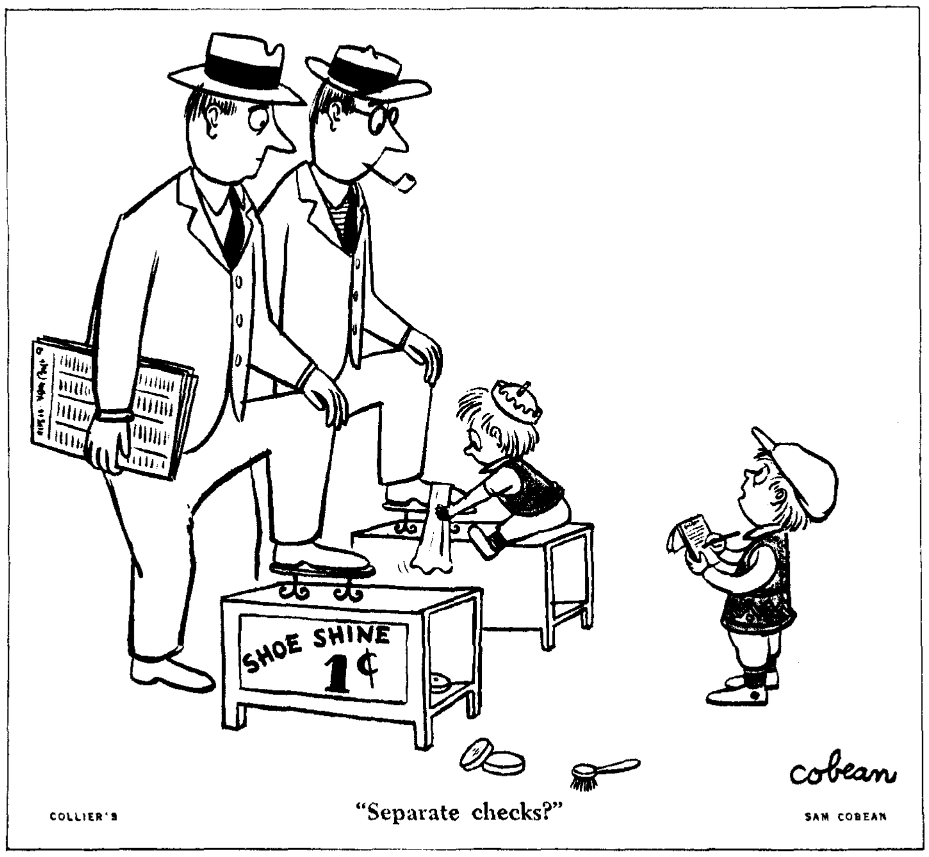
"I am sending you these hoping that in doing so I can aid, in a very small way, my country and fellow Americans in the struggle for peace on this old earth."

A few weeks ago the townspeople of Dyersburg, Tennessee, provided another example of civil and social conscience which other towns and cities might well emulate. The berry crop was earlier than usual out there and by the end of April the housewives were ready to do most of their canning and preserving. The OPA started issuing certificates at the old rate of 20 pounds for each member of the family and as much as 160 pounds for each family unit. Orders came from Washington establishing the new 15-pound limit. The coupons had already been issued and the local allocations of sugar had been bought up. The board was behind a large and seemingly immovable eight-ball.

The board members sat down, thought hard and came up with an idea that sounded as though it might have about one chance in one hundred of succeeding. They wrote letters to those who'd received their 20-pound canning coupons, explaining what had happened and adding that unless unused sugar certificates were returned a lot of fellow townsfolk were going sugarless. Within a day or so people started marching into the Dyersburg rationing headquarters bringing with them bags, boxes and sacks filled with sugar.

The board had wanted only the unused certificates but when these weren't available the citizens brought in the sugar itself, 1,700 pounds of it. The sugar was sold to the local dealers and the money returned to the original purchasers. The sugar was then resold to those who hadn't received their quotas before. And this ought to prove something about the kind of people Americans really are, and perhaps show the way to how the sugar shortage can be licked.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Separate checks?" SAM COBEAN

Any Week

Continued from page 4

you rotten Communistic Fascist, and take what is a-coming to you. Please excuse pencil."

MAYBE it's the weather after all. Our correspondents, usually thoughtful, serious folk, brimming with messages to mankind and with significant comment on the better current affairs, seem to have bogged down under it. For example, here's a gentleman who wants to know "what we pay this F.B.I. for—sitting around on their tails frowning out the window?" Twice he says he has written to Mr. J. Edgar Hoover to come out and investigate him. But Mr. Hoover has not had the grace even to reply. "Who does he think I am?" writes our chagrined correspondent. "A phony?"

ABOUT that other gentleman who wants to make something out of something or other, we have a nice note from Mr. Alex Dewberry of Santa Monica, California. "Once when I was younger," he says, "I decided I'd be a Communist. But I met three or four of them and changed my mind."

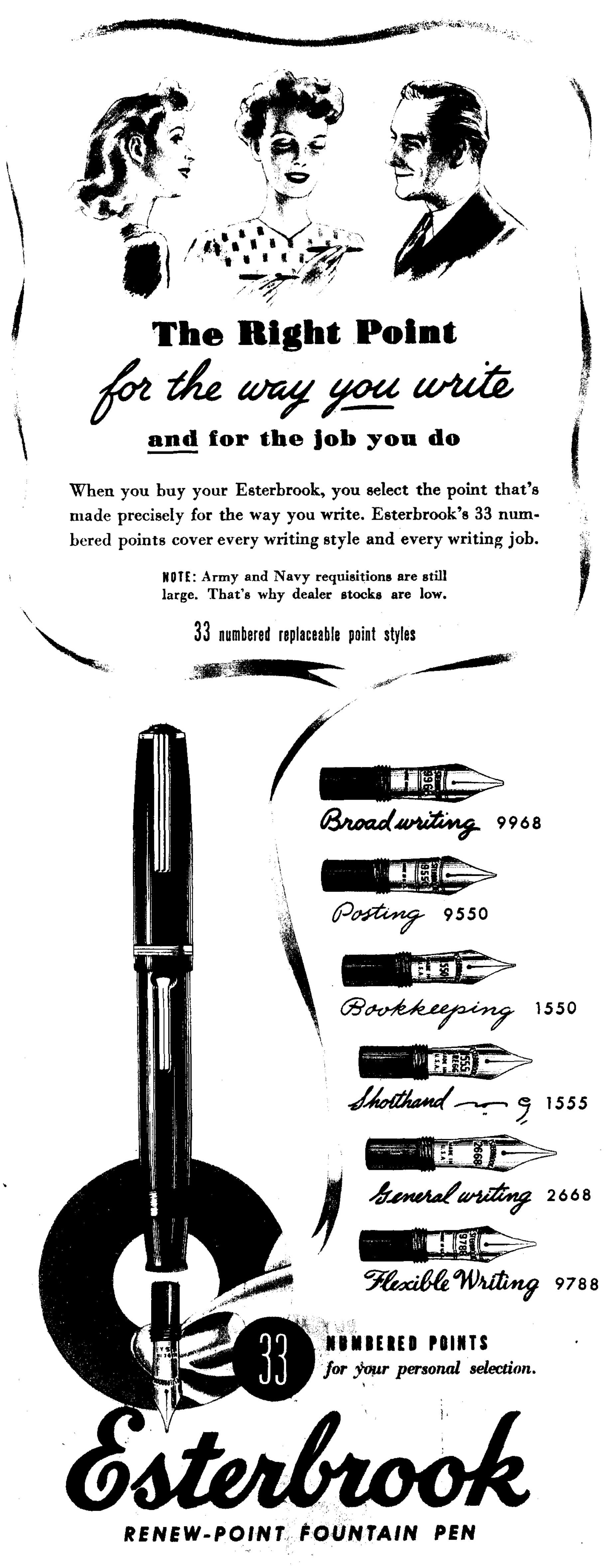
FROM Miss Miriam Lyons of New York City, in behalf of the Skip Tracers Company, we learn that a lorn lady is eager to locate her husband. "Please," says she, "find out if my husband is ded, because the man I am living with wont eat or anything until he nos for sure." And another lady: "You may discontinue your efforts to find my husband as I am happy to report that he died." And yet another: "You want to know something about how my sweetheart looks, so I am filling her form out in the enclosed envelope."

SO YOU see how it goes. An air-mail letter just arrived from Denver, Colorado. All it contains is a sheet of paper on which the former owner wrote: "I am a little girl eleven years old." And that's all. Didn't bother even to sign her name. Leaves us in quandary. Because now we'll toss about through a long sleepless night wondering what we can possibly do about it.

ROARK BRADFORD says that he's been down to Shreveport, Louisiana, to sell his plantation to a guy "who wanted to buy it but not at my price. He suddenly changed his mind and wanted to buy at my price. (Oil, I said to myself.) But no oil. No sale, either. Guy didn't have any money. He just wanted to buy it."

AIR CORPS CAPTAIN BRUCE BEESLEY says that his Alabama barber knows a man who is "the biggest liar in the country. Why, Cap'n, even the hogs won't come when he calls 'em."...

W. D.


The Right Point
for the way you write
and for the job you do

When you buy your Esterbrook, you select the point that's made precisely for the way you write. Esterbrook's 33 numbered points cover every writing style and every writing job.

NOTE: Army and Navy requisitions are still large. That's why dealer stocks are low.

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33 NUMBERED POINTS for your personal selection.

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Your own thoughts of CHEVROLET will tell you . . .

"PREWAR LEADER

WARTIME LEADER

POSTWAR LEADER *Too!*"

Now that new motor cars are beginning to roll off America's assembly lines, it will pay you to remember the following important facts:

In 10 of the last 11 car-production years, people purchased more Chevrolets than any other make of car, because they were convinced that Chevrolet led all others in *high* quality at *low* prices. All during the war, Chevrolet cars have proved and confirmed their right to public preference by their extraordinary display of performance, economy and dependability under the most difficult driving conditions. And today, *one* out of every *four* automobiles in use in America is a Chevrolet—*it leads all others in total registrations.*

In other words, Chevrolet is the *prewar leader*—Chevrolet is the *wartime leader*—and your own thoughts tell you that Chevrolet will be the *postwar leader* too!

All of which means, it will pay you to depend on the dependable, and to choose Chevrolet for the "highest quality in the lowest price field," in the months and years to come.

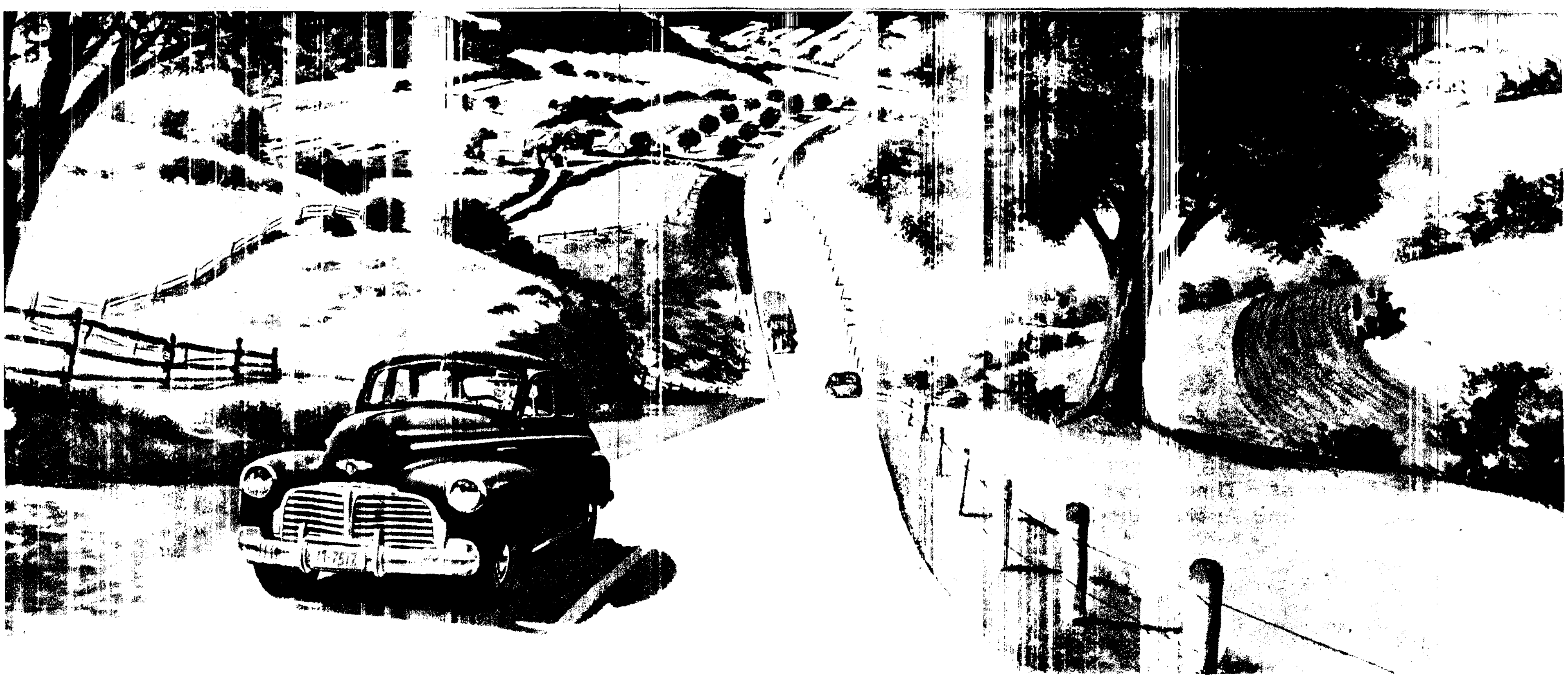
CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

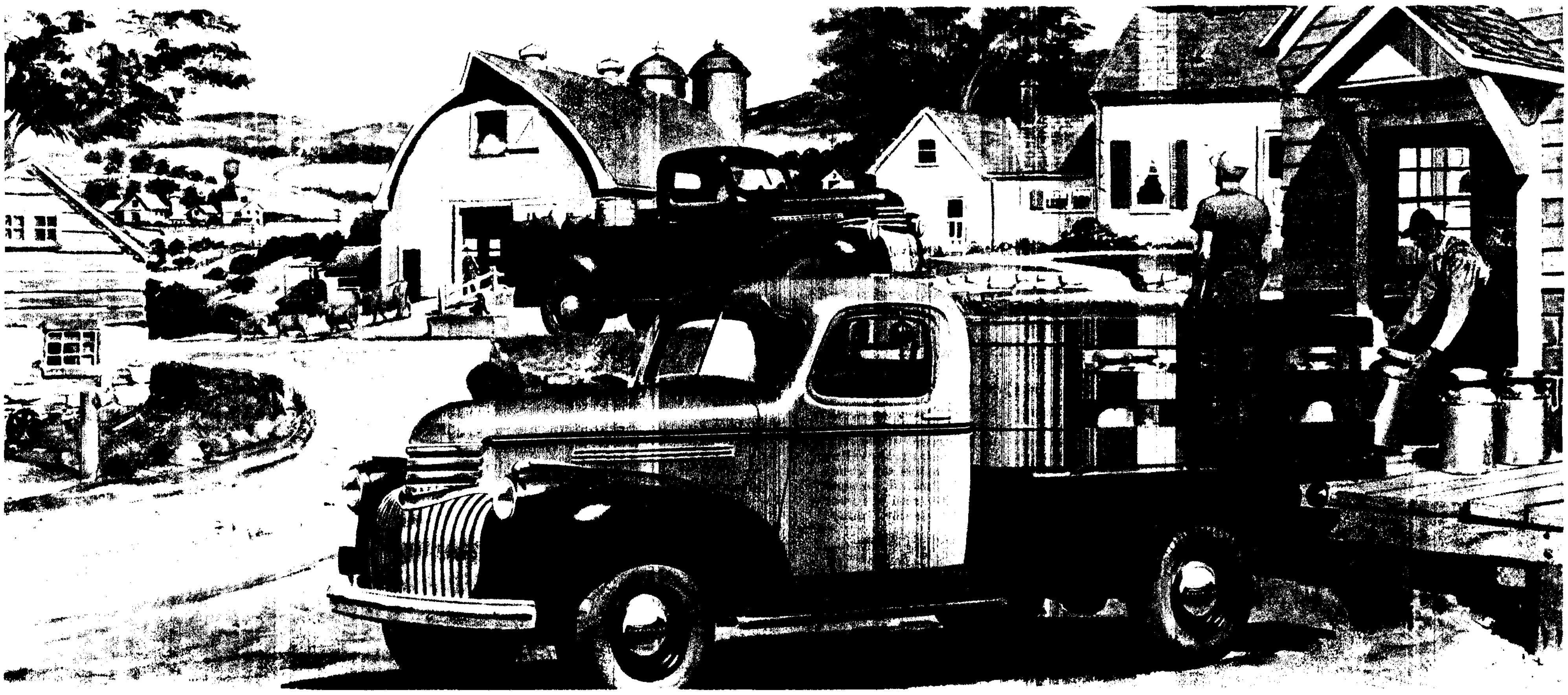
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

FOR 34 YEARS

CHEVROLET

THE SYMBOL OF SAVINGS





25% Less Coal Required-
By this STOKER with Fire-Bed that "Breathes"!

. . . and on an Unusually Difficult Heating Problem . . . that of a Three-Story Office, Store and Apartment Building 59 Years Old!

That is *exactly* the *9 year* record of a Combustioneer Automatic Coal Stoker . . . and despite this *exceptional* economy, *still* it delivers heating that is *far* more *constant and uniform!*

Especially now, with *alarming* coal shortages, Combustioneer-economy of fuel is vital! It is customary to save with Combustioneer, over hand-firing, as much as 25% to 35% of the usual coal consumption!— and easily up to 50% of the fireman's time as well!

"Breathing" fuel-bed releases "total" heat-content from every ounce of coal!

Combustioneer's Automatic "Respirator" detects the *slightest variation* in conditions of the fire-bed—prescribes the *technically correct* air-volume for *scientifically ideal* combustion of the *exact amount* of coal to be burned at *all times!* Then, gently or vigorously, as required, *forces* this metered amount of air *throughout* the burning coal!

Moreover *every burning particle* is "aerated". Combustioneer avoids the "packing" of old-fashioned coal stokers. Instead of merely "grinding in" coal, to burn by hit or miss, Combustioneer's amazing transmission feeds by "impulses". Each impulse stirs, "pokes-up" the fire—keeps it "loose", free-burning! Combustion is absolute! Smoke and soot are impossible. It's *clean!*—and *more* and *extra* B. T. U.'s are extracted from *every pound* of coal!

Diagnosis of your Present Fuel-Wastes FREE

A word from you brings an experienced heat-engineering consultant. He'll gladly survey your present heating set-up, and discuss it with you—without obligation on your part. Write us. You, too, will save coal, and money. For this Fall, do it *now!*

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HOMES TOO!
are heated gloriously by Combustioneer. Controlled by Thermostat. With even old furnaces or boilers, furnace-worry, constant shoveling and the lugging of ashes are gone! The supply is still limited, so send for big FREE BOOK, and see your own Combustioneer dealer, today!

GET THESE BIG BOOKS FREE!
Indicate interest in commercial—or home-heating.

Combustioneer
AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER
FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES

The Man Without a Climate

Continued from page 55

center of the lawn proclaimed Hawkins to be a qualified coach in: Drama—Radio—Cinema.

It was a tiny house but not at all cramped. Through the back window I could see out into a small yard. Actually it was a garden, a lovely miniature that even in the rain glowed with that warm, almost human grace that perfect gardens achieve. Someone must have taken great pains with it.

"Anything grows here, you know," Hawkins said. "Weeds, really. Pretty-colored weeds. The earth is fertile as a rabbit hutch."

"It's a lovely garden," I said.

"It passes the time. Have you noticed yet? Time is another peculiar California product. If a sudden cataclysm should overwhelm California, there would be, after the dust settled, a few vagrant hours still suspended in midair, bewildered, sun drenched and too full of ennui to settle properly in their ticking niches."

"How long since you've been back East?" I asked him.

"Ten years."

"As long as that? It seems—"

"Do you know," he said intently, "I dream of New York? Of the streets and the very bricks of the buildings. I can remember the look of it, the look of a city. Sometimes I can almost hear the sound of it, urgent as a rap on the door—"

The front doorbell rang.

"The influence of the movies," Hawkins said. "Hollywood, coincidence and sex."

He pattered to the door and returned, followed by a woman. It was the first time I ever saw Lisl Koch. She was beautiful—beautiful as a woman and so, by Hollywood standards, perhaps no beauty at all.

She was carrying a common brown-paper shopping bag. I could make out the bulk of cans, the oval length of a loaf of bread; green spears of asparagus rose over the edge. Hawkins took it from her and hefted it.

"This is a fee," he said. "Lisl cannot pay in money, she will not accept lessons for nothing. So from time to time she feeds me like a stray cat."

Hawkins disappeared in the direction of the kitchen. Lisl Koch remained standing at the edge of the living room. Her eyes followed him.

It is always easy to tell when a woman is in love. It was a little more difficult to know how Hawkins felt about her. I listened later as he told me of Lisl but even then I wasn't sure.

Her story was common enough at the time. A Viennese, she had fled the city before the Nazis. She was an actress and once here, she came, naturally enough, to Hollywood. She had no luck, and some trouble with the language.

Hawkins met her on the set of a picture where they were both working as extras. He offered to give her lessons in English and for a year, more or less, they were working at it. She spoke English quite well.

I found myself pleasantly at home in that little box of house not so far from the Pacific shore. Hawkins laid a fire in the fireplace and brought out some wine. He spoke but there is never any particular need to answer an actor, and I only listened and I think I tried to draw a picture of Hollywood: the soft rain, the beautiful and penniless foreign actress, the idol who once had been. And the edge of a racing form tucked in the back pocket of Hawkins' slacks. . . .

AFTER I finished that assignment, I was gone from Hollywood for more than a year. Several things happened in that time.

Hawkins scored a success. Someone in Hollywood finally gave him a part that called for an actor of ability. It wasn't a large part but Hawkins stole his scenes and the picture.

I was pleased at his success, as we always are when virtue is triumphant and talent rewarded; besides, Hawkins was an actor and not a writer. Somewhere I read that Hawkins planned to move into a thirty-three-room Moorish castle which had once been built on a crag overlooking the Pacific—which he did. I read, too, that Hawkins had married Lisl Koch.

I wired my congratulations to Hawkins and Lisl but I received no reply. About three months later I found an eight-by-ten glossy still photograph of Hawkins in my mail, along with a short note saying that Mr. Hawkins was delighted to send me his autographed picture and that I could be sure that he took a keen personal interest in all his fans.

I RETURNED to Hollywood a little later in the year. The naked, gangling palms still swayed outside the Los Angeles station, the hills arched softly as butter mounds against the horizon. It was much the same, except that now the sun shone brilliantly in an empty sky, blue and unmarred as an Easter egg. The weather was all that it should be.

I didn't see Hawkins right away, since I was at another studio; I might never have seen him at all except that I happened, as is inevitable in Hollywood, to find myself on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street one evening. I was waiting for the traffic signal to change. It was dusk, not quite evening, and the lights were going on over the town, and there was a soft, neon radiance in the air.

A car pulled up. It was one of those huge convertibles, a light powder blue in color. A voice called my name. Someone waved to me from the driver's seat: tall, immaculate, dressed in spotless white—a white emphasized like the brilliance of an angel's robes—white suit, white shirt, white cap, so that the total effect had the clean magnificence of a cloud. Then I recognized Hawkins.

I was glad to see him. I climbed into the front seat, remembering, like the faint thread of background music in a movie, the old battered jalopy that had once driven me through the rains of California. We exchanged greetings while he drove. In a pause, he asked me what I was doing that night. Nothing, I said. He asked me to spend the evening with him. I agreed. He drove with the same mad nonchalance.

"And Lisl?" I said. "How is she?"

"Lisl?" Hawkins said. "Lisl has left me."

He half turned to me. Against the translucent light of the dusk, I could see his face clearly. He was saying something, very softly, murmuring it, and I wasn't quite sure whether he meant me to hear it.

"The climate of California!" he said.

We finally reached Hawkins' Crag. It was an eagle perch, a promontory that hung out over space. The house was built on the very edge of the precipice. From the terrace, space spun dizzily to the horizon; the Pacific was a faint line against eternity. Below, incredibly below, the city lay like a miniature.

We marched through the corridors of the castle as Hawkins showed me around. Arches. Pillars. Imitation grottoes. Mock chapels which were really bedrooms. Formal gardens, clipped and cold. Fountains. Stone walls, chemically aged, preruined. A swimming pool in the form of a Roman bath. Two wolfhounds.

"Lisl didn't like it," Hawkins said.

By then we were sitting on the terrace; a servant had brought drinks, and now a whole galaxy of stars was traced in a sky terrifyingly near.

"Do you?" I said.

"There is an automatic toothbrush in the bathroom," Hawkins said. "It came with the place. I never had an automatic toothbrush before."

He lifted his drink and tinkled the ice in the glass. He rose and slowly began to walk around the terrace. His voice came across the terrace to me.

"This gilded dungeon was a mistake. I admit it now; Lisl always knew it. We came. The past was ashes. I rose mornings and stepped out to the terrace. I brushed away the clouds and peered at the world. The air was rare, invigorating, innocent as a newborn babe. I wore no psychological diaper to prove that the world is real. It is enough merely to live in California. To live above it, to idealize and exaggerate it, is to tamper with the gods—"

He paused a moment; and then plunged on. "Enter Lassie Boswell. She enters—as Lassie will always enter life—in the midst of a party. You know something of Hollywood parties. I needn't go into details. Lisl didn't want the party at all. She hadn't been feeling very well. She was tired a good deal, listless. I told her the party would be good for her. The truth was that I was bored—bored with Lisl and her headaches. So I insisted on the party. We flung open the doors of the castle, set a beacon burning to guide the way. And they came. Enter Lassie!"

It wasn't difficult to imagine what it must have been like. Hollywood has a talent for parties; translated to celluloid it is the surtax they pay every March 15th. I could see easily enough how it must have been. In Technicolor, of course.

"Exit Lassie," Hawkins said. "Exit Lassie as she will always exit. Alone, toward a terrace. And a man some ten feet behind. It was a delightful scene. As I came out I could see her waiting in the grotto, leaning with all the negligence of a coiled asp against the bole of the tree, shadowy, yet indubitably built of this too-solid flesh. She had arranged a bit of filtered moonlight in her hair. Lassie has always been popular with the juicers of the universe, human and celestial. I flew—trippingly, of course—over the terrace toward her. . . ."

He came back, slumped into a chair, and for a while there was no sound except the tinkle of the ice in the glass like the sound of small temple bells in some Tibetan lamasery. The stars were huge as unblinking eyes in the face of the hovering sky.

"I wonder," Hawkins said musingly, "whether I can tell you what I felt in those few yards of space. It is the essence of the whole, the final victory of the daily weather report. I've told you something of my theory of climate. The climate of California! The world here is pickled in the alcohol of weather. It would be simple to say merely that I flew to Lassie with the asinine grace of a man in his second childhood. Yet—no, not quite. California is a fairy tale . . . the fawn, the elf, the fairy woodland. There is no question of age or reality in a fairy tale. It was all the madness of a magic potion, the climate of California. So Lisl found us. . . ."

In my time I have heard many things ascribed to the climate of California. But I could imagine easily enough what followed. I knew very well what Lisl's reaction must have been; outraged wives tend to react in a pattern. And Lisl—gentle, wise, mature Lisl—was, after all, a woman.

"I could never convince Lisl that it meant nothing," Hawkins continued. "In the morning she was gone. I haven't been able to trace her. I write to her every week, twice, three times a week—in care of her agent. Her agent," he said bitterly, "knows where she is, and I do not. I have been to him. I tell him I love her. He listens to me and shrugs."

I tried to console him but there wasn't very much I could say. Hawkins didn't seem to be listening. He was slumped in his chair, staring fixedly at the glass in his hands, immobile. I looked toward the sky where a huge moon flirted with a passing cloud, lithe as a young girl.

"Look here," Hawkins said finally, "I'm alone now. I hate being alone. With Lisl gone, it feels like a prison. You must be alone, too, holed up in some hotel. Move in with me. Be my guest."

"It's hardly worth while," I said. "I'm leaving for New York in a week and—"

"New York," Hawkins said.

"I've just about finished my stint here."

"New York!" Hawkins cried, his face lighted as if by a great revelation. "Of course! I'm going with you! Will you promise me four seasons—summer, winter, autumn, spring?"

"A smattering of each," I said.

"There will be no flowers in winter. Only the bare earth. And then as spring comes on, I will watch the miracle of growth, sing praises to the single blade of grass! Where in all California can you find a single blade of grass?"

"It grows in tufts in the East," I said. "I may not be able to arrange a single blade."

"Farewell, California!" Hawkins cried. "I return to the world!"

I MET the train when Hawkins finally came East. A small flurry of luggage preceded him, and then he stepped out. He was wearing an open-neck shirt; over it, a sports jacket in a bold hound's-tooth design; gray slacks; a rakish cream-colored hat. Capelike, over his shoulders, was slung a light tan polo coat. It was November in New York.

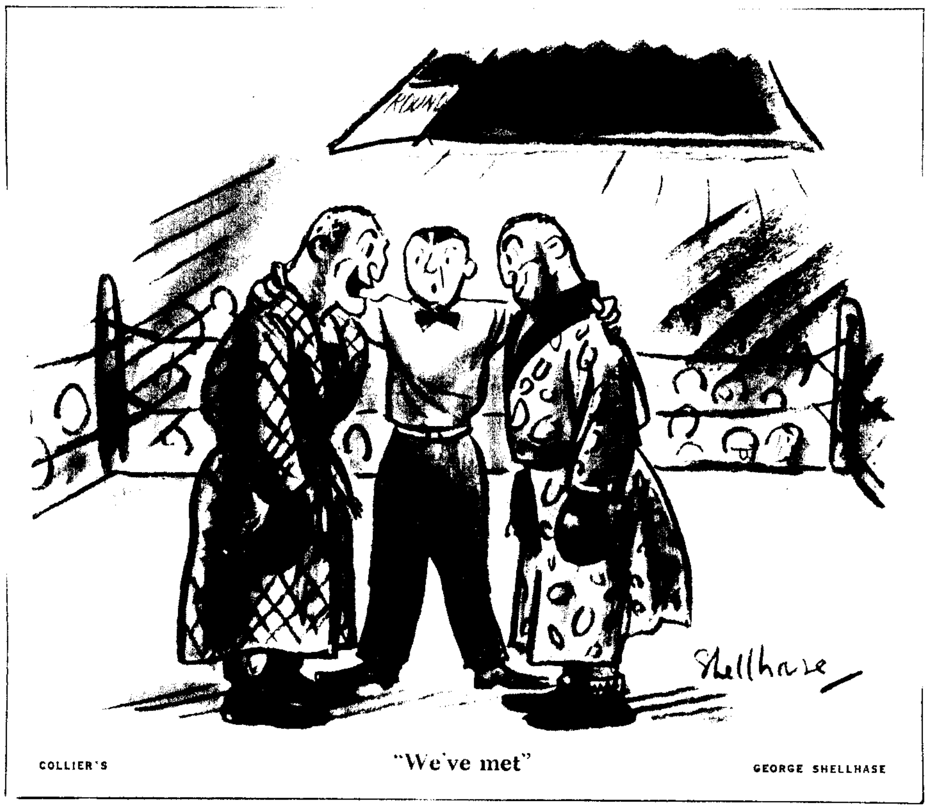
Hawkins was radiant. As I came up, he puffed exultantly like a child on Christmas morning, watching his breath mist into a column in the sharp, clear air.

"I swore that was the first thing I was going to do," he said.

"Better slip into your coat," I said. "It's rather brisk out."

"It's not even winter yet, is it?" He laughed.

I wanted to take a cab from the station to his hotel, but Hawkins insisted on walking. It was a wonderful day in the late fall. The wind was bracing as a splash of cold water as it raced from river to river. There was, in the air, the peculiar, pungent odor of autumn, somehow smoky and masculine. The light had enormous depth so that the lines of the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OLD GRAND-DAD

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

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city were clear and precise as far as the eye could see.

Hawkins soaked it all in eagerly though it made me a little uneasy to see him parade, shirt open at the neck, his light coat flapping about unbuttoned.

His hotel faced Central Park, and sitting at the bar, we could look out at the bare trees. I told him I was leaving the city for a spell; I had been invited to the country for Thanksgiving. Hawkins was amiable. Nothing could spoil his pleasure just then. We arranged to meet in two weeks when I expected to be back.

He seemed completely happy. We sat in the bar until it was time for me to leave. Hawkins raised his eyes to the trees in the park beyond. He lifted his glass.

"Bare trees! Brown earth! Autumn!"

WE MET again as we had planned. November had lapsed into December, and it is really in those few weeks that winter comes crashing into the world. Almost with the sudden violence of a tornado, the air turns from brisk to frigid.

I was eager to see how Hawkins was taking his vacation and I got to the bar a bit early, so I saw him as he came toward the checkroom. That is, I glimpsed him. He was bundled in a huge overcoat with a fur-lined collar that was turned up to cradle his face. He had a thick woolen scarf tied around his throat. Under his hat, all that was visible was a small oval of face.

Immediately he came to the bar he asked for a glass of water. He took a small bottle out of his pocket, shook three drops into the water and gulped it down. He looked pale, but people returned from the Coast tend for a while to resemble faded denim as their heavy tans give way to white meat.

"A bit of a cold?" I said.

"I have not been outside the hotel in three weeks," Hawkins said.

He laid the bottle of drops on the bar. He followed it with a box of pills, a packet of powders. I began to laugh.

"You think it's funny?" Hawkins said.

"I know you're feeling the tortures of the damned," I said. "I know how miserable a winter cold can be. Only—"

But Hawkins was no longer listening. He rose wordlessly, picked up his medicines, turned and strode toward the lobby of the hotel. I followed. Hawkins headed for the elevators, and we rode up together in silence. He almost shut the door of his room in my face. I pushed it open and followed him in.

I don't think I will ever forget Hawkins' room.

It was smothered in flowers. I have never seen such banks of them outside the dressing room of a prima donna following a *première*—roses, gardenias, camellias, poinsettias, marigolds, cockscomb, green potted vines, immense leafy plants, sprays of green everywhere.

I looked at Hawkins and I began to laugh once more.

"Very well," Hawkins said. "I see your point. I have a smattering of the facts of comedy. But the question is: What am I to do now?"

"Do?" I said. "Go back, of course."

"To what?" he said. "My gilded dungeon? To life without Lisl? Grant me an inch of pathos, even comic pathos. I am the man without a climate!"

He had a vacuum bottle of hot tea on the night table beside his bed and he poured a cupful now, wrapping his hands around it as he sipped, like a man warming himself before a fireplace.

"For two days," he said thoughtfully, "I was happy. Bare trees. Brown earth. Autumn. I reveled in it. Then came the numbness. I hardly noticed it at first but it was as insistent as a rising blister. Then it dawned on me. I was cold. Not this sniffling nose, but cold, the thing itself: cold in my bones, in the net of my skin, in the fibers of my tissues. I bought the coat. I bought the muffler and the sweater. And I remained cold."

Silence then. A reminiscent silence.

"It was more than the cold. Bare trees. Brown earth. As an interval, as a change, it was delightful. As a two-day diet it satisfied. But months of it? Not the sight of a flower, not the comfort of a single green thing anywhere? I had a garden once. Do you remember it?"

"Yes," I said.

"I loved that garden," Hawkins said simply. He waved at the flowers around us. "That's when I began buying these. I cherished every blossom, every leaf. Here I am, then, building a plot of California out of a hotel room fourteen floors over the concrete sidewalks of New York—red nosed, sniffling, eternally cold. . . ."

HIS eyes swept over the rows of plants, flowers, ferns, ivies. At the window the curtains were pulled back to allow in whatever waning sun a New York winter might allow. Outside, the night was polka-dotted with white.

"Snow?" Hawkins said.

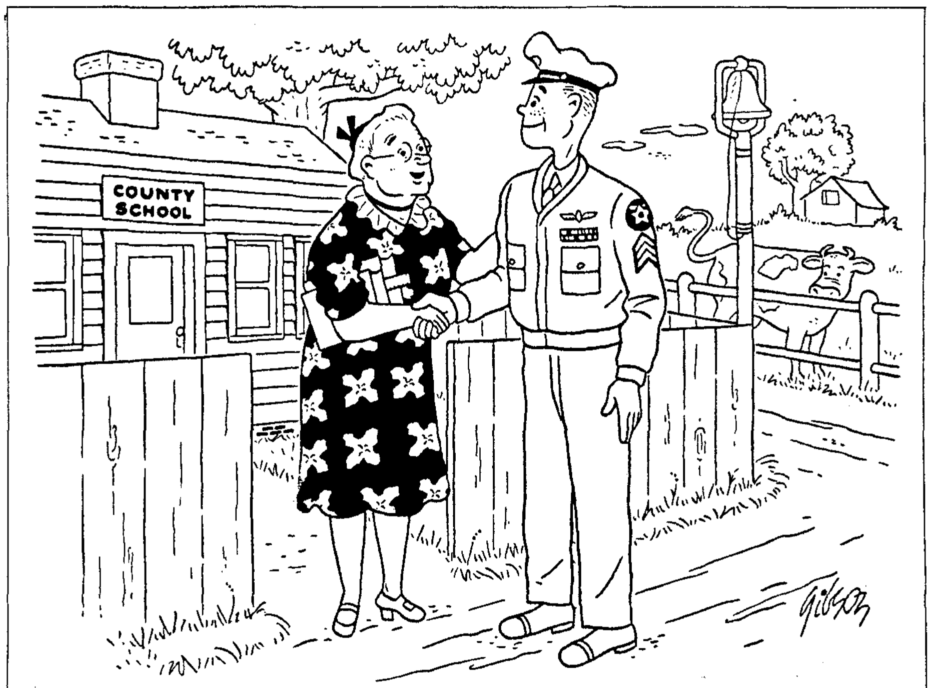
"Snow," I said. "The first of the year."

Hawkins rose and snapped the curtains shut. There was a faint steady hiss of steam in the room. He shivered.

"Go back," I said again. "And, incidentally, have you heard anything at all from Lisl?"

"Nothing. Her damned agent tells me he's working on it." He reached and lifted a sheet of paper from the small writing desk in the room: "I have given up all hope. I write to her every day, as a man writes in his diary, openly and emotionally naked. I hide nothing. I told her last week that the temperature here was down to twelve degrees. No answer."

There was a knock on the door, and I wel-



"Wrecked a whole town, did you, Willie? Well, I always thought you would"

COLLIER'S JAMES GIBSON

comed the interruption. I no longer knew what to say to Hawkins. A bellboy stood in the open door bearing a telegram on a small platter. He was scrubbed and shining and his name was Fate.

For the telegram, I knew, could only be coming from California: from Hawkins' agent or his studio. In either case, it would settle things.

Hawkins slit open the wire and read it. Then slowly he handed it to me. It was from Lisl's agent. There was an odd, foolish look on Hawkins' face. He walked to the window and pushed the curtain aside, looking out at the snow. I read the telegram:

You are the father of a son. Lisl wants to know if you have your red turtle-neck sweater in New York.

For a long while, we were both silent.

"Ill!" Hawkins finally said. "Ill! Of course, she was ill. No wonder she almost murdered Lassie. No wonder she wouldn't see me. What does it say? A boy?"

"A boy," I said.

"Lisl is asking for me?" He asked the question eagerly.

"That's natural enough."

He picked up the telegram; he walked toward the door.

"Where are you going?" I said, keeping a straight face.

"Going?" he said. "Back."

I began to laugh again but Hawkins didn't seem to notice.

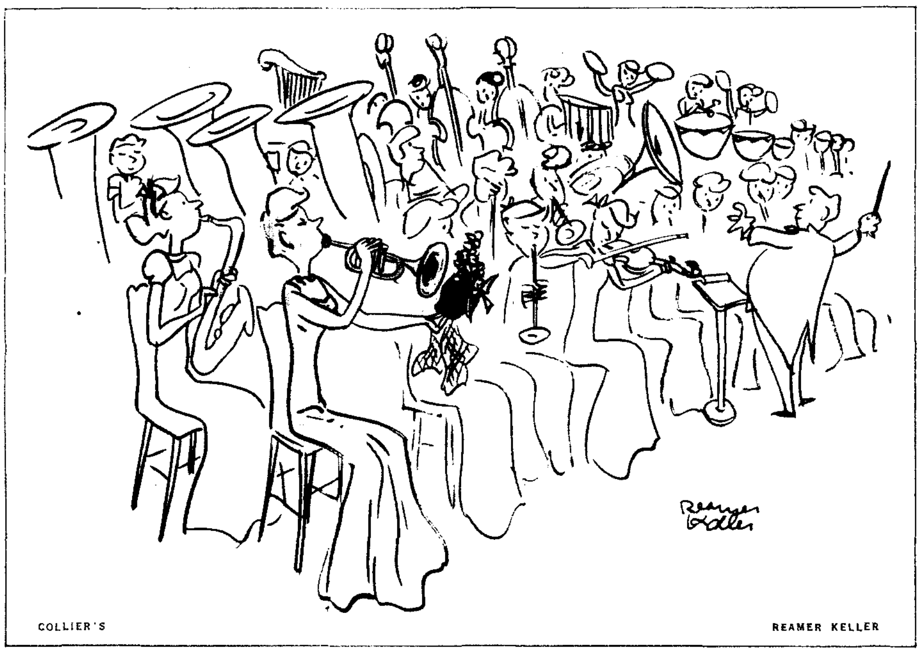
"Do you want a cigar?" he said.

"I don't smoke cigars."

He paused at the door.

"A boy!" He flourished the telegram. "California!" he murmured; and there was a touch of awe and wonder in his voice. "The climate of California!"

THE END



COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

Brother Leatherneck

Continued from page 24

and frustrate the understanding of the earth-bound mind. The life of a Trappist, and its purpose, is such a thing. Three hundred years ago, a man named De Rancé became abbot of the Cistercian monastery at La Trappe, in Normandy. He found laxity among the monks, discipline gone to seed. He imposed a new discipline, which went far beyond any in practice in those days.

A monk could have no furniture in his cell but a wooden *prie-dieu* before the crucifix and a bed of two wooden planks covered by a thin straw mattress. His days would begin at two in the morning with the chanting of the day's first office. At four, he would hear Mass. Darkness would still lie over the land as he ate his first meal of tea and dry bread before going out to the monastery's fields and barns to begin the day's work. There would be one more meal each day—soup and dry bread; meat would never be eaten.

But the distinctive feature of the life was the practice of perpetual silence. During the day, when a gesture would not be enough to make some meaning clear, the monk could say such brief words as were necessary. At night, though, when he had closed the door of his cell, no monk of La Trappe could utter a sound. In three centuries this rule has not been modified in any essential and Trappist monasteries, founded everywhere in the world, number adherents by the hundreds.

It was this way at the monastery of Our Lady of the Valley, at Cumberland, Rhode Island. The abbot talked to Anthony Garite a long time, telling him of the life and its real purpose and warning him that it is not for those who merely seek escape. Anthony understood, assumed the white habit of the Trappist novice, and took the name of Brother Mary Pius.

He found the life not without beauty. Trappists make their monasteries lovely with patient labor. They come to comprehend the earth and its uses. Their fields return heavy harvests. Their herds are fat and sleek, their birds tame, their dogs friendly. Illness is rare, and extreme old age common among Trappists.

For seven years Brother Mary Pius gave no sign that he was unhappy with the life, but when the time approached for him to take his final vows, he asked the abbot for release, to go out into the world again, at least for a while. The abbot was surprised but not unprepared; he knew well the fears that men sometimes have on the threshold of the irrevocable. And often the more humble the man the greater his fears. The abbot told Brother Mary Pius that he was free to go and that if he chose to return, his place in the refectory, and the cell where he had slept would be his again.

When he closed the monastery gates behind him, the man to be known once more as Anthony Garite had in his pocket five dollars given him by the abbot, and he was dressed in clothing given the monks through charity.

He had shaved his beard, but his hair had been inexpertly cut, and his gait was that of a man accustomed to walking in plowed fields. This was the figure that trudged from Cumberland to Providence in search of a bus to take him to Brooklyn. Not until he stepped up to the ticket window in Providence did he fully realize the change wrought in him by the past seven years.

A man needs more than gestures to indicate his wish for even so simple a thing as a ticket to Brooklyn. Words have to be used, transfer points understood, people apologized to when jostled, change counted, and the value of such coins as quarters and nickels remembered. That bus ride told him something too: that his very appearance gave cause for staring and avoidance and that even if he tried to talk, no one would answer.

That night he walked the streets of Brook-

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CANADA *WORLD FAMOUS* DRY

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lyn, staring at the profusion of lights, vehicles and people, and knew, probably for the first time, the feeling of loneliness. It was an emotion that he did not like and it struck him as strange, indeed, that he should feel it here, in this babble of talk, among these crowds. It was a strong temptation to return to the peace he had abandoned. But he had come out into the world to test it and himself. He was going through with it.

Anthony was learning that the privilege of living in the world is not had without paying a price. You cannot be subtly different; you must conform. You must work, and at the orders of others; you must have a job. You cannot remain alone; you must have friends, or perish.

A job was the immediate need—that five dollars didn't go far. He proved to a plumber that he was good with tools and was put to work. He found a cheap room. With his first pay he got some clothes. The problem of making friends, though, was going to be infinitely harder to solve.

Each night he walked Brooklyn's crowded sidewalks, fighting his loneliness. He wondered why it hurt to be so alone. It seemed so easy not to be. You'd think you could just step up to some man sauntering past and say, "I'd like you to be my friend." But it couldn't be done that way. It took time, and it had to be a series of happy accidents, of fortunate meetings. And even then you had to have more ease than he had at talking. He had often passed that Marine recruiting poster that stood on the sidewalk. The office across from it was always filled with young men laughing and talking. "The Marine Reserve Wants You," the poster said. At last one evening he went in.

The Antidote for Loneliness

After that, he lived for Tuesday nights when Reserve members gathered at Brooklyn's huge, barnlike armory. What pleased Anthony was that he was considered no different from anyone else. Other beginners were as clumsy as he—and as diffident. Compliments and reprimands were distributed evenly, and everyone advanced on a completely equal basis. And after drill was over, when the fellows gathered in little knots, he could do as much or as little talking as he pleased. Anthony knew how to take orders, he was clever with his hands. He got along fine. He wasn't lonely any more.

Two years slipped by. Suddenly it was 1940, and Anthony received one of the few letters he ever got in his life. It told him that belonging to the Marine Corps Reserve meant something more than just making friends. His country feared war with its enemies, and he was being called to active duty.

Private Garite first went to Iceland. Eight months later he went to Cuba for the organization of the First Marine Division. Exactly twenty-two months after he had been called into active service, he was at Guadalcanal and he had been promoted to the rank of corporal.

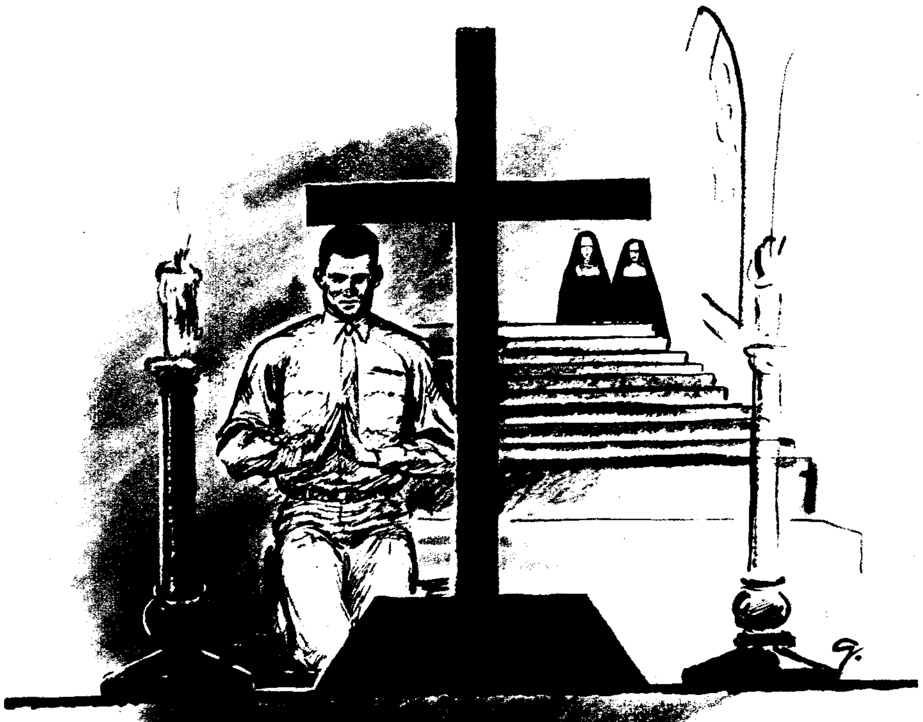
He had also acquired a nickname. The boys must have found out about his past, for they had taken to calling him "Monk." He accepted the term with complete amiability. He knew neither derision nor disrespect was implied: He was called Monk for the same reason that another was called "Shorty" or "Texas." He knew, too, that in the Marines a nickname is the badge of acceptance. Monk had been accepted.

He had long since learned to express himself with ease when he had to, but taciturnity was still his chief characteristic and he preferred gestures to words. He liked to hear others talk. Good listeners are rare, and Monk was one of the best. Furthermore, men admire ability, and Monk was an excellent soldier. He was always cheerful, he never groused, he seemed to have no nerves. This last quality became especially apparent during the hell of Guadalcanal where more than one otherwise able man cracked under the strain.

After four months of Guadalcanal, Monk's outfit was retired to Australia for several months of rest and rehabilitation. During this period the men, of course, missed no chance to get into town. Monk went with them, but instead of drifting with the rest in search of beer, movies or dates, he would seek out a church.

One day he entered a chapel connected with a convent maintaining an orphanage for small boys. The sisters were evidently having a hard time of it these war days, and when Monk managed to converse with them he found this to be the case. He astounded the nuns by giving them one thousand dollars out of his savings and set to work as carpenter and plumber. He also repainted the chapel, installing several new decorations, among them a handsome crucifix. In return, he asked only the privilege of using the chapel for his long hours of prayer and meditation.

The sisters were distressed when their young American benefactor eventually told them he would soon return to jungle warfare on the islands to the north. Because of military security, he did not actually say goodby although his outfit was departing in a few days. It, therefore, hurt him deeply to hear that the sisters had arranged a farewell tea party to which he had been invited as honored guest. It was impossible for him either to attend or explain. Before departing, however, he requested that twenty dollars a month of his pay be allotted to his friends at the convent—the only allotment on record after the name of Anthony P. Garite, USMC.



He asked only the privilege of using the chapel for hours of prayer

Once again his outfit was headed for combat. This time it was the New Britain campaign. It was following the battle at Cape Gloucester that Monk gained his sergeant's stripes. How he got them is a story unique in the annals of the Marine Corps.

For some reason best known to the services of supply, a flush toilet was included in the equipment sent to the area where Monk's outfit was resting. It was the real thing, made of glistening white porcelain complete with white enamel seat. A high-ranking officer had sequestered the item, and had had it installed in his quarters. It became a mark of special favor to his friends to be allowed to use it.

One night the officer was giving a party when, according to official reports, the toilet "became inexplicably plugged up." The rank of the toilet's possessor is indicated by the fact that at two in the morning he hastily called a colonel of Engineers upon the problem of restoring this reminder of civilization to its former usefulness.

"Monk," replied the colonel, "is the only plumber in the division."

"I don't give a hang what his name is," replied the officer. "Get him in here to fix this . . . toilet!"

As the official staff looked on, Monk worked on the contraption and in five minutes he had it working as efficiently as ever.

"What's your name, son?" asked the officer.

"Corporal Anthony P. Garite, sir."

"All right, Garite—from now on you're a sergeant."

From the Solomon Islands, Monk's outfit boarded a transport that would take it to the assault of the island of Peleliu. Monk was now a seasoned Leatherneck. He had been two years in the South Pacific, four in active service. His immediate charge was a machine-gun squad—men who must go in the forefront to establish a beachhead. A Catholic chaplain came aboard to conduct services which, for many a Marine, might be his last. An altar was improvised upon a sickbay operating table in the officers' wardroom. A microphone was hooked up with the ship's public address system. The chaplain asked for a volunteer to serve his Mass and Sergeant Garite stepped forward.

He helped the priest don his vestments. Then, hands clasped before him, he entered the wardroom ahead of the priest and together they knelt before the improvised altar. The crowded wardroom watched Monk with wonderment. His face was unsmiling. His gestures, his movements, though assured, were no less deliberate than usual, yet he seemed suddenly, peculiarly, to be at home, to belong to the performance of this rite. Because Monk had never presumed to push on anyone the faith that he himself so passionately held, most had forgotten the fact that originally caused him to be given his nickname.

As the words of the Mass were carried to every part of the transport, table-tennis paddles were laid aside, cards put away, cigarettes ground out. No matter your degree of faith, or lack of it, when the prospect of battle is not far ahead of you, there always comes a moment you can't duck; you wonder what things are all about, what it's all been worth to you, what death really might mean. It's not a very comfortable moment; facing the real probability of death never is. Suddenly you envy a man whose faith and life have been such that death need hold no fear for him.

The assault on Peleliu was made September 15, 1944. The pattern of attack against a Jap-held island had been well developed; men like Monk Garite had helped develop it through long months of cruel warfare beginning on Guadalcanal. The umbrella of fire from the naval guns offshore, the bombers droning overhead, the exact timing that guided the waves of landing craft headed for the beaches.

The moment for Monk's squad to be on that beach was ten A.M.—ninety minutes after the first wave. They rested now on the transport's deck, their equipment on their backs, and scanned the onshore hell through grim, experienced eyes, waiting for the signal that would send them swarming down cargo nets and into their respective amphibious tractors. This, they knew without being told, was going to be as tough as anything they had yet seen.

It was. That part of the beach up which Monk's men had to advance with their machine guns to establish a defensive perimeter became known as Bloody Nose Ridge. The Japs, fortified behind an eminence, could throw everything at them from knee-mortar shells to machine-gun bullets. It seemed improbable that anyone could advance in the face of that metal rain and live. But the Marines jumping from those amphibious tractors and advancing into it knew that although some had to get hurt and even die, some always lived, too.

That was the way it always had turned out and that's all a man could gamble on now. Perhaps the bravery of soldiers in battle is as simple as that; at any rate, neither Monk nor any of his men hesitated for a second but, crouching low to minimize the probability of death, they ran forward up the coral beach.

Monk was the first to get it. A bullet from a modern rifle hits a man with the force of hundreds of pounds. Monk got that sniper's bullet in his left shoulder, spun like a top, fell prone. No one stopped for him, no one could; orders were to get up there and dig in those machine guns. Monk lay there, stunned, for perhaps a half minute. Then, those who saw him say, he got painfully to his knees and, blood pulsing from his shoulder, tried to crawl after his men. He could use only one arm—the other dangled uselessly from its shoulder. He made only five yards. A Jap mortar shell put a quick end to his progress. It fell beside him, burst, filled his chest and abdomen with shrapnel.

Prelude to Eternal Silence

Monk was still alive, though, when the medical corpsmen reached him—he was ever conscious—but he could move no part of his body and he was in such pain the sweat broke out in great globules on his dark face and thick neck when they lifted him onto the stretcher. But he made no comment.

He had nothing to say, either, when taken to surgery aboard the hospital ship. It is rare for a man not to babble when coming out of ether; Monk, though, spoke not a word. He had returned to the Great Silence of the Trappists.

Perhaps he knew he was going to die. The doctors, for a time, had hopes for him. That strong body, never sick, seemingly showed signs of recovering despite its dreadful internal wounds. Monk smiled when they told him he'd be all right, and with a gesture indicated his thanks for what they were trying to do for him. That was all.

On the tenth day Monk was dead. By this time, the situation on Peleliu was under control, and the men of Monk's squad could come aboard the transport to attend his burial service.

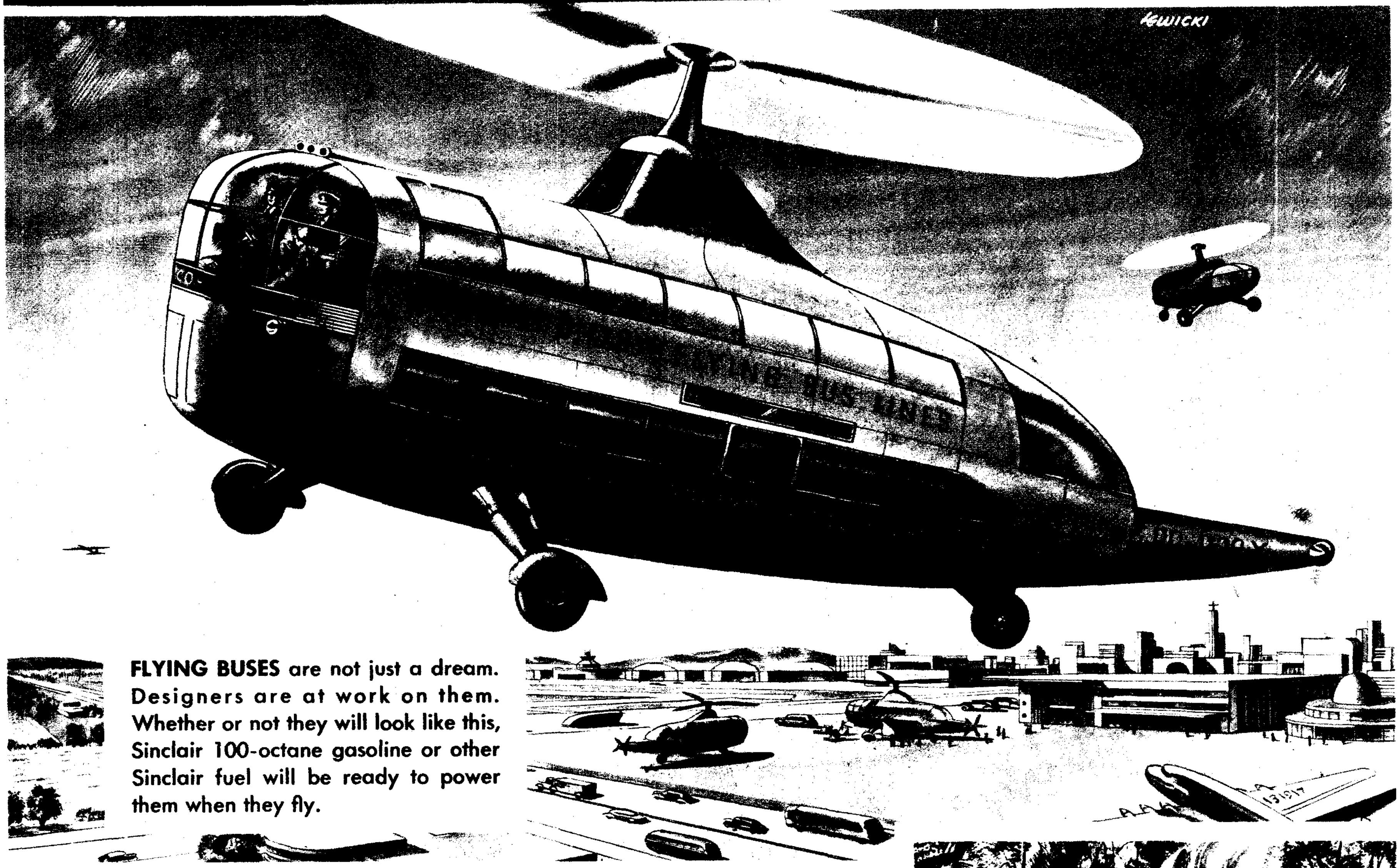
Monk was committed to the deep with the full honors of the Navy. The ship's crew stood at attention as his body, wrapped in sailcloth, weighted with shells, and covered with the American flag, was carried to the taffrail.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life. . . ." the skipper read from the ship's prayerbook. Bugles blew taps, three rifle volleys were fired in the air. At the signal from the skipper, the sailors stepped forward, tipped the board, and all that was mortal of Anthony Garite slid into the Pacific.

Monk would have liked these honors; they were meant for a man who had done his job well, and his duty faithfully. But there was one thing about it, something not prescribed by Navy regulations even for the greatest hero, which Monk would have liked best of all. There were tears in the eyes of his brother Leathernecks.

THE END

Do You Know that...



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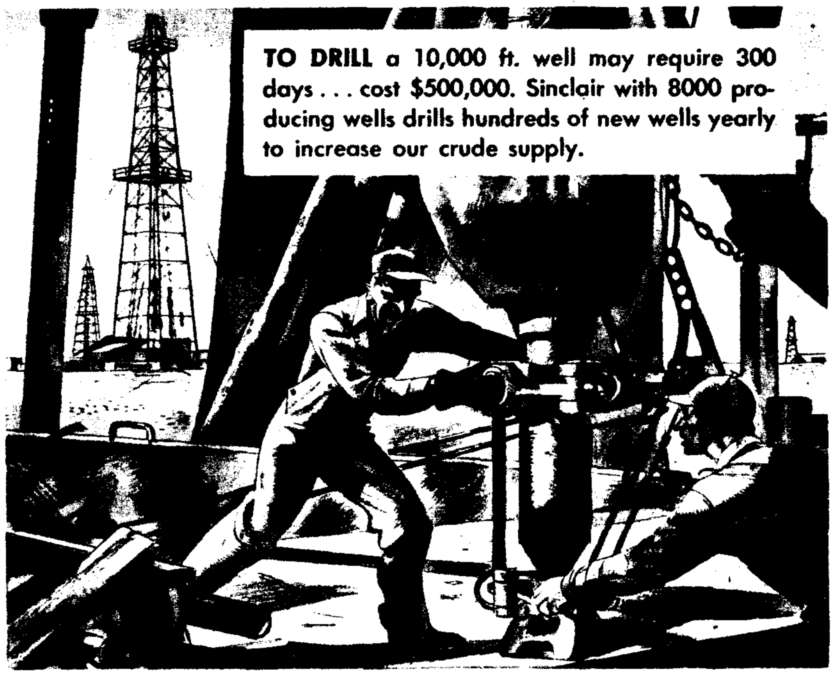

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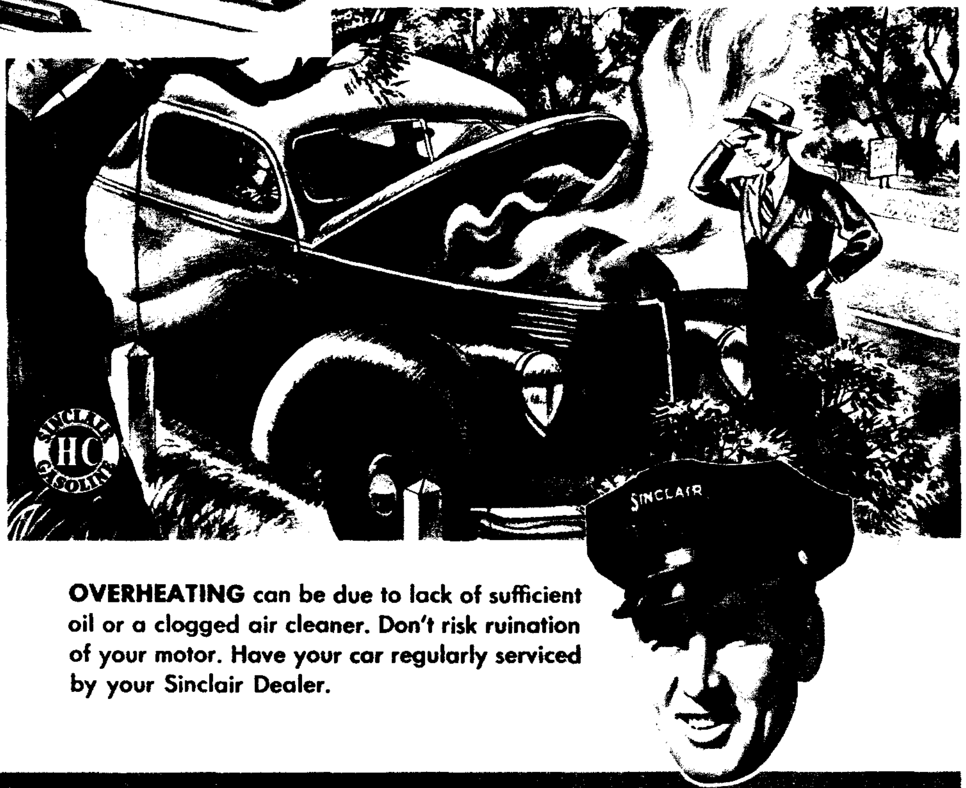

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Sinclair Refining Company

SINCLAIR

Your New Fur Coat

By Ruth Carson

It's lambskin, but chemistry has touched it up with magic

"WHAT this country needs," says the college girl, "is a fur coat that can take a beating and a soaking by day, and yet be soft and beautiful, ready for a keen date that very night. It can't cost a lot, either."

Now along comes chemistry with the answer. A soft, silky fur that won't mat, fade or curl. It sheds water almost as well as a duck. It can take everyday wear with average care for years, and still look fresh. And it costs not much more than the kinky, woolly lambskin it was before the chemist treated it with plastic and made a new fur of it.

This new fur is a development of the mouton you knew before the war, only it's more supple. Give him a free hand after the war, says the chemist, and he can also make you anything else you like out of lambskin. He can make it look like seal or nutria. He can turn an unsheared lamb into a luxurious fox or lynx, easy as anything. But the best he can do right now is to satisfy a fiftieth of the demand that already exists for his first new plastic fur.

A lamb has a different kind of coat from most other animals. It's a wool-bearing, not a fur-bearing, creature. The chemist's aim was to turn the kinky wool into straight hair that would be fluffy and smooth like fur and would not revert to wool at the first sprinkle of rain.

After fifteen years of work he succeeded breaking down the chain of molecules in the wool, straightening them out and then molding them straight to stay—all by the use of chemicals.

Did you ever think of a fur coat as a by-product of the chops and roasts you don't get? Well, after a lamb has been sheared for its wool, then fattened six weeks for its meat, it has grown nearly an inch of wool again. Just right for fur-making.

The steps from ungainly skin to supple, flattering fur are enough to make you eye with respect even the smallest fur collar. First, the lambskins get the same treatment any fur goes through. They're washed in vats of clear water, with giant paddle wheels agitating the dirt and surplus fat out of them. The hides are scraped absolutely clean with fleshing machines. Then they're given another washing.

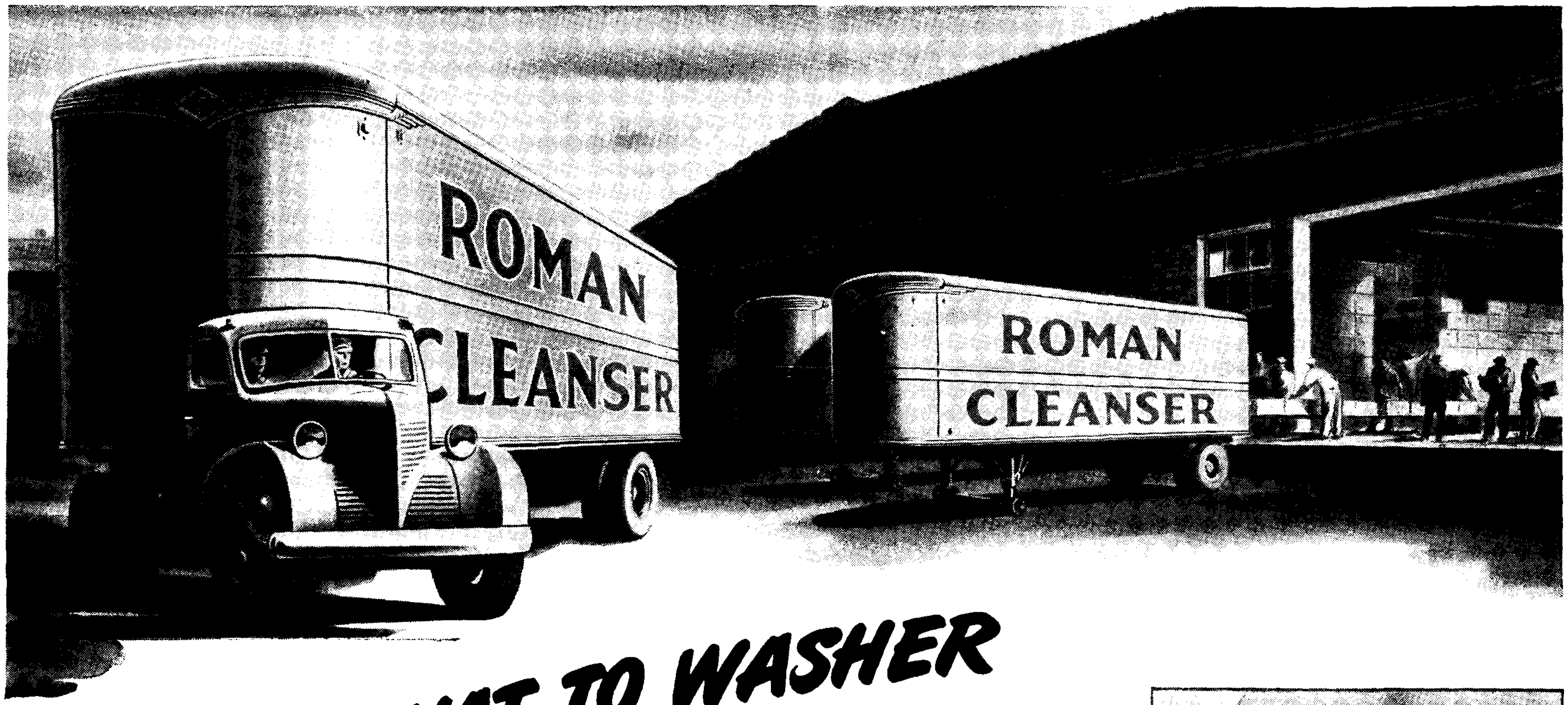
Next chrome tanning, with big wheels pushing the hides about in the tanning solution for forty-eight hours. Now some oil is put back in. The skins are dried in a room with humidity controls. They're dampened, then tossed, to soften them, in an enormous revolving drum filled with sawdust—the same treatment your fur coat gets when you have it cleaned.

The skins are stretched, brushed and combed by machine. Then they are stretched again, dried, buffed over wheels to slim down the hide, beaten for fluffiness, trimmed to an evenness. And now it's time to sort out the skins. Those with a ribbed effect won't do; they'd develop a *moiré* pattern with the chemical treatment. But they'll make fine wool powder puffs. Some skins are set aside to make slippers. Some for woolly toys. The rest are ready to become fur.

It would take a lot of complicated technical phrases to tell what happens next. But the gist of it is that resin is brushed over the wool several times, and baked into it in an ironing machine. Heat and pressure applied to the resin create a plastic. Applied with resin to wool, they turn the wool fiber into a hair fiber, creating, literally, a plastic fur. The plastic has fixed it, too, so that the fur is resistant to water and wear. You can strengthen any fur this way, says the chemist.

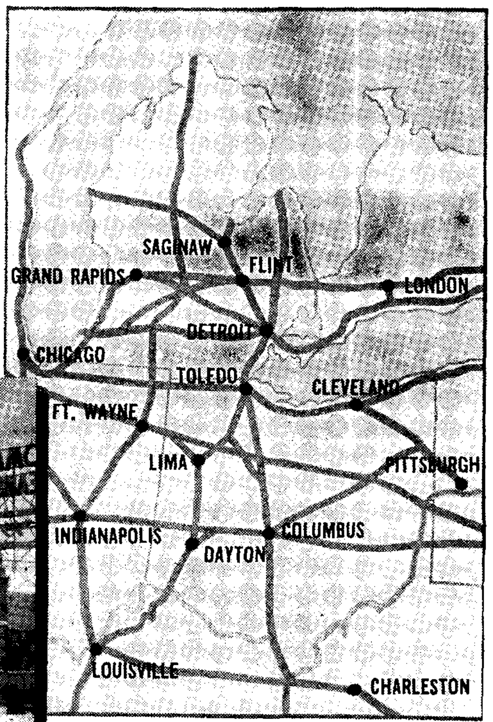
And now you've got a lot of soft, creamy-colored fur ready for dyeing. Beaver color gets the biggest call, but anything is possible. How's for electric blue, bright red, deep mahogany red? Wonderful, say the college girls. And they jam the fur departments to buy. Here, the manufacturers predict, is America's new fur coat. Just give them five years to build up their stocks, and there'll be enough to go round. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BALKIN-PIX



FROM VAT TO WASHER Faster, Fresher, in FRUEHAUFS!

. . . How 10 Truck-Trailers work for housewives and Uncle Sam, too!



ROMAN
CLEANSER
ROMAN
CLEANSER

Map of territory served.

Left—Tandem-axle unit which carries 850 cases.

OUT OF THE mixing vats into bottles . . . into Fruehaufs . . . and then into the family washtub! That's how Roman Cleanser Company, of Detroit, shortens delivery time by the Truck-Trailer method.

Housewives throughout 6 central States receive this bottled washday aid almost daily—fresh from the maker—by Fruehaufs.

Big tandem-axle units carrying 850 cases—a 36,750-lb. load—make the run from Detroit to Indiana cities. Double Trailer-trains deliver 1000-case loads throughout Michigan. Shorter units—built to conform to Kentucky's restrictive length-limits—serve the other States.

FACTORY TO HOME IN ONE DAY

On the Ohio route, Cleanser bottled in the morning is loaded in two Fruehaufs which reach the Toledo wholesaler by 1 p. m. That very afternoon it goes on sale.

The Michigan haul is likewise outstanding. The second Trailers in the 2-Trailer-trains are "spotted" in Flint for unloading, while the trucks and front Trailers continue on to serve additional points.

Formerly, Roman Cleanser was warehoused in fourteen Michigan and Ohio cities. Today, distribution is geared strictly to demands. The product flows over the highway—often being unloaded from the Trailer directly into the retailers' trucks at the wholesaler's door.

TRAILERS HELP UNCLE SAM, TOO!

Returning, the Trailers—which normally would be empty—now rush huge loads of vitally needed aircraft motors, parts and tires back to Detroit's busy war factories.

Today, in the problem of keeping production costs down to a minimum, transportation is usually an important factor. That's why it generally pays to discuss your hauling set-up with a Fruehauf transportation engineer. Solving your hauling problem is his business.

◆ ◆ ◆

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Motor Transport Will Get Your Job Done!

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This "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" warrior dresses his hair with sheep fat, but G.I.s don't go for the idea. They like the American way, which is the "JERIS-WAY." To have easy to comb, well-cared-for hair, free from loose dandruff, massage your scalp daily with

JERIS
HAIR TONIC
corrects loose dandruff
AT DRUG COUNTERS AND BARBER SHOPS

The New Boy

Continued from page 16

wanted to forget everything else. Then you were kissed. It was silence tested by drumming sound from the jittering screen; it was the sweet dark, and love was black and white; the arrow of light sprayed from the balcony was the only moonlight you had ever cared for.

"I'm sorry I made such a fuss," said Harriet, meekly. "It was much better than the old one. Really."

She had given him something. He had held her hand, too. She had been surprised how cold it was. She had even managed to make an offering, had hooked his little finger. But, although most of the heads were fuzzed together in the mezzanine, though she had leaned so close that at times she saw only half the screen past his cheek and nose, he had taken promises only; he was either shy or he was subtle. It was pleasant to be puzzled. I'm going to like him, she thought. *Like*—it was a modest, bright little word. Now she smiled, almost radiantly.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"Well, not very. I could eat *something*."

"I could tear into some barbecued ribs," he said.

"Oh, dear. Not me. But, of course, if you—"

"No. Where do you want to go?"

"Dear me, I won't say—there's so many places—" Places she'd never been. She thought of his money, but she was being sweet now. For the first time money seemed very important, but saving it, not spending it—and yet, with Eddie, money was never saved. They spent it all, hers as well as his, and there was always very little.

"I don't suppose you like—foreign places—" Past understanding was her desire. She had never been so cruel to herself, had had so little to keep that she felt there was little to lose. "There's a Hungarian place near here," she added; "we wouldn't need to take a bus—"

SATURDAY night at the Polka Dot, and, of course, it was crowded; the tables had been moved back to clear a dance floor. The old man with the *cymbalom* was hammering at it, arms blurred like a hummingbird's wings, and the younger man, his son, moved about with the violin, squeezing himself between the chairs, whispering for tips. When the music hummed to a stop the violin squealed out the new tune, and the old man would pick it up; then a couple or two, standing erect with hands on shoulders, would clump like strung dolls; others sat watching the dancers' feet, weaving cigarette smoke.

Loud talk and laughter here on a Saturday night. She was remembering; Eddie liked it quiet. She studied the faces at the tables, like names in the telephone book, but though some of them were mussily familiar, no face was the narrow one, the shadowed one. It would be a face held up by propped elbows, a face without a heart or a mind, but ever memorable—just as some stones were strangely memorable on a beach.

"Got a place back by the wall," said Louis, the waiter, his apron decorated by the spots that were the same as a month ago. He recognized her, but, like a good waiter, he did not remember too much. He changed the soiled checkered cloth and tilted the crumbs from the seats of the chairs. "We got sandwiches," he said.

"It's a good place for chicken paprika," Harriet said, "if we'd of come earlier."

Vince turned gay and excited. It rather cheered her. Perhaps the place did have some kind of charm. She hadn't been drugged and tied in a sack all those long evenings; maybe Eddie hadn't been the magician she thought him.

"We'll come for dinner some time," he suggested gladly.

The future—an unstruck bell.

"Shall we?" he begged.

"The Blue Danube across the street is really much better," Harriet managed to say, valiantly.

"I bet it doesn't have this atmosphere." He was not looking at the fly-dotted streams of crêpe paper overhead, the soiled clot of artificial poinsettias which had hung there for half a dozen Christmases and all the months between. He was looking at the dancers. "Can you dance like that?" he asked.

"Why, I never tried." She was astonished at herself really. She and Eddie had spent time here like fish behind plate glass in an aquarium. "Other nights it's very quiet. We—I always came on other nights."

"Well, this is how I like it. Next Saturday night. How about it? We'll tell Sally and Bill. How about it?"

She nodded.

Presently the violinist in his velvet bolero and red silk tie had worked his way to her shoulder.

"Tell him something to play," Vince begged her.

"I'm terrible at remembering names." Then she thought of one, almost in terror. "Hejre Kati," she said.

I'll never be more sorry, she thought. It was played, all of it. The beer was brought and the rye bread.

"It's a slow one," said Vince.

"Yes. The middle part's not so good. But I like it. I like all of it."

"It's sad," he said, miraculously perceptive.

I'm Grandmother Noble, she thought. Drink your beer, child. Drink up. And she was curiously staring at the perfect half moons on her young man's fingernails.

Then she saw him smiling.

"But it ends happily," he said.

"Yes," she agreed. "It ends all right." It was actually a virtuoso number for the old man at the *cymbalom*. He was bowing to the sprinkle of applause.

MRS. NOBLE had been having trouble with her stomach. She lay upstairs in her bed, reading the Sunday paper. The footsteps on the front porch came long after midnight. Then she heard the key being turned in the lock.

"Harriet?" she called. She got up, turned on the hall light, blinking as she peered down into the living room.

"Who'd you think it'd be?" Harriet's voice asked crossly.

"Well, I thought maybe you'd be bringing the young man in."

"Not tonight. He's got to get up early. For Sunday school or something."

"Well, I wanted to tell you—" Harriet was coming upstairs, still wearing her coat. "What's the matter? Didn't you have a good time?"

Harriet shrugged. "It was okay. It was fine. What was it you wanted to tell me?" she asked.

"Why, say, listen. You got a telephone call. Eddie."

"Eddie!" Harriet could not gasp, and she could not say another word. The black piece in her mind turned silver.

"He just said to tell you he called—" her mother began.

"What did *you* say—what did you tell him?"

Mrs. Noble shook a little. "Nothing—nothing. I just said you were out. I said you had a date."

"Did you say that? Did you really say that?"

"Just said you were out on a date—"

"Darling—darling Mother!" Harriet exclaimed.

"It was late—and my stomach was bothering me, so . . ."

"Now get back to bed. You want your death of cold?"

She tucked her mother in, she raised the window, folded up the newspapers and finally kissed her.

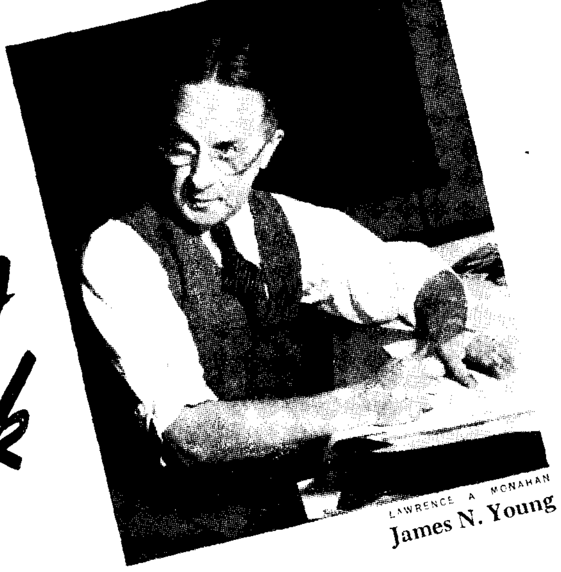
Mrs. Noble was invalid, weak and stunned. "My, I hope I said the right thing, Harriet," she said.

"Darling, darling Mother!"

And soon Mrs. Noble went to sleep with the taste of her daughter's lipstick clinging to her mouth.

THE END

he Week's Work



LAWRENCE A. MCNAHAN

James N. Young

(JAMES N.) YOUNG hit a vital spot
he reading and writing business, appar-
ly, with his recently published book.
d 101 Plots Used and Abused. The
published by The Writer, Inc., of Bos-
ves brief and masterful summaries of
tory plots which Mr. Young has come
w all too well during his 20 years as an
ite editor at Collier's.

spapers all over the country have com-
d on Jim and his plots, some saying
rue, how true, we don't want to read
old stories any more, and others saying
the matter with those fine old plots.
as good now as they ever were.

non Runyon, in his syndicated column.
ks: "I find his summarizations inter-
because I meet among them many
s of long standing who have been of
to me in my time, and may be again."
he agrees with Young that a plot ought
k new. "Of course, there are actually
five story plots in the whole world."
on says, "and Jim Young's 101 are
y variations of the five. For hundreds
ars writers have been issuing the five
n different stagings and costumings, but
ots themselves remain the same. There
such thing as a new plot, yet one of the
ay be dressed by some genius in trap-
of such originality as to make the plot
seem new."

nyon thinks the book should be of great
to young writers because it gives good
on how *not* to dress their plots. But
the funny thing that's happening:
beginning writers seem to think Jim's
is a storehouse of wonderful plot sug-
ns. At least they're sending expanded
ons in to Collier's and to literary
ies.

e agent called Jim the other day and
ted, "I thought you'd be interested to
that Plot No. 12 and Plot No. 69 came
in the mail today. There'll be more.
thinking of insisting that you read
for penance."

ung estimates that in the course of his
zine career he has read about 50,000
stories, most of them bad. And he has
en some 30 or 40 stories himself. In
ext edition of his book he's going to
ut on a limb by including one of his
stories and analyz-
ow the idea came to
how he plotted it,
so on.

ung began his career
a job on the old Bal-
re American, which,
says, probably was
vorst newspaper ever
ished in a large city.
at's why they gave
job.")

hen he applied for a
the city editor said,
lege?"

m said, "Yes, Har-
."

12 a week," said the
or, "and there's your
writer."

ome weeks later when
filled out one of those life-history cards for the file, the editor came storming up to him. "It says here you went to Harvard. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"My lord, I hate that place," said the editor. "I never would have hired you if I'd known. I thought you said Howard."

Young worked on several newspapers and several magazines before coming to Collier's. He had an enjoyable time, he says, as managing editor of the old Leslie's Weekly. Young, whose Texas and Tennessee upbringing has left him with a pleasant Southern accent, and a sort of leisurely mint julep manner, still thinks that having an enjoyable time is just as much of an object in life as making a living. He was a champion long-distance walker in college, and he still takes long hikes—also long week-end bicycle trips, with a spot of golfing in between. Young served as a captain on General Pershing's personal staff in the last war—and in the office next to him was General Marshall, then a colonel. His son, Jim, Jr., is overseas with the Army Air Forces. His wife died several years ago, and he now lives in a Manhattan apartment with his young daughter, "Pekie."

Things are always happening to Jim: There was the time he solemnly promised his wife to be home in plenty of time for a dinner party, and then got himself stuck for three hours in an automatic elevator. His wife found this story very hard to believe. A lot of probably apochryphal stories attach themselves to Jim, and he good-naturedly accepts them. There was something about abducting a countess, and something about sending flowers to a hostess with an apology because he had been unable to attend her party of the night before. The hostess allegedly replied that he had been there, and was the life of the party.

THE plot for Work of Art, p. 26, did *not* come from the 101 collection. The author, Betty Byrd, says she'd be afraid to read the book. It might tempt her too much.

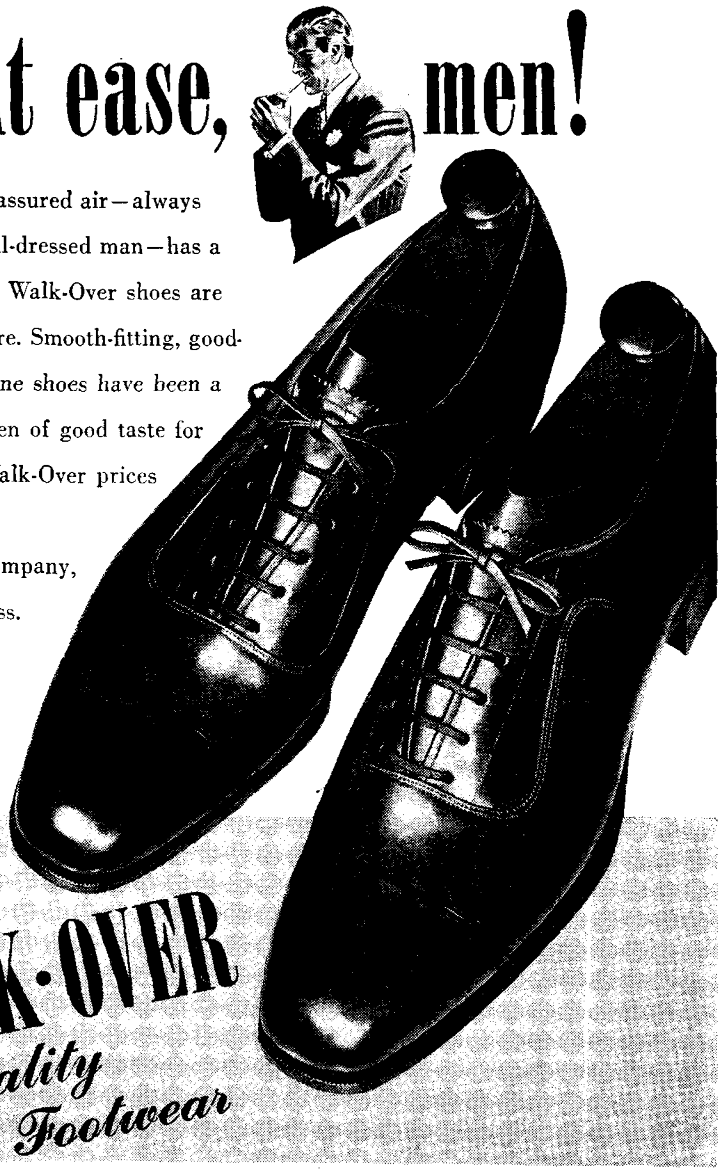
This is Miss Byrd's second published story. When her first one, Late Date, appeared in Collier's last January, literary agents got in touch with her, asking to handle her work. "At that time I was a literary agent myself," she says, "and it was rather fun to tell these gentlemen that while I appreciated their attention I took my own ten per cent."

Betty Byrd

Miss Byrd ghosted radio scripts for eight years, and then had her own news program over station WMCA. "Now I am in the midst of the literary experiment perilous," she says, "I've given up all my work except writing.

"Work of Art was inspired by a story told me by a sculptress, Clara Garrett. Her son, Julian, the Billy of this story, now grown, is a war correspondent on Okinawa."...

A. P.



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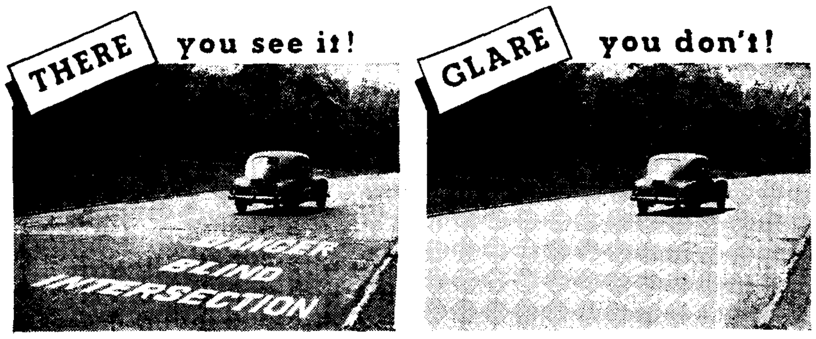

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COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher HENRY LA COSSITT Editor JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

MORE ABOUT THE OPA

COLLIER'S recent editorial, Inflation's Timetable, in defense of the OPA both now and for a while after the war, evidently hotted up some of the readers. In addition to letters approving the editorial, we have received a number of letters denouncing us as would-be regimenters of free Americans, suckers for phony statistics put out by interested OPA bureaucrats and the like.

We aren't apologizing for that editorial, or trying to explain it away. We mention it because it seems essential to us to inform as many people as possible—and keep them informed—of the necessity for price controls during this period of economic instability.

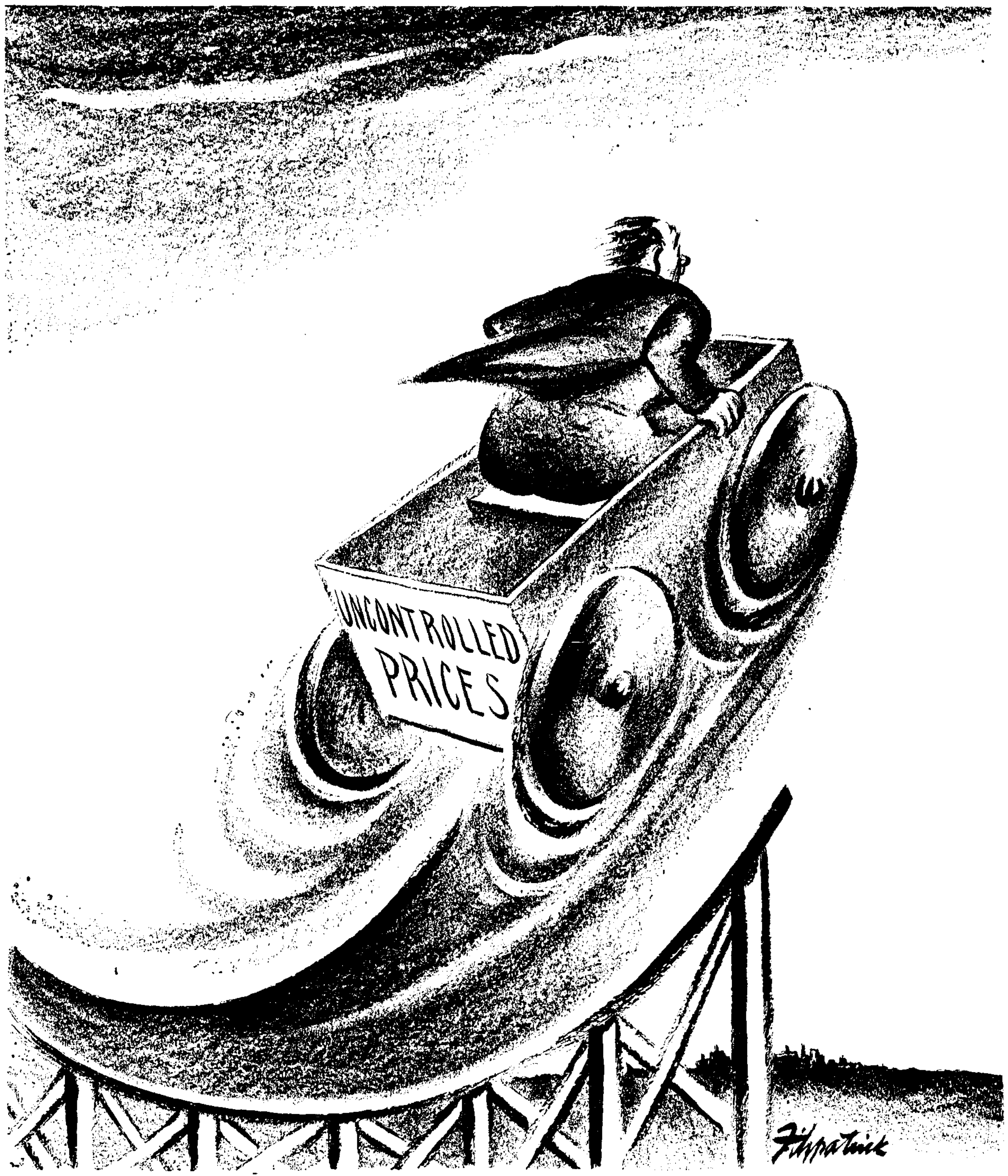
We dislike price controls as much as anybody does; are well aware that OPA officials here and there have pulled some inexcusable boners; and have small doubt that a lot of OPA bureaucrats will want to keep their jobs long after they have outlived their usefulness, and will have to be blasted out by public opinion plus Congress, plus the White House.

Nevertheless, there are several hardpan facts in this connection which cannot be wished away or kissed off. They are that money is flush during any big war, and civilian consumer goods are scarce; that prices must be controlled somehow during a war or there will be wartime inflation; that if prices are not controlled with gradually relaxing firmness for some time after a war, the saved-up civilian buying power will push up prices in a wild sellers' market, stock speculation will skyrocket, and the inflation which was prevented during the war will arrive after the war, as it did in 1919-20; that such booms are followed by busts, as happened in the 1921 preview of the 1929 disaster.

We have never had in this country as much saved-up civilian buying power as we have now, or anywhere near it. There are some 85,000,000 War Bond holders, for one item. For another, it is estimated that individual savings piled up during the high-wage war years total something over $100,000,000,000 more than they did at any time before the war.

These colossal accumulations of buying power can either support a longish period of reasonable prosperity or furnish fuel for an inflationary conflagration which will burn up most of our buying power in a few months. On the record of experience, we can have the reasonable prosperity by keeping price controls for a time after the war, and we can have the inflationary fire by dropping price controls.

To us, there seems to be only one choice for sensible people to make. That choice is to keep the OPA, with its admitted mistakes, boners and blind spots, for a while after the war—prodding it all the while, of course, to improve its methods and weed out its doctrinaires, and never losing sight of the intention to give it the grand boot just as soon as common sense tells us the time has come to dispense with it.



WILL YOUR GIFT GET THERE?

SEPTEMBER 15th to October 15th is the period for mailing Christmas presents to servicemen overseas—a "must" period for Army men, a "should" period for Navy, Marine and Coast Guard personnel.

Will your gift get there? If you follow a few simple directions carefully, it will, barring accidents or acts of God or the public enemy.

The great bulk of the 85,000,000 Christmas packages mailed last September 15th-October 15th got there.

The limit per package is 5 pounds. Prohibited are perishable foods, intoxicants, weapons, poisons and inflammable materials including matches and lighter fluid. Otherwise, suit yourself—or better, try to find out what your service man or woman wants and try to suit him or her.

The main thing to remember is that the gift is slated for a long, rough trip, probably through hot or wet climates which are poison to flimsy containers and to labels pasted on packages. Your best bet is to send the present in the new, improved 10-by-6-by-4-inch box of heavy cardboard, recently okayed by the War Department. These should be available plentifully by September 15th.

Tie the box up with strong cord—preferably four separate pieces, two lengthwise and two crosswi knotted where the cords cross. Address it properly wi ink on the box itself. The address should include these items: first line—full name and serial numbe second line—organization and unit, or ship or nav station; third line—Army Post Office or Fleet Post O fice number; fourth line—"Care Postmaster" wherev his or her mail leaves this country.

Follow these directions without trying to impro on them, and you have a good chance of giving yo serviceman a Merry Christmas so far as lies within yo power. Here's luck, to you and him!

WHAT YOUTH DO YOU MEAN, DOC?

PRESIDENT EDWIN R. EMBREE of the Julius Rosenwald Fund recently told off American youth. American youth, says Doctor Embree, is not what it should be. Our college students, he finds, are short on intellectual curiosity, don't understand themselves, aren't fit to vote, are slaves to "the rote of the textbook," and need to study more psychology and social science.

Our trouble is that we don't know what U.S. youths Doctor Embree is talking about.

The information we get is that the bulk of American youth of college age has gone forth to war and has done itself and the rest of us more than proud. Our boys are reported able to think and act for themselves with catlike agility, especially in emergencies.

We also hear that they are so curious and understanding that they can turn battlefield wreckage into passable automobiles, guns, musical instruments, liquor stills and so on; and that their grasp of the psychology of conquered populations has proved superior in some cases to the analyses worked out by home-front hea thinkers.

Anyway, we won our share of the German war, ar then some, while dealing almost singlehanded wi Japan; and we have done these jobs with young Ame can men directed by older products of the Americ educational and economic system.

Doc Embree has a right to say anything he pleas about U.S. youth. But it would be helpful if he woul specify what U.S. youths he means.

"Nothing like an Old-Fashioned outing, eh, Jim?"

Your first sip of rich Paul Jones proves that authentic, hearty flavor is still the secret of a superb whiskey.

Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

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